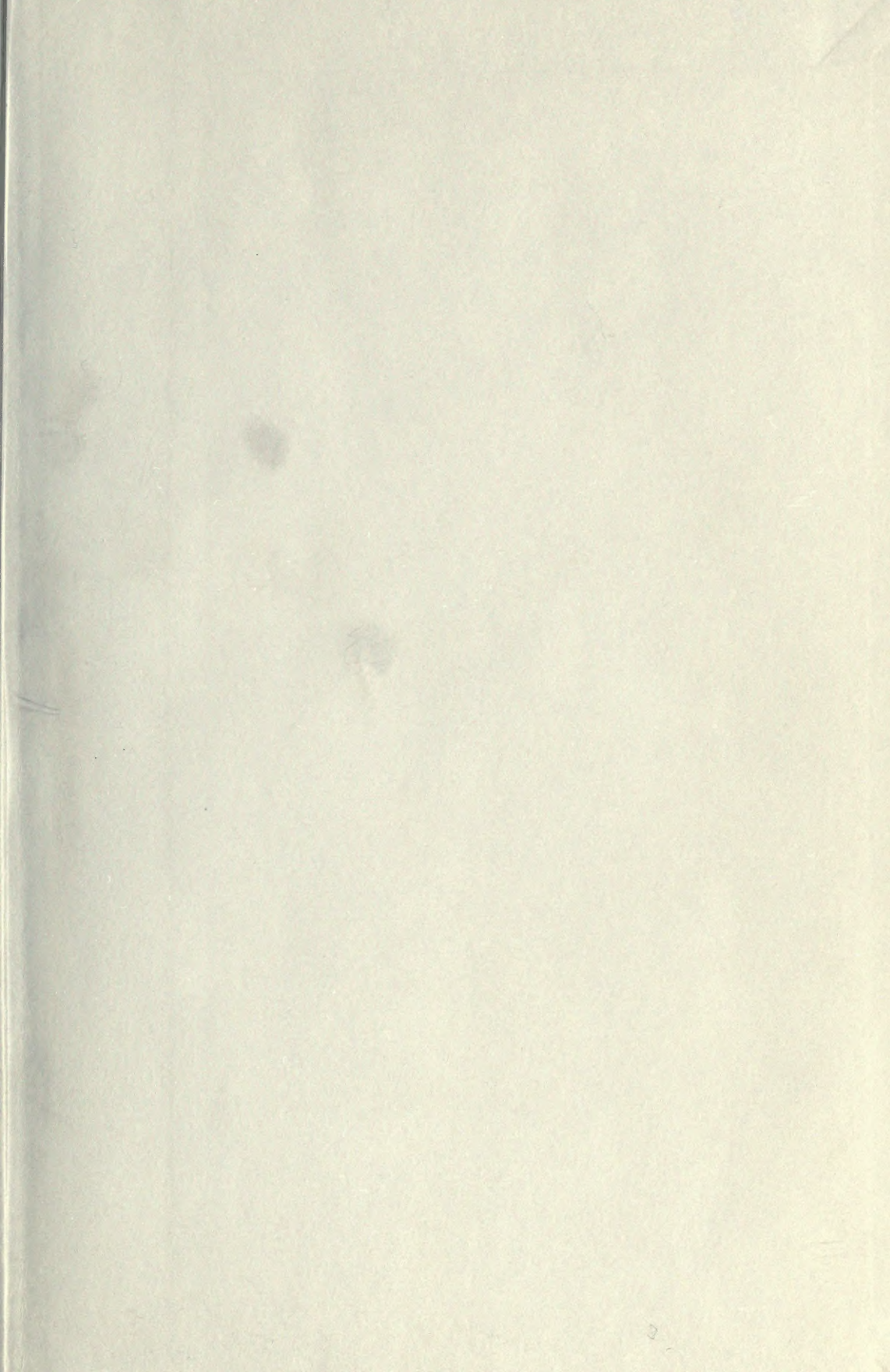



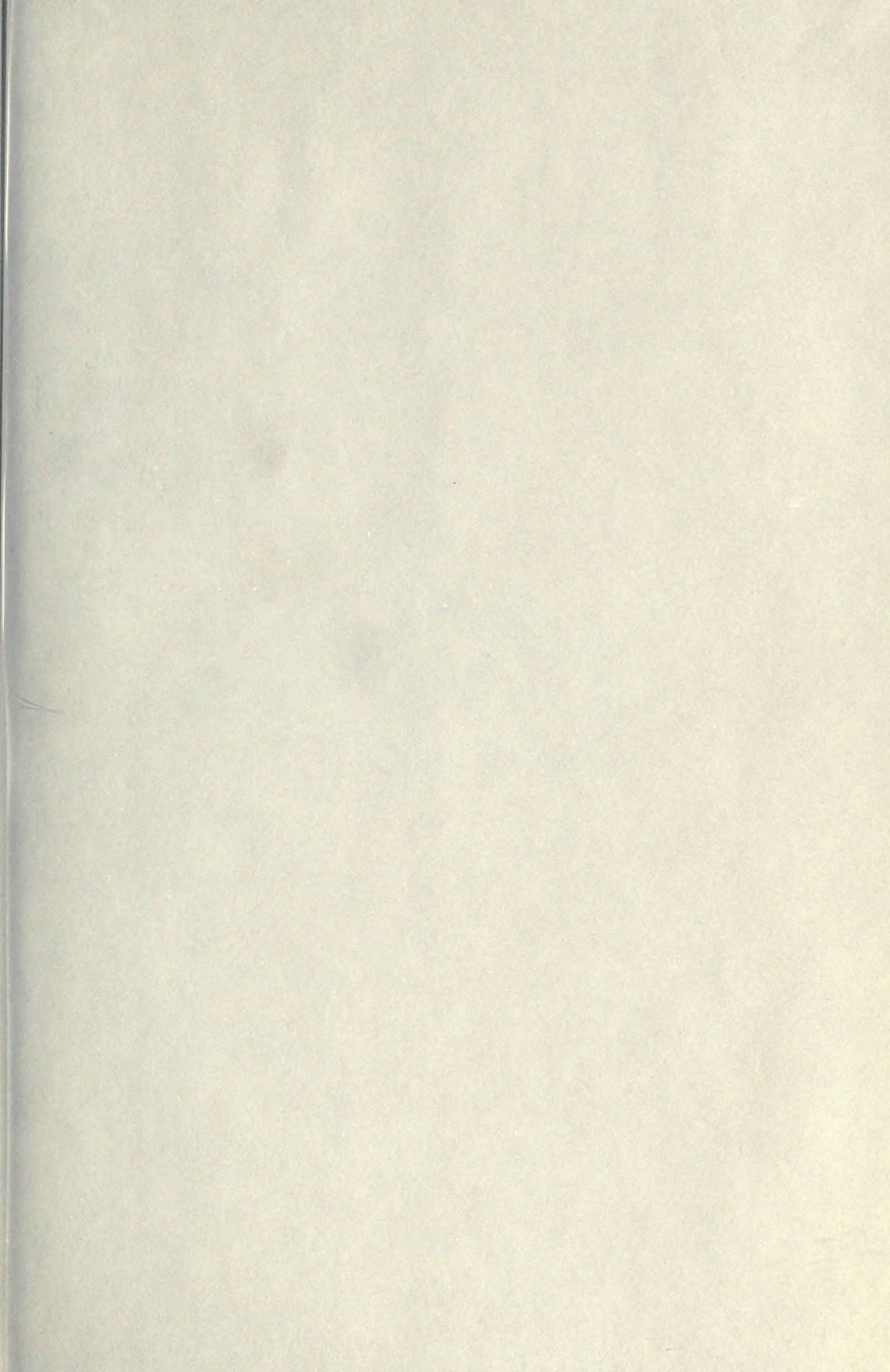


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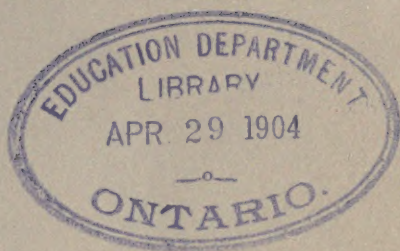


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JAPAN

The Place and the People

BY G. WALDO BROWNE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE HON. KOGORO TAKAHIRA
Japanese Minister to the United States

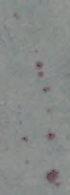
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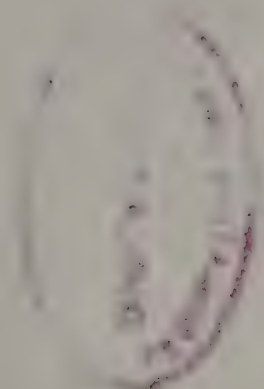
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JAPAN.

BY

KOGORO TAKAHIRA,

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States.

THE rapid progress which the Japanese Empire has made within a comparatively brief period seems to be a source of surprise to foreign observers. They apparently believe that Japan has sprung almost at a single bound from mediæval barbarism to modern civilisation. Only two score and ten years ago Europeans and Americans had nothing but the vaguest ideas concerning the Empire and its people. It is perhaps natural that they should now be astonished when they behold Japan in full enjoyment of the comity of nations, amply proving her capacity to administer constitutional government and justifying her title to all international rights and privileges.

Yet no edifice of any permanence can be built upon a foundation of sand. The present advance of Japan, however marvellous it may appear at first sight, is nothing more than the normal development of the national life, facilitated by favourable environment and accelerated by opportune circumstances. It seems unfortunate, however, that the exploits of arms which have marked her recent history should be apparently the principal cause of the world's discovery that her obscurity was undeserved; because it may very easily happen that in the over-zealous estimation of such martial achievements other and equally meritorious attributes of the empire's general progress will be either forgotten or ignored.

The Japanese Empire had originally great advantages over other Asiatic States in several respects. Its foundation is peculiar and unique, and owes nothing to conquest or aggression. The Empire is established upon the concord of the governing and the governed: the boundless love and benevolent care of the Throne and the loyal deference and dignified obedience of the people. The lineal succession of one dynasty has continued unbroken for 2,560 years, from the coronation of the first Emperor down to the present sovereign, during which long period the country, though not quite free from occasional disturbances of its prosperity, has never been confronted by anything like revolution in its proper sense. Such a catastrophe as a Norman invasion or Napoleonic devastation has been unknown; nor has an English Commonwealth or French Directory ever been dreamed of. With what affection and vigilance the sovereigns have interested themselves in the welfare of their subjects is fully exemplified in the conduct of Emperor Nintoku, who endured privation in a dilapidated

JAPAN.

palace for the space of three years in order to relieve his subjects of the burden of taxes; graciously declaring that the poverty of the people should be his poverty, as the prosperity of the nation was his own. Such self-denial on the part of a monarch always accustomed to luxury and pomp could not fail to create in the hearts of the people profound veneration and intense devotion. The Crown being thus identified with the nation, loyalty is but the synonym for patriotism, and the people would readily sacrifice their earthly pleasures, even their very lives, for the safety of the Emperor and the glory of the Empire. It is this mutual attachment that has cherished the sentiments of honour, justice, and fidelity which permeate every aspiration of the Japanese for progress and amelioration in matters material and spiritual. Without this concord between the head and the masses which constitute a State, neither steady advance nor uniform development would be possible, as witness the history of other Oriental countries.

While it is undoubtedly true that Confucian philosophy and Buddhism played an important part in moulding Japan's civilisation, it is also a fact that even before their introduction the peculiar relations between the governing and the governed already alluded to had led to the creation of an administrative system based upon ideas almost akin to the principles underlying enlightened modern governments. Even as early as the epoch when Europe was inundated by a barbarian deluge this system had taken definite form, the conduct of public affairs being partitioned among eight separate departments, the Imperial Household, General Administration, Civil and Military Affairs, Justice, Finance, Archives, and Ceremonies, all under the direct control of the Emperor. At that time, also, Emperor Tenchi, the Japanese Justinian, had instructed learned men to compile the code of laws which subsequently became the fundamental constitution of the realm and was known as the Taiho Statutes. It consisted of twelve volumes, including, among other things, regulations for official establishments, census, assessment of lands and taxes, education, marriage and succession, complaints and disputes, etc. And long before the Italian Renaissance began to dawn, Japan's enlightenment had reached so high a level as the creation of an university at the Capital, where history, classics, law and mathematics were taught, as well as public schools in the various localities throughout the provinces. Even during the period of the feudal system, — which, though similar in form to that of Europe, was entirely different therefrom in that it was the consequence of the ascendancy of military chieftains, but not the result of conquest by foreign enemies, as was often the case in the Occident, — the study of literature never failed to receive general encouragement. Learned men and clerical priests were elevated by the comparatively rude military classes to the position of advisers, always monopolising all functions connected with books and documents; while poetry flourished uniformly in the Capital, undisturbed by the vicissitudes of the times. The present constitution of Japan, though apparently modelled upon constitutional forms adopted by western States, was in reality based to no small extent upon mental principles existing from

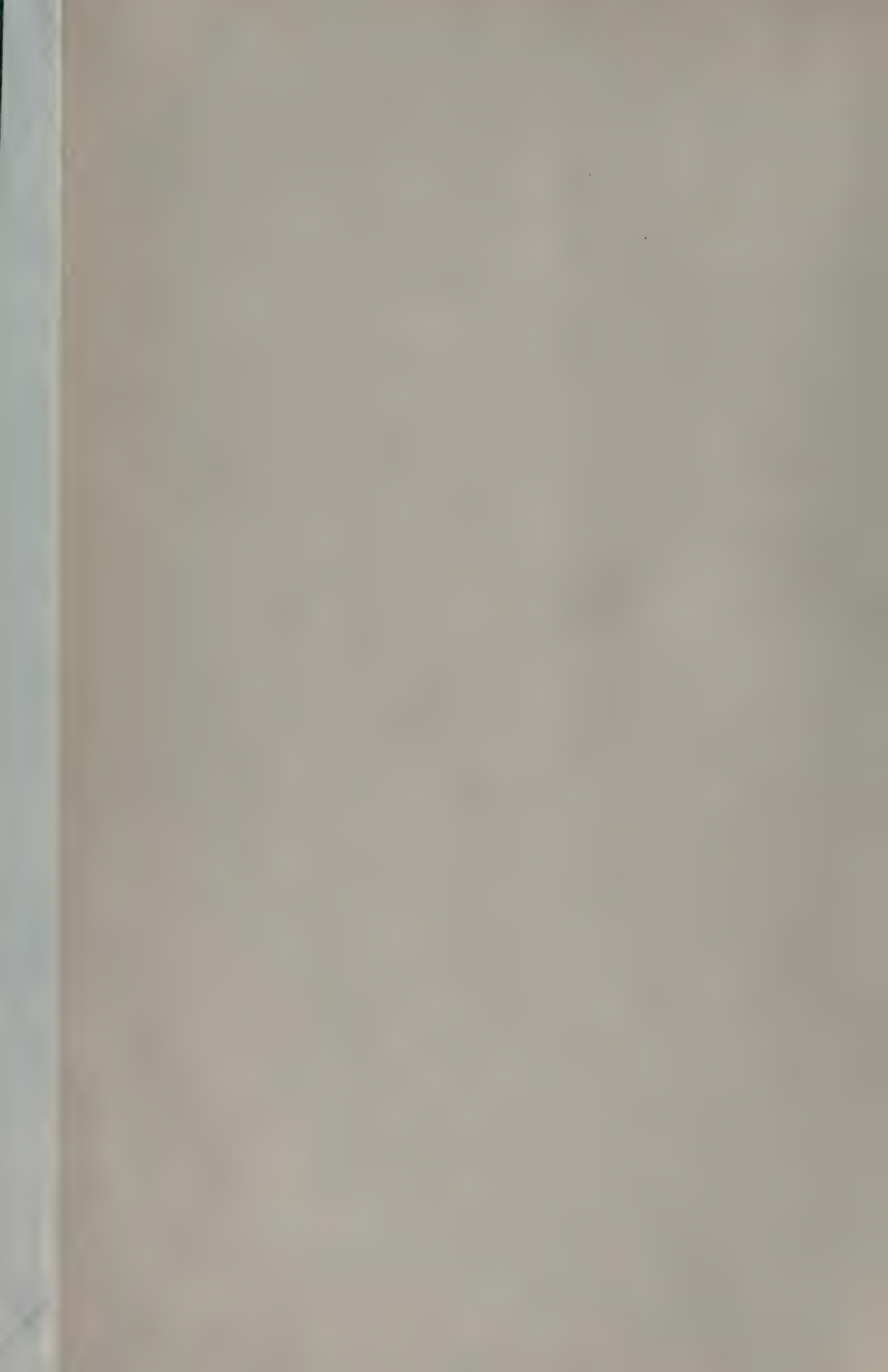
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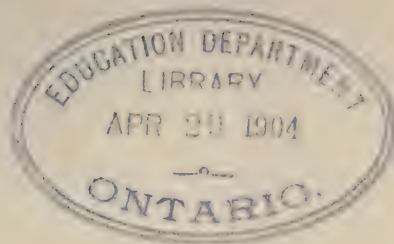
time immemorial; and was granted by the free will of His Majesty the Emperor, who, in a solemn declaration made at the time of the Restoration thirty-three years ago, enunciated a programme of which the present governmental system and general progress in other directions are the direct and logical results.

Thus it will be seen that the Japanese stem, already old and long cultivated, has been sturdy enough to receive and nourish successfully the grafting of Occidental civilisation; and that all the achievements of the last fifty years, precipitate and extraordinary as they may seem, are nothing more than the gradual outcome of deeply implanted ideas and well directed designs.

So favoured by Providence in its foundation as well as in its development, the mission of the Japanese Empire must be at once grave and glorious. The present is the age of peace, in aspiration at least, if not in practice. Electricity and steam have almost annihilated space, and the nations of the world have been brought into closest touch with each other. Under these circumstances nothing can be more conducive to the general welfare than the preservation of peace and common accord. This the government and the people of Japan fully realise. They recognise no nobler duty and no surer safeguard against the designs of selfish ambition than the unremitting effort to promote good will and cordial relations with all nations. This they believe is especially true as regards their immediate neighbours, to whom they are always ready to lend a helping hand along the path of progress they themselves are treading. And since none have a more vital interest in all that affects the welfare of the Orient than theirs, they do not apprehend that this sentiment will not be misunderstood, or that due weight will not be accorded to Japan's unique position and just aspirations.

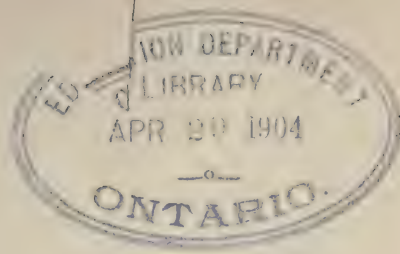
K. Takakura





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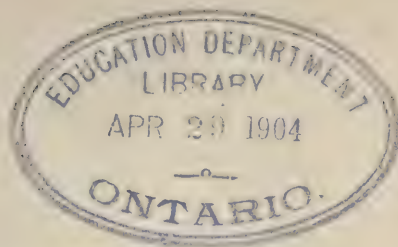
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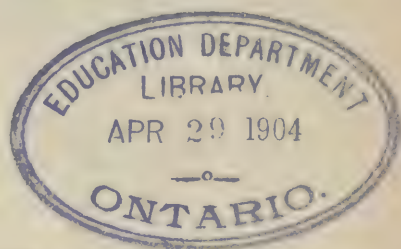
GREETING.

THE FAR EAST.

JAPAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF THE GODS.



REACHING from below the Tropic of Cancer on the south to within a few degrees of the Arctic Circle on the north, an irregular chain of islands rises out of the sea, off the eastern coast of Asia, with so much of physical beauty and softness of atmospheric influences as to be poetically styled the Land of the Gods. Nature, indeed, bestowed her rarest gifts in benign skies, smiling seas, and picturesque landscapes, so it is easy to accept the fancy of the sentimentalist and picture these Isles of Nippon as the crystal droppings of the Creator's spear, invested with life in its fairest phases by a generous God.

In comparison with this fanciful belief, the verdict of the more practical observer becomes harsh and stern. To him, each lofty peak bears the

symbol of that fiery force which lifted it from the depths of the Pacific Ocean, the mother of islands, and he feels in each throb of the lava-clad mountains evidence that their forge fires are not yet spent. So, if blessed on the one hand with the bounties of a munificent giver, this Island Paradise has been a frequent sufferer from the sporadic beats of its own volcanic heart, and ever at the mercy of that power which raised it from the deep sea. These outbreaks, coming less frequently with the succeeding



SCENERY AMONG THE PINE ISLANDS.

centuries, and never wide-spreading enough to be more than local calamities, are ascribed, by those who love to picture the brightest side, to the agency of a mighty fish lying asleep under the sea. Turning in his slumber, now and then, this monster sets the ocean in a rage, and the latter retaliates by sending its waves mountain high upon the innocent land.

Reason, as well as superstition, is shown for this belief, for each succeeding shock comes oceanward from the Izumi Promontory, about midway

on the eastern coast of the main island. From this point a pendant chain of volcanic forces, connecting the islands of the Northern Pacific with those of the Indian Ocean, lies fathoms deep beneath the sea. These sunken craters are the forge fires that keep alive the vital energy which shakes the Isles of Nippon from the Kuriles on the north to the Ryukyus on the south. Very few active volcanoes are to be found on the islands, and these are not to be feared, for a volcano in action is an object of wonder rather than fear. It is only when it ceases to send forth its molten débris that it becomes a source of danger, and it remains so until it has found some new vent by which to discharge its accumulated masses.

The truth of this commonly expressed belief was most vividly impressed upon the minds of the spectators who witnessed the unheralded outburst of the Bandaisan Mountain after a slumber of over a thousand years. Its fires had apparently burned out centuries ago, and its lava-scarred sides had become covered with forests, which had steadily crept upward until reaching the very brink of the crater. Following the example of Nature, man ventured nearer and nearer, until his hamlets were scattered far and high over its verdant slopes. Then, as if to show further proof of its peacefulness, and to attract man hither, a spring of water burst out from near its crest. This, charged with the sulphurous gases, was believed to possess great medicinal value, so that invalids began to flock to the place, flying to ills of which they never dreamed, in their anxiety to escape the pains of the flesh. Early on a summer morning in 1887, a convulsion suddenly shook the mighty form, swiftly followed by the explosion of a mine in its interior, and the whole northern shoulder was torn asunder. The noise, the violence, the confusion, and the result cannot be described. It was estimated that nearly a billion tons of earth and rocks and molten mass were thrown out like a ball from a mighty cannon. The loss to life and property was appalling. As it was with Bandaisan, after its long rest, so it has been with many others of lesser or greater extent; so it is likely to be with many more until the end of this island-building. Fortunately, these volcanic disturbances are less frequent and violent with the passage of time.

With a stretch of territory touching all of the zones, the Isles of Nippon naturally possess a graduated climate, running from a temperature of perpetual summer to continual winter. In the largest islands, the central portion, and what might be aptly called the body of this colossal figure,

the small isles forming its limbs, spring, summer, autumn, and winter in turn prevail, a rainy period following the second, while snow falls to a considerable depth in the latter. But the extremes of temperature are not as great as in New England, the greatest heat coming in August. The wet season is accompanied by high winds, and sometimes hurricanes rage. In the more southerly regions the monsoon sweeps sea and land, though less frequently, and with less fury than off the coast of China. The balmy south winds of the Pacific prevail generally, so bright sunny days are the



FUJIYAMA.

rule in the central islands. Here the seasons change with clockwork regularity, and the alternating breezes of morning and evening make a delightful climate. Except the two weeks of rain and the burdensome sultriness of the *do-yo*, or August dog-days, there is almost daily sunshine from April to November. Even in the month of December, though the nights are cold, the days are warm, and by the time of the March solstice the flower gardens begin to blossom like the rose, and the fruit-trees put on their decorations, while the inhabitants don their light and white summer garbs.

Upon a closer examination, we find that Dai Nippon, as the natives of this island realm call it, occupies an important position in the configuration of the world's political powers. Lying in the form of a huge letter S along the coast of Asia, it makes a sort of outer guard for that continent, at four points,—Shumshu Island, off Kamchatka, on the north; Hokkaido, off Saghalien, formerly belonging to this empire, on the central north; the isles of the Strait of Corea on the central south; and Formosa, off China, on the south,—within easy canoe trip of the mainland. Directly eastward the Pacific rolls between its shores and the continent of North America, its placidity unvexed by a point of land for over four thousand miles, while on the northern boundary the Aleutian Isles form the frozen links in the stupendous chain running to Alaska.

The entire area of these numerous islands is, in round numbers, 150,000 square miles, of which the numberless isles lying to the north and south, in about equal quantities, comprise less than ten thousand square miles. This reduces the number to the four largest islands, which, named in the order of their size, are Hondo, Hokkaido, Kyushu, and Shikoku, the group containing about the same area as our States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, and Maryland. Two-thirds of this surface consist of mountain land, that of the second in the group being almost entirely a mass of mountains. On the four islands there are as many as seventy-five summits over three thousand feet in height,—Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain, reaching an altitude of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, which washes its feet. Hondo, on which this stands, has a solid backbone of mountain running its entire length, among its most noteworthy being Orenge-yama, 9,750 feet in height; Yatsugardaka, over nine thousand feet in height; Nan-tai-san, in the Nikko range, a little over eight thousand feet; Arikeyama, about five thousand feet. Only one of these, the first, shows at present any volcanic activity. It is evident that these four islands at one time were as one, and their shores now extend abruptly down into one of the deepest seas in the world, so that “Old Fuji” and his satellites, when considered as pillars, rising nearly perpendicular from the hard floor of the Inland Sea, form the grandest group among the many mountains of the Far East.

The population of this island empire is about forty-two millions, nearly the same as that of the United States twenty-five years ago. About equal

in numbers to the population of Great Britain and Ireland at this time. A striking resemblance exists between the size and shape of the two archipelagoes situated on opposite coasts of the great eastern continent. There are about forty cities with a population of twenty-five thousand or



A FARMER.

over, Tokyo, the present capital, heading the list with nearly two million souls.

It might as well be said here that the preceding description of the size and situation of his beloved Dai Nippon would not be accepted by the native inhabitant as truthful. He has been taught to know his homeland as lying in the journey of the sun, which rises at one end and sets at the other. This is explained, not at the expense of any optical illusion, but

from the fact that the really inhabited portion of the islands, the wealth and historic body, lies between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels, leaving out entirely the second island in size, Hokkaido, until recently called Yezo, all of the long string of isles northward, and a corresponding line on the south. Even this is a liberal allowance of space, for we can draw the lines still closer without serious sacrifice, and so have only a territory two hundred miles in width, and a total length, running east and west, of six

hundred miles. We have now the extent of the island empire as the loyal sons see it, and it is this Dai Nippon, "Land of the Rising Sun," he is thinking of when he sees the crimson of dawn kiss its eastern shore, and the silver of sunset burnish the peaks of Kyushu on the west.

✓ It is within this limit the historian must look for his data, the scholar his classics, the mariner his harbours and ports, the divine teacher his sacred shrines and holy temples, the husbandman his fields and plantations, the fortune-seeker his mines; in fact, here are the storehouses of the empire, the centres of population, the seats of political power, and, better

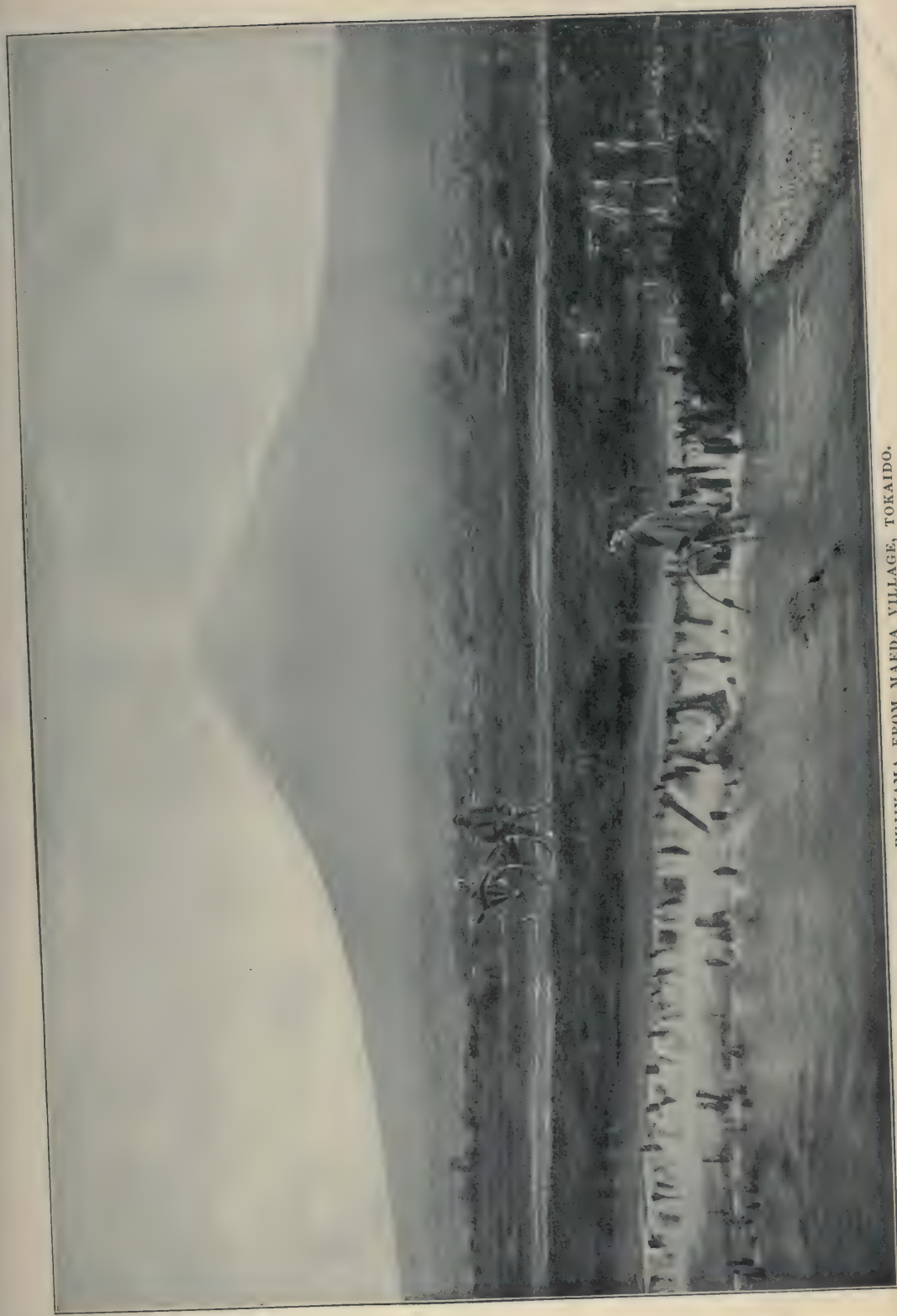


YOKOHAMA HARBOUR.

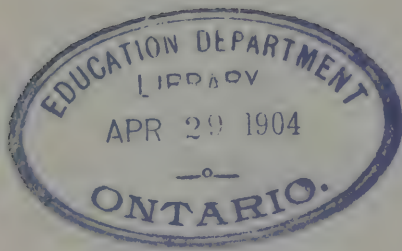
yet, the birthplaces of her best and strongest of the human family, her educators, her warriors, her priests. A glance at the map and a look at her table of population and statistics of industries show that, beginning on the east and following the ocean coast in nearly a westerly course, here are ten of the most prosperous and powerful cities of the empire, the majority situated at the head of as many bays. Tokyo, the modern capital, grown with amazing rapidity from an armed camp to a population, in round numbers, of two millions; Yokohama, the New York of the Far East, with a population of 145,000; Odawara, ancient seat of government, with twenty-five thousand; Hamamatsu, port of extensive general trade, twenty-

five thousand; Nagoya, with silk, pottery, and large general trade, two hundred thousand; Osaka, the Manchester of the Far East, 587,368; Kobé, foreign treaty port and extensive trade, 150,689; Okayama, outlet for great rice districts, 51,672; Hiroshima, army headquarters during Chinese war, ninety-eight thousand; Shimonoseki, principal grain port of the South, thirty thousand.

Japan, the name by which this empire is best known to the world at large, was derived from the Dutch *Jipen*, which was corrupted from the term bestowed long ago by China. Taking the term by which the Japanese designates the archipelago, *Nippon*, or *Ni-hon*, the first syllable means *sun*, and the last *origin*; taken together, "sun-origin." In the ideographic signs forming the written and printed languages of the two countries, *Ji* means the same in the Chinese that *Ni* does in the Japanese, hence from *Jihon* the Dutch obtained *Jipen*, according to their pronunciation, and from that the transition to Japan was easy. In this connection it may be well to mention that the inhabitants of Japan never allude to themselves in that way, but speak of themselves as *Nihon-jin*, that is, "people of Nihon." This last name is often given by the map-makers to the largest island, but this applies to the entire group, and *Hondo*, which means literally "the true region," designates that.



FUJIYAMA FROM MAEDA VILLAGE, TOKAIDO.





A JUNK.

CHAPTER II.

THE GATEWAY OF THE ORIENT.

JAPAN is wonderfully favoured in the matter of harbours, there being over half a hundred in which large craft may find safe entrance.

In one of these, on the western coast of the island of Tsushima, a navy might be secreted, and the water close to the shore is so deep that ships can be fastened to the trunks of huge trees growing to the water's very edge, their trenchant branches dipped into the placid tide. The most famous harbour, according to the world's reckoning, is that of Nagasaki, and this and the port of Yokohama are the two which are the destination of foreign steamers of travel. Another noted place is Shimoda, formerly a port of treaty; and then there are Toba, Matoya, and Shimidzu, all on the Pacific coast. In the Inland Sea are the sheltered bays of Mitarai, Takamatsu, and the naval station of Kuré; in the far north are the ports of Mororan and Hakodate. On the western coast are found Sado, Iki, and the one first mentioned. These are only a few of those best known at the present time. Others will soon share with them in receiving the ships of commerce from all parts of the world.

With this general knowledge of the island empire, and having selected Yokohama as our objective point, in companionship with other tourists from every quarter of the globe, we employ the leisure of a long ocean voyage, where no sail is sighted for over four thousand miles, which, though made between the 49th and 35th parallels, is not broken of its monotony by a single iceberg, in watching the dim outlines of the shadowy shores of the chain of inhospitable isles on the north, or listening with romantic fervour for the howl of the poet's wolf of Unalaska!

If we are somewhat rudely disturbed in this last harmless amusement by the declaration that the nearest approach to a wolf ever seen on the islands is the blue fox, raised by the inhabitants for its pelt, and that the real brute and its "prolonged howl" exist only in "poetical license," the loss is not long remembered, nor is any ill-will laid up against the poet. The gladdening sight of the sacred island of a sunnier clime, Kinkwazan, in the glistening Bay of Sendai, brings us in good-natured kinship with all the world. We should not be human did we fail to go into raptures over the gold-tinted waters, the pearly sands of the seashore, the little lighthouse at the point of land, its flying flag, the hills in the background decked out in their most becoming suit of eastern pines; above these the "mountain of the golden flower," and over all the matchless sky of an afternoon in the Far East. We have seen Japan!

This picturesque spot, which seems designed on purpose to captivate the approaching seafarer, is preëminently the sailor's haven. Here, under the old régime of spiritual rule on earth, lived the sea deity whose duty it was to give the waters of the golden shores those rare hues of pink and bronze, green and purple, the ultramarine and iridescent tints found nowhere else by the mariner. Here, before its tiny shrines, he returns thanks to the God of the Sea for all the blessings he has bestowed upon him, and prays for a continuance of his divine favours. Amid these sacred groves the deer roams at will, for this is hallowed ground, where the hand of man is lifted against no living creature, though in days not yet grown gray with the passing years, no woman was allowed to enter here lest her presence desecrate the holy retreat. Happily this has changed, and woman has risen, if not to the glory of her Western sister, to a respectable position in Japan.

We leave Sendai bathed in the soft light-robcs of the setting sun, and

the following morning get a second glimpse of the Island Paradise we shall never forget. Again it would seem as if there had been some special arrangement or understanding between the sun and the island that we should see the latter under the most favourable condition possible. Later on we find it is the ruling passion in Japan to make the most of everything, both on the part of man and nature.

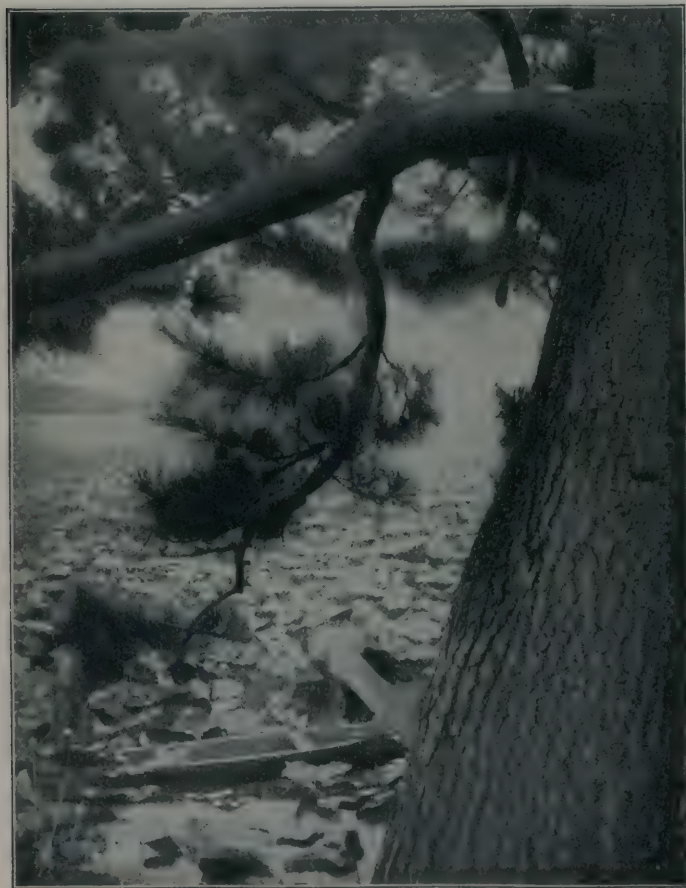
As we glide over the placid sea, reflecting the gorgeous hues of the rising sun like a vast sheet of brilliant foil, a delicate gray cloud in the hazy



STREET ON WATER-FRONT, YOKOHAMA.

distance rapidly assumes the shape and substance of a pink and white pillar rising high into the transparent sky from out of the darkness below. "Old Fuji, the Peerless!" some one exclaims, and instantly all begin to watch and admire the mingling tints of early sunrise blending in the pearl of the snowy crest and the deep green of its pine-clad sides. A queenly sovereign looks this majestic mountain, fully deserving all the homage paid her in this land of the chrysanthemum and cherry blossom, the country where the lordly stork is the feathered king of day, and the dusky raven, of night, which the foreigner is prone to describe with unreal admiration or real misunderstanding.

Fujiyama's spell is soon broken by the sight of the picturesque shore of Yedo, when the approaching spectators are kept busy watching the shifting scenes of sea and land,—the large, square white sails dotting here and there the one, the deep-green hills marking the other; the clumsy-looking junks of the Japanese, manned by crews of undersized sailors, dressed in



LOTUS LAKE, MYENO.

blue and white robes, either flapping in the air or tucked up under the waistband; overhead a sky of Oriental purity.

Now on our right are the broken provinces of Awa and Kazusa, the two forming a peninsula, made so by the Gulf of Tokyo, which thrusts its flattened head well into the valley between the mountains on either side. On our left the province of Saga pushes a blunt end into the sea of Sa-

gani, and in plain sight is the village of Uraga, dear to every American heart as the town opposite which Commodore Perry anchored his squadron of steamers on the 7th of July, 1853, and boldly demanded an interview with the ruling power of Japan. The historic spot now bears the name he fittingly gave it, Reception Bay. Just above is an island bearing his name, while beyond is another isle designated as Webster Island. Nearly opposite is a spot of more melancholy interest to the incoming American. This is the burial water of the war-steamer *Oneida*, which was run down

and sunk by the British mail steamer *Bombay* on January 23, 1870. The sad incident proved how ungrateful and forgetful of its dead one great nation can be, while showing the disregard of the other in not offering any reparation; but if those most concerned in the welfare of the unfortunate victims were careless of them, Japan has shown herself more thoughtful and sympathetic. Within a few years a party of Japanese gentlemen have bought the wreck, rescued the bones of the poor sailors who went down with her, and, taking these ashore, buried them beside the remains of their comrades who had been recovered soon after the disaster. Not content with doing this, the humane body made preparations for a magnificent requiem, called *Segaki*, or Feast for Hungry Spirits, which was performed in a Buddhist church, all foreigners in the city being invited to witness the ceremonies. Our own Admiral Belknap, with his officers and men, was present. In his generosity he offered to share the expense, only to be met with a courteous, but firm refusal on the part of the philanthropists, who thus remembered the long-neglected strangers who had found untimely graves by their shore.

Ten miles farther down the bay is a spot of historic interest to Englishmen, the delightful resort of Yokosuka. Here is the grave of Will Adams, the first Englishman to visit Japan. He went there as pilot of a Dutch trading vessel in 1610, and was detained on the island by the Japanese on account of his skill in shipbuilding and his knowledge of mathematics. He gained the friendship of the shogun, but was never allowed to return to his native land. Finally he married a Japanese wife, and lived with her until he died, twenty years later. His grave is now pointed out on a hilltop, as a spot of interest, and, from its "sightly" situation, one of the finest views in the country is to be obtained.

We are again reminded of the frequency of American names in this faraway place by having our attention called to the little bay of Missis-
sippi and Treaty Point, where Commodore Perry won his triumph by ✓
establishing international relations with the ruling powers. We are now within five miles of our destination, and the waters are fairly filled with small boats, the rowers standing upright and sculling, while in the distance are to be seen the war-ships of many nations, presenting a somewhat forbidding feature to what is otherwise a picture of pleasure. But the monsters of destruction appear unconcerned at our coming, and we give

them only a passing glance, while we gaze upon our surroundings in a bewildered way.

The first thing we notice about these boatmen swarming around us is their scantiness of clothing, and then their diminutive stature. The first is amply compensated for by the well-rounded limbs, on which the muscles stand out sharply defined, and there is promise of great strength and endurance in the small frames. The majority of them are young men,



DOUBLE BRIDGE IN IMPERIAL GARDEN.

and as they sweep their boats toward us, bending and rising with each movement, their band-like garments worn about the loins flutter in the breeze, like so many banners.

But no one feature of the scene holds our attention for a great length of time, so we find our gaze wandering far and near over the ever shifting panorama. It all seems so strange to us, so novel, so unreal because unusual, that we quite lose our self-possession, and fall into ecstasies over the rare sights. The greatest charm, after all, is the remarkable brightness and beauty of the light and atmosphere. These, blending in a happy

combination that fascinates and allures us on, are alone sufficient proof that we have entered a new realm of existence. Forgotten in a moment the two weeks of imprisonment on the palace of the deep, forgotten the many little unpleasant incidents of our long voyage, in the joy of this beautiful awakening. And while we gaze, and admire, and wonder, the *Empress of the Pacific* steams alongside of the *hatoba*, or landing-place, when we realise that we have passed the gateway of the Orient, that we are in front of what was forty years ago a small fishing hamlet, but which is to-day the bustling, cosmopolitan city of 145,000 inhabitants, Yokohama, the New York of Japan.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST GLIMPSES.

THOSE troublesome factors of foreign travel, customs officers, arrest our attention in the midst of our sight-seeing, but we get rid of them here more easily than anywhere else. Duties are low, the government not being allowed to go above five per cent., and its representatives courteous and considerate, so that we are soon free and wandering at our will. As we pass on, however, we hear the angry words of an opium smuggler denouncing what he deems an unjust discrimination against his nefarious business.

We are quickly reminded of the hackmen at home by the rush made by a score, more or less, of coolies sweeping down upon us with their odd-looking two-wheeled vehicles for transporting people about, the "Pull-man car of the Far East," as some one facetiously named it. This simple carriage, drawn by its human horse, is another reminder of America, its inventor having been a missionary from this country, who was with Commodore Perry on his eventful voyage. This is the most popular, and may be said to be the usual mode of conveyance in Japan.

The *jinrikisha*, or *kuruma*, as the Japanese prefer to call it, is, as has been said, a two-wheeled affair, with shafts, and a cushioned seat, with a receptacle underneath to hold parcels belonging to the traveller. The body is painted black, and is usually without ornaments. In case of rain, there is a hood which can be put up, and, in event of a hot sun, this serves as a means of protection quite as desirable. The rider is also sheltered from getting wet by an oil-paper lap-robe. The sensation of being jogged along by a human horse in one of these singular vehicles is likely to be remembered.

Next to his *kuruma*, the "rickshaw man," as he has been named by Americans, is an object of interest. He is usually a spare person, with muscles well developed, clothed in short blue cotton tights, and overshirt of the same material, with wide-flowing sleeves, and open at the neck. A



PEONY GARDEN, KANAZAWA.

strip of cotton cloth is worn about the forehead, and, when it is very hot, he covers his head with a wide-rimmed straw hat of prodigious size and shaped like a huge mushroom. Sandals made of straw, with a loop for the great toe, protect his feet from the hard, smooth roads. He trots along at an easy gait of five miles an hour. If the person he is drawing is uncommonly heavy, or the way hilly, a second coolie joins him either in pulling or pushing, which amounts to the same thing, and the passenger is called upon for an extra sum of four cents. At night-time the rickshaw



JINRIKISHAS.

man carries a lantern to lighten his path, and to see one of them coming in the distance is to imagine one sees a firefly bobbing along the road. As human labour is cheaper than that of the horse, the latter is seldom utilised in the matter of conveyance, and not to any great extent in the agricultural pursuits. Thus the jinrikisha and the rickshaw man are in great demand. He can be hired by the day for about forty cents, or seventy-five yens, as he reckons it. He will cover his twenty-five or thirty miles between suns, with a speed and endurance that is surprising to the stranger. There are nearly three hundred thousand jinrikishas now used in Japan, though the vehicle has been in existence only a third of a

century. China has also adopted it as a common means of conveyance, while it has been introduced successfully into India.

A large percentage of the business of Yokohama is carried on by means of canals, which intersect the city in almost every direction, and the carrying trade is done on *sampans*, boats built for that especial purpose. Passing along one of the streets, the visitor is struck with the number of trades and crafts which are plied here, — the coopers, the basket makers, the makers of dolls, idols, clogs, wooden pillows, straw hats, rain-coats, sandals, fans, toys of all kinds, rockets, and lanterns, the weavers of towels, and the followers of other trades too numerous to mention, and many of which we could not name if we tried. Then there are the traders in all classes of goods, and the venders of articles that would be hard to classify.

The cosmopolitan character of people and objects is apparent to the newest comer. Here are to be seen the representatives of many races of men, — the Chinese in his odd, loose-fitting costume, the Corean in his bright, attractive dress, the Greek priest of Russia in his black cassock, the nun of Southern Europe in her dark robes, the Jew in his threadbare suit of black, the British soldier in his red coat, the soldier of France in his coat of blue, the American tourist in his jaunty outing suit, and others more picturesque, if less important. Vying with the noise and confusion of the street, rings the medley of voices of many lands, while above all are heard the loud tongues of the push-cart men. Yokohama is not one of the most attractive cities of Japan, but it is a busy place, an easy stepping-stone from the bustle and excitement of our own business marts to the other cities of the Orient. We are especially reminded of homeland by the lawyers' signs, those of doctors and dentists, newspaper offices, and barber shops, where for a trifle one can have his hair cut in either English, French, or Japanese style.

For purposes of local distinction, the city is divided into three parts or districts: "The Bluffs," a half-circle of hills where foreign residents live; "The Settlement," or main portion of mixed inhabitants; and "The Native" quarter, where the Japanese congregate. This last, of course, contains the great bulk of the people, though there are nearly ten thousand foreigners now in the city, made up principally of Chinese, English, American, German, French, Russian, Dutch, Danish, Italian, Belgian,

Hungarian, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, Portuguese, with a sprinkling of other nationalities.

The streets are wide, and well paved with concrete or white stones, which seem nearly indestructible. The most common means of transportation along these is the push-cart, made with two wheels that need no tires, a flat bottom, shafts and cross-bar in front, and a beam behind, propelled by four lusty fellows, one pair in front and the other at the rear.



STREET SCENE, YOKOHAMA.

The amount of shouting they do and the load they will move are somewhat astonishing to the newcomer.

The "Broadway" of this Eastern New York is Main Street, where fine stone-fronted stores with a liberal show of plate-glass windows are to be seen, prosperous banks, houses of commerce, hotels somewhat on the Occidental plan, restaurants, and places of trade, where more display of goods is to be found than elsewhere in Japan. One of the finest streets is "The Bund," which runs along the water-front, and has a stone wall of solid masonry on that side, its entire length.

The business men of Japan offer no dazzling display of their wares in shop fronts. This custom so foreign to our own sprang from the low

estimate formerly placed upon trade as a means of earning a livelihood, and from the inherent disposition of the Japanese to avoid what seems to him vulgar show. The artist who portrays his skill in the details of a work of art in decoration and technique by the consummate adeptness by which he conceals rather than suggests his skill, by a design intended for that purpose, has the same principle at heart. It requires the eye and the knowledge of an artist to appreciate a work of Japanese art. One of the best illustrations of this idea carried out in trade is to be seen at Kyoto,



BOX SHOP.

the ancient capital, where one of the largest and richest stores is hidden behind an old, weather-stained building, that seems little more than a lattice-work front sadly out of repair. Once this uninviting exterior is passed, the visitor is ushered into spacious quarters, where are to be found tastefully ornamented warerooms, elegant showrooms, charming gardens, and large fire-proof warehouses. Close beside this is to be found a place having yet more of the old style. The entrance to this wealthy establishment is indicated only by the bustle and activity going on, while inside there is an utter lack of businesslike methods, the salesrooms being nothing more than small back-chambers, with vistas of rockeries and

shrubberies in the background. Tokyo, the modern capital, with less of tradition and more of boldness, has placed her Mammon in a greater conspicuousness, and has changed to a greater degree the methods of her tradesmen; but even here the seeker after trade does not parade his wares with any particular daring for public inspection, and the day is still distant when Japan shall so far forget her natural modesty as to display the temptation of the Occidental mart.

An important place for the foreign visitor is the Benton Dori, or one of the money exchanges on Main Street, where for a trifle he can get his currency and bank-notes changed into the fractional coins he must of necessity have in this country. The Japanese denominations of money are based upon the decimal system, the *yen*, at par, being equal to the American dollar. This yen is divided into one hundred *sens*, corresponding to the cents of America. These *sens* are divided into ten *rins* each, whose value is the same as our mill. For several years the paper yen has suffered a depreciation in value, so one of them is about equal to fifty cents in gold. This fact should be borne in mind in estimating values.

Yokohama has little scenery to attract the newcomer. Its beauty spot is "The Bluff," where are to be seen the fine residences of the wealthy foreigners who have taken up their homes in this city. Here, too, the diplomats from different countries have chosen to live rather than at the capital, Tokyo. The place is reached by a tortuous road, but no sooner are the heights gained than an extensive and beautiful panorama of country is unfolded to the admiring gaze. The avenues are all bordered with trees and flowering shrubs. Flower gardens stocked with native and foreign plants are managed with skilful care. One of these boasts of a hundred varieties of peonies, while another has a display of chrysanthemums unequalled elsewhere in the world until very recently. The houses are not above two stories in height, but are commodious and attractive without and comfortable within. They command a fine view of the bay, with its sparkling waters and fleets of boats, junks, and steamers; the plains, with their far-reaching fields of crops; the rivers, forests, and mountains, crowned by that matchless gem, silver-tipped Fuji.

Here is to be seen the oldest tea-house in Yokohama, named Fujita, in honour of the sacred mountain standing out in such bold relief against the clear sky. This lofty building is reached by a stairway of a hundred stone

steps, concerning the ascent of which the following story is told: Some years since, a circus rider, grown weary of the applause won in the ring, undertook a tour of the country, with the express purpose of riding down the stone steps of every shrine he should visit, hoping by this recklessness to gain the favour of the gods belonging to the same. In the course of his wanderings he came to Fujita, and accompanied by his daughter rode up the hundred steps. Then, as if to outdo himself, he rode down the stone



SUBURBAN TEA-HOUSES.

stairway standing upon his head on the back of his horse, holding between his uplifted feet a fan. If successful here, the story goes on to say that he soon after met his death by a fall from his horse. Whether his horse blundered, or the gods withdrew their favour, the narrator does not say.

The post-office is on Main Street, from which mails to Europe leave every week, and to America once in ten days. Japan belongs to the Postal Union, a uniform rate for foreign letters being five sen for a letter whose weight does not exceed fifteen grams. The rate for a letter of

one-fourth ounce is two sen for any part of the empire. A telegraph office is near by, and a message can be sent to any part of Japan for a charge of about a cent a character. If sent in a foreign language, the expense is five sen a word. There are three cable routes to Europe, the cost being from two to three dollars a word to New York.

The "native quarter" of Yokohama is an interesting locality to learn something of a race that we know only in our ignorance. We have been taught to expect everything done here in a manner entirely different from that we have known in the homeland. We build sky-scrapers for dwellings, while the Japanese never go above two stories; we apply the power of nature and beast to our mills and vehicles, and, until we taught them something of our art, they depended wholly on man-power; our workmen use their tools with movements away from them, and theirs toward them; we furnish our houses with great care and pride, while they keep theirs bare of furniture, and sleep upon the floor; we sit upon chairs and eat from a table, while they sit on the floor, with their food placed beside them; we sleep in the dark, but they keep lights burning from dusk to dawn; we wear hats, while they go with heads uncovered; we pass vehicles by turning to the right, they to the left; we kiss our friends, they never salute with the lips; we shake hands, while they bow; we write to our correspondents with pen and ink, in characters running from left to right, and across the page, while they indite their letters with brush and paint, running from right to left, and up and down; our young women consider their matrimonial market good at twenty-five, while theirs blacken their teeth at twenty-four, as an announcement that they have passed the marriageable age; we dress to display, while they endeavour to conceal the quality of the goods, and the outside of a dress worn by a Japanese lady of the better class is plain, though the inside is elaborately trimmed with silk, which is seen only when she puts the outer garment off and hangs it up.

As a race, the Japanese get their growth at a younger age than the people of Caucasian descent, but they never attain the size of the latter, except in rare cases. The average height of the male with them is but a little over five feet, and the weight 125 pounds. The females are correspondingly smaller, averaging a height of four feet and eight inches, and a weight of one hundred pounds. The majority of the people, that is, the working class, are strong and robust, but many of the upper class are

puny. In proportion to the body and limbs, the head is large. The countenance is long and narrow, though a flat nose gives it an appearance of width. The forehead is low; the mouth, as a rule, small and shapely, though sometimes abnormally large. The eye is dark, its lids showing an apparent obliqueness it does not really possess, from the fact that the skin of the forehead is not creased at the corners, as in the case of other races. The cheeks are broad and flat, meeting a narrow chin and contracting jaw. The skin is of a light yellowish hue, often not darker than that of the



A VEGETABLE DEALER.

racés of Southern Europe. The growth of hair is not abundant, and this turns gray at an early age, though baldness is almost unknown. The lower limbs are short in proportion to the body, and without grace of movement; but the arms and neck are well formed, and the former possess a wonderful ease and grace of action.

The home of the Japanese offers a pretty picture of family life, the pride and autocrat being the child under six. Immediately after that age, this little member is swiftly and mysteriously transformed into a youthful adult, with the cares and realisation of a home-maker, rather than the carelessness of an infant. In the Japanese nursery there is no fault-finding,



THE BEAUTIFUL IRIS.

no hint of disgrace; the parent becomes the model which the child follows, and, following, in its wanton glee, is always welcome, always loved, — spoiled, if loving does that, but ever coming out a bright, obedient youth or maid. If the latter, soon emerging into womanhood's noblest state, taught from infancy "to love, yield, help others, and forget self." Under such benign influences the young heart waxes pure and strong, ready to make any sacrifice, and brave enough to bear any cross. The



LAKE VISTA IN GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN.

saddest feature is the rapidity with which age comes on, and the Japanese maid declares she is old at twenty, and, four years later, must give up her ambition to get married, if she has not been fortunate enough to have secured this end in life before that time.

Should there be no child in a family some time united, then it is doubtless because the grim angel has visited this simple home, and now a sad-eyed mother moves about so as to keep her gaze away from the little players across the yard. Before a wooden tablet bearing the name given

the baby at birth, and holding the little garments he wore, she reverently places a tiny dish of rice, and fish, with *daikon*. She speaks of him now, when she speaks at all, by the new name that came to him as he passed over the heavenly bridge leading to spirit-land.

A more pathetic picture than even this is the home presided over by an aged couple, who have lost their family treasures and are left alone in the world. They may be the relics of those who started out together in early life, hand in hand, and who have seen their loved ones removed, one by



A MASSEUR.

one; or they may be those still more sad people who, having lost their all, have joined their pitiable fortunes in a home where the thief can find nothing to steal should he break in. A union of this kind is known by the distinctive term of "party for making tea."

Especially fortunate are the men who have reached three score years and one, when it is expected they will lay aside the burdens of life, and pass their remaining days in peace and rest. Their children or grandchildren are expected to support them, new clothes are given them, their health is drunk in the best of wine, and congratulations are heaped upon them from all.

If for no other reason, one is pretty sure to remember his first evening

in any Japan city from hearing the low, plaintive call of the blind shampooer under his window. If this is not heeded it will soon move on, gradually growing fainter and more melancholy, until it dies out in the distance. The sightless *masseur*, or shampooer, as he is known, belongs to a sort of national guild, as Japan makes special effort to protect her blind, who are very numerous. This is done by allowing them a monopoly of the profitable occupation of massage, which is done by a dexterous manipulation of the skin and muscles, and has a very beneficial effect. Few deny themselves this healthful indulgence, so the source of income to those who live by this means is considerable. The sightless shampooer, with his heavy oaken staff in hand, and the whistle by which he announces his coming at his lips, groping his way along the streets, is frequently seen and heard after nightfall.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IMPERIAL ROADS.

JAPAN is in constant motion, from the volcanic forces underneath, but this movement is not observable under ordinary circumstances. In fact, four distinct sources of danger continually menace the safety of the Japanese, which they denominate, *jishin*, earthquakes, *kaminari*, thunderbolts, *kwaji*, fires, *oraji*, fathers.

It would be naturally expected, under this condition, that they would stand in perpetual fear of these secret enemies, the more to be dreaded because of their stealthy approach ; but in no land is peril treated more lightly, or sorrow more philosophically. They build their dwellings invariably of light wooden material, and never above one story. Light shutters are closed at night, and these so hung that, at the slightest warning of danger, the occupant will find the least hindrance to flight possible. This simplicity of style has not developed any particular architectural skill, and a Japanese city is picturesque in its simplicity, being but a rambling collection of toy-like shanties. In ancient structures, however, they have shown greater adeptness, and have evolved a roof curve that is the admiration of the rest of the world.

Second in the list of evils is the fire, and a vivid presentation of the loss and danger from this element is made when it said that Tokyo, the capital, is estimated to be laid in ashes every twenty-five years. This does not mean destroyed by the sweep of one conflagration, but that in a quarter of a century a number of dwellings and business houses, equal to the entire number of the city, have been obliterated. What is true of Tokyo in this respect applies to any other city. Yet the people smile at the thought of fear, laugh at the clangour of the fire-bell, and style the fire "the flower of the capital."

By this it must not be understood that the Japanese fails to realise the loss to himself or his country, or that he puts on any false bravado. The earnings of a lifetime may have vanished in the smoke of a five-

minute fire, leaving him penniless as well as homeless. Still, with his family domiciled close by the smoking ruins, he sets himself cheerfully to work to build anew. He lives under the inspiration that he has no right to thrust his sorrows or burdens on another. It is a part of the common lot to suffer thus, and this experience has held in check the increase of the wealth of the island empire.

When we look to the origin of this second evil, we find that it is largely



GENTLEMAN'S SUBURBAN VILLA, BANCHO.

due to the first; is an indirect result, from the reason that the dwellings the first compels the people to build are poorly constructed to resist the ravages of the fire-fiend. With the introduction of modern appliances for fighting the flames, the loss from fire has been decreased somewhat, but with the majority of towns, and in the memory of the inhabitants, it has only been modified, not materially changed.

Though we came with only the faintest smattering of the Japanese language, we are really congratulating ourselves on the readiness with which we are picking up phrases, and even sentences. We can say quite

glibly, *ohayyo*, "good morning;" *mata-irasshai*, "please come again;" *kon-ni-chi-wa?* "how do you do?" At parting we bid our host *sayonara*, "good-bye." Another term we hear frequently is *kaido*, which we find to mean "road," with the added distinction that it refers also to the district through which the highway passes, *do* being equivalent to the last signification. Thus the island of Hondo is divided into five "roads," imperial coach roads, and these are subdivided into several imperial by-ways. The first class of these famous ancient roadways are known as the Tokaido, or East Sea road; the Tosando, or East Mountain road; Hoku-ro-ku-do, or Northern Land road; the Sanyodo, or Outer Mountain road; and the Sanindo, or Inner Mountain road. Outside of these grand trunk roads of Hondo are the Hok-kaido, or North Sea region, the Saikaido, or Western Sea road, which embraces the islands of the south, and the Nankaido, or South Sea country, in Shikoku. Until recently the idea has prevailed that only one route was open to the travelling visitor, but it will be seen by this that several courses are open to him who wishes to view the interior of the islands.

All of the principal cities and districts of Japan are connected by railways, there being over two thousand miles of completed road, and more than half as many more in course of construction. These are all operated by Japanese workmen and officials.

We soon find that while we can visit the capital without a passport, the treaty regulations provide that no foreigner shall go more than twenty-five miles from any treaty port, and it is worse than useless to try to do it. He cannot even buy a railroad ticket to any place in the interior, and if he should try to get there by some other method of travel, he would invariably find himself in trouble the moment he appeared at a public-house, for no innkeeper would entertain him without a passport, but send for a policeman to take the intruder back to the treaty boundary. Having once broken the rules he would be denied a passport ever after. But trouble of this kind is very easily and quickly avoided, as a passport, good for a year to all parts of Japan, except Formosa, can be obtained of the United Consulate for a fee of one yen. This need not take more than two hours' time, providing the application is made in person. The British Consulate affords equal privileges, upon the payment of two yen. These passports are not transferable, but must be returned to the consulate

from which they were obtained at the expiration of the specified time. It is needless to say the rules and regulations are very strict to those who try to evade them, but quite satisfactory to him who accepts them in good faith.

Next to a passport, the tourist who would see the country to the best

advantage, especially if he desires to get out of the beaten paths, needs a native companion to act as guide, interpreter, and adviser. One can be obtained whose charge will be regulated somewhat by the size of the party, and these Japanese are nearly always found to be the most enjoyable companions to be met with anywhere. They are keen-witted, courteous, and ever willing to entertain with stories and legends, from a fountain that seems inexhausti-



THE GATEWAY.

ble. Truly, Japan is the land of romance, and everywhere one goes he finds some fanciful tale or bit of picturesque history.

Already we have heard much of the beauty and historic interest of the region to our south and west, reaching on to Kyoto, the ancient capital, and including what has been aptly styled "the heart of Japan." But, first of all, we wish to see the capital of the shoguns, Tokyo, and from thence penetrate the mountainous country of the north, viewing, on our

way, famous Nikko, "the city of temples." We may come back to this place before visiting the Tokaido, or we may run down the coast of the Sea of Japan. That does not matter now. It is seldom best to travel with plans too rigidly prepared beforehand.

Tokyo is situated about eighteen miles northward of Yokohama, and



IN AN OLD GARDEN OF TOKYO.

the railroad connecting the two cities was the first built in Japan. It was done by English capitalists, who took advantage of the ignorance of the Japanese and charged an exorbitant price. This robbery was never repeated, however, as since that they have built their own roads, and the country being level, and grading easy, the cost has been very low. All the roads are narrow gauge, three feet wide, and run on

the English plan of first, second, and third compartment. The stations are all neatly kept, contain separate apartments for men and women, and everything about them is orderly. The officials are nearly always Japanese, but they invariably wear European dress.

The capital of Japan was originally a fishing hamlet, which was taken for the tenting ground of the armed followers of the shogun, from which has sprung the present capital, the largest and the most sought city in Japan. It covers an area of a hundred square miles, mostly level country,



BLUFF GARDEN, YOKOHAMA.

contains nearly 250,000 houses, over three thousand temples, and a population variously estimated at from one to two millions, probably nearer the latter number, though it may fall short of it. As has been hinted, its growth in recent years has been rapid, but old ideas and ancient landmarks have not yielded to modern progress to the extent which would make Tokyo an example of foreign innovation only and not a picture of the past as well. Its people are pleased to ride in the steam-car or on the horse-railway, while they no longer look upon the telephone and electric lights as wonders beyond comparison. It has hotels kept in European style, good restaurants, museums, theatres, bazaars, and public parks famous for the beauty of their scenery and historic interest. A stroll along the length of the Ginza, the Broadway of Tokyo, by day or evening, is an event to the newcomer, a swift succession of dramatical amusements, acrobatic feats, displays of physical prowess, and outdoor entertainments of many and wonderful varieties, a most friendly rivalry existing on every hand. At eventide, crowds of merrymaking people are constantly passing between rows of booths ablaze with torches and lantern-lights, the deep crimson of the one vying with the pale yellow of the other, while toys of innumerable patterns, plants, flowers, fruits, sweets, and fantastic trinkets of unknown names dazzle the beholder into buying. Everywhere is to be seen the delicate touch of adept fingers and the designs of an artistic eye.

It is an inborn characteristic of the Japanese to make much of a little. With the few flowers which have graced their gardens, for instance, they have made bright their lives. Among the colours considered to be the best combination are red and gold, red and white coming next. Black is looked upon with ill-favour. As an emblem of constancy, the dried *haliotis* is considered the happiest selection. It has the double signification of singleness of affection and continuity of that love, as the dried *haliotis* can be drawn out to an extraordinary length, like India rubber. The single mollusk is also typical of fidelity. The stag, in the language of emblems, denotes happiness; the stork, long life; the tortoise is emblematical of riches; the hawk is a symbol of daring; the carp swimming up a waterfall, of perseverance; the bear, of endurance.

On every hand is seen evidence that the Japanese possess two natures designed to be antagonistic to each other. One is a love for the grace and

beauty of peace, the other is the worship of glamour and power of arms. When we look closely into his inner life, we find these o'ermastering spirits dwelling together in remarkable harmony. If he delights to beautify and adorn his temples with the tender grace of earthly gifts, and softens the frowns of the fortress walls into the smiles of the garden, it is that he may better appreciate his home land, and awaken in his breast a deeper patriotism and veneration for it. The teachings of his race for unnumbered generations have taught this happy combination of the



WISTARIA BUSH.

harmony of the warlike pageantry and the beautiful and picturesque offerings of Nature. This has been a fruit of feudalism.

With this in the mind, it is easy to understand the two distinct classes of citizens: the *shizoku*, patricians, or military class; the *heimin*, civilians, or commoners. At the founding of Kyoto, the ancient capital, before the supremacy of the sword had placed in the front rank of power a rival dynasty, the difference between the upper and lower strata of population was less marked. The subject lived nearer to his sovereign. But this condition gradually changed as the shogun grew in influence, until the numerous class comprising the tillers of the soil, the fishermen, the

traders and traffickers of commodities, had nothing in common with the aristocratic patricians who had assumed the reins of government by armed force. The commoner came to know nothing of the ambition of military glory, of the pleasure of office, and pride in the dazzling cortèges of war. He even lost desire for competition in the intellectual pursuits which tend to elevate humanity, and he grew content to be as inferior in



THE "GARDEN OF THE LAKE," KYOTO.

mental capacity as his humble dwellings were inferior to the impressive castles of his superiors.

Prior to the reign of Emperor Kwammu, 782-805 A. D., it had been customary for each succeeding ruler to select his royal residence wherever his own convenience suited him. Thus the castle of the emperor was naturally chosen for his royal palace, and in this way many towns became, in their turn, the site of the imperial government. Owing to the extreme simplicity of the royal train, this change of abode did not incur great expense or inconvenience. The life of the sovereign was little different from that of his people. It thus happened that the capital itself was

subject to change, and even the imperial court was sometimes moved two or three times during the reign of a single monarch.

With the advance of civilisation, increase of pomp, and growth of commercial interests, all, with their increasing expense and growing intricacies of government, rising, by gradual stages, from almost primeval simplicity to a scale of magnificence and splendour difficult to credit to that period, at the beginning of the eighth century the capital was established at Nara by the Empress Gemmyo. Thus the fame and power of womankind in Japan was awakened by the association of the name of one of the sex with the initial tribute of display and dignity offered to royalty.

Seven successive sovereigns held their courts at Nara, and it was looked upon as the permanent capital, when Emperor Kwammu decided that it was not favourably situated as the centre of administrative power. With great ceremonial display he moved the imperial court to Uda, in the province of Yamoshiro. This act was received as a matter for national rejoicing, and the new capital was named Heiau-jo, which meant "Citadel of Tranquillity."

But if the choice of the people,—a city of peace,—the new capital was not adapted to the growing power of the military regents. The situation was not convenient to maintain a watch and control over the river-ways leading into the interior, so the shogun looked about for a spot better suited to his aims and ambition. One Ota Dokan, about 1460, built a fortress at Yedo, though even he did not dream that this rude beginning was to lay the foundation for the future seat of government. The fortification stood apart from the small collection of fishermen's huts marking the place, and was surrounded by a vast expanse of reed plains, where it would be easy to deploy the army. Surrounded by a great series of rivers, and flanked by a range of mountains, with the sacred Fujiyama as the snow-crowned sentinel, the situation proved very satisfactory to the military regents, who continued to strengthen themselves in this position, holding the passes to the interior against the enemies from the southland. The welfare or the desire of the people never once entering into the plans of the builders, from the rough fortress of Ota Dokan was evolved the stronghold that made Yedo a powerful citadel at the close of the sixteenth century.

In 1590 A. D., as the reward of the warlike genius of Japan's Napoleon, General Iyeyasu, Yedo became the capital of eight provinces, under the first of the Tokugawa regents. Regardless of the privileges of the common people, colossal fortresses were erected wherever it was deemed expedient, until, had it not been for the kindness of Nature in allowing the big rivers to extend the land out into the sea by a deposit of their débris, there would not have been room enough for the million of inhabitants who reared their simple dwellings under the walls of the frowning battlements without a thought of what they portended.

The shogun, with his increasing prestige, sought display of his power and prosperity on every hand. He surrounded the warlike castle by a triple line of huge fosses, the outermost one of which measured nine and a half miles in length, while that of the inside was one and a half miles. Their scarps were built of mighty blocks of granite that had been brought hundreds of miles over sea and land, to be set in their lofty position by such rude contrivances as to create wonder over the work in this age of improvements. Deep banks of earth topped the huge walls of masonry, their slopes carefully covered with a sward of Korean grasses. Seeds of the pine were then planted in regular rows, and the shoots were trained so that the evergreen branches of the trees reached down toward the broad moats, through which flowed streams of water, conveyed hither in aqueducts from a river a score of miles away. These ditches varied in width from sixty to five hundred feet. Along with the pride and the artifice of the trained warrior were to be seen the peaceful symbols of the artist and the peacemaker. Not only were the dark reflections of the pines shown in the silvery waters, but the moats became the pleasure scenes of flocks of beautiful ducks and wild birds of matchless plumage, or they found peaceful rest in lakes of tranquil charm under the very shade of the battlements. Not only did the lawn-like slopes under their velvety carpets afford a happy contrast to the trampled earth of the city streets, but lotus flowers, growing in the crevices of the rocky walls, portrayed, to the enraptured observer, in unwritten language, love's imagery of the peace and repose thrown over the frowning ramparts of a "city of war," where the nobler gifts of man had converted the frowns of a fortress into the smiles of a garden.

From this period is to be dated the wonderful outgrowth of landscape-

gardening, in which respect Japan stands without a rival. That they might not ignore or forget their allegiance to the "eastern capital," as the camp of the military regents was called out of distinction to the capital of the imperial line at Kyoto, which was designated as "the western capital," the provincial barons, or chief supporters of the shoguns, were required to live in Yedo, since named Tokyo, one-half of each year. It thus became necessary for them to build homes for themselves and



A TRIMMED JAPANESE PINE-TREE.

numerous retainers. In carrying out this idea, a strong rivalry sprung up between the respective nobles, which resulted in a gain to the city. Many commodious mansions were erected, and numerous picturesque parks were laid out and beautified from year to year. It is true these were carefully protected from the vulgar gaze of the public, and the average citizen knew little, if anything, of them, but in the course of two and a half centuries the city became a veritable garden. The work and loving skill bestowed upon them was beyond estimation. Their equal was not to be seen elsewhere.

In order to fulfil his dream of such a place, the Japanese gardener must have rocks upon which to train his flowering vines, — rocks for the beds of cascades, rocks for the angles of corners and hillsides, rocks for margins to lakes and streams, rocks for the edges of shrubberies, rocks to border the paths, in short, rocks everywhere, all arranged with skill and alluring effect. These rocks had all to be brought from distant provinces and far-away islands. As well as pebbles and boulders, some of the last as large



ROCKERY AND CASCADE, FUKIAGE GARDEN.

as half a dozen men could raise from the ground, were massive blocks of granite, many of them weighing tons each, and requiring the united efforts of several yoke of oxen and long lines of coolies to move to the places selected for their use.

Within these costly and beautiful parks were the dwellings of the military representatives of feudalism, living in houses that were marvels of the skill of the builders, and the matchless purity of the wood from which they were constructed. Here, though filled with the armed retainers of the feudal power, was to be seen very little indication of warlike

preparation, except that near to the gate stood rows of long, low sheds, their outward walls marked at intervals with heavily barred windows, while the most prominent article of furniture in all the rooms was the rack for the swords.

These buildings were the barracks of each baron's men-at-arms, and the streets were so lined with them, and so thronged with these armed retainers strutting about with their swords girt to them, that, during the era of feudalism, Tokyo, the eastern capital, in spite of the languid peace hovering over the pine-scented embattlements, the green carpet of its terraces, the wild birds floating dreamily along its waterways, the fantastic drapery of its rockeries, its picturesque parks and gardens, bore unmistakable signs of its true origin and purpose.

With the march of succeeding rulers from this military feudalism to the *shizoku*, or hegemony, which rules progressive Japan to-day, a radical transition has taken place in the appearance of this city of imperialism, though the contrast between the upper and the lower spheres has remained the same. The battlements of the ancient fortresses were suffered to tumble down, and the bush and creeping vine find foothold where erstwhile stood the flanking tower; the broad fosses of the citadel allowed to fill with débris and become the sites of peaceful dwellings; the ponderous gate opening upon the fortress rusted from its hinges, while the citadel itself became the residence of a civilian. With the disappearance of all this vanished the fine baronies, the street pageants of marching men; the graceful parks have been despoiled of their treasures, the rockeries ravaged, until the dazzling evidence of feudal glory that once was paramount in Tokyo is now eloquent only by its silence and the emptiness of space where its monuments stood.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.



EXAMPLES OF QUAIN Architecture.

CHAPTER V.

THE MODERN CAPITAL.

WHEN Japan awoke from her long sleep through that morning drowse, called the *Meiji* era, — beginning of improvement, — she moved slowly, in changing old ways for new, and continued to carry out her system of education, developed new organisations of government, enlarged her ideas of industry, and enforced her laws from official quarters as simple and barren of ornament as before. These buildings were plain, rectangular structures, without any relief given their walls by portico, façade, veranda, balcony, or lordly steeple, until foreign architecture arose on the ruins of a power lost with the departed greatness of a line of rulers giving way to another. So pretentious piles of stone and brick — governmental buildings of modern grandness, a court-house, banks, municipal edifices, ministerial residences, hotels, and club-rooms — have risen with remarkable quickness in plain sight of acres and acres of the old style, including communal schools, telegraph offices, post-office, and police barracks.

Thus Tokyo presents a marked example of modern progress, and, at the same time, a singular compound of the old and the new. It has been a

rule that whenever new buildings should be raised on a narrow street, the latter should be widened. As fast as fire has obliterated a certain portion, the houses erected have been set back, until there are broad, ambitious streets, but with the same lack of foreign architecture as in the days of the shogun. This plainness of style is particularly noticeable in the poorer portions, where fires are the most common. In this manner Tokyo shows, as no other city does, an impressive picture of the transition of Japan from the despotism of the past to the imperialism of the present.

No city has suffered as this has from earthquakes. In 1703 thirty-seven thousand people perished under crumbling houses or from the overflow of the sea. In 1855 this terrible loss was doubled, and seventeen thousand buildings were thrown down or burned. But it has now been nearly fifty years since there has been any widespread alarm.

The average tourist, upon entering a strange city, first looks about for some spot where he can command a view of the whole scene at a single sweep of the vision. Tokyo has a most favourable height for this sort of sightseeing, and as he begins to ascend the long stone stairway leading to its summit, he is confronted by an architectural gateway built of granite, which immediately arrests his steps. This is called in Japanese the *torii*, meaning literally "the bird's nest." From this it is currently accepted to have had its origin in the intention of a humane people to afford a resting-place for the feathered creatures they loved so well.

Be this the case or not, farther back into the past than history or tradition goes, it has marked the approach to a temple or shrine emblematical of the old Shinto faith or religion. Two upright shafts are met and crossed at the top by horizontal bars, the rude frame being constructed of wood, granite, or bronze, as the builder chose. As simple as they are in construction, seen everywhere in Japan, even the foreigner soon begins to admire them, and then to look for them. No hand has ever been known to mutilate one of them, and when long double rows of them lead under the overhanging arms of Japanese pines, with lines of stone lanterns lighting the scene by night, they recall, in an impressive manner, the hallowed scene of devoted bands of men silently seeking the shrine of some deity whom they sought to propitiate by suitable offerings and prayers.

Passing under this particular torii, with a deep feeling of religious veneration in spite of our modern doubts of ancient belief, we slowly ascend to the summit. The panorama spread out before us is something too vast for comprehension. What strikes us most forcibly at first is the truth of the common expression that Tokyo is a "city of magnificent distances." One of the noted objects that we try to discover is the emperor's palace, which very appropriately stands on an eminence that lifts it far above the



STONE LANTERN MARKING APPROACH TO A SHRINE.

noisy streets and buildings around the moat. But as high as its strong walls are raised, the pines surrounding them lift still higher their roof of evergreen, completely overshadowing them. Below, where their gnarled and rugged bodies stand out in bold relief, smaller trees and shrubs fill in the spaces, as if it were forbidden that the curious gaze of the sightseer should look upon the palace within. High walls encircle the hill, a gate now and then offering entrance to the imperial grounds. Lower down, green banks slope away to the edge of the moat, where flocks of wild ducks swim and float on the bright waters without fear, for no shot is

allowed to be fired within sound of the royal palace embowered in the pines and cherries.

A place of interest, which no tourist fails to visit, is Aasakusa Park, where is to be seen that Chinese importation, the pagoda, and the great tower, with its bell that is rung at regular intervals until its resonant tone is heard all over the city. Here is to be found the Temple of Aasakusa, dedicated to Kwannon, an image of unknown antiquity, never seen, but worshipped with great display of reverence. It is said to have been



CHERRY BANK, TOKYO.

caught in the net of a nobleman fishing off the coast, and is only an inch and three-fourths in height. Perhaps the remarkable difference between the size of the deity and the greatness of the temple is the most observed feature of the place.

Another place of note and beauty is the cherry bank of Koganei, an avenue two and a half miles in length along the canal, and lined with cherry-trees. In April, when these flowering trees are radiant with blossoms, no fairer sight can be seen even in Japan. No other people can appreciate them as the Japanese, and for centuries their poets have sung their praises and their artists painted their beauties. What the rose is to

the people of America, the cherry is to the Land of the Rising Sun, and the time of their blossoming is made a season of national festival. Vast numbers of admiring men, women, and children come from far and near to feast their sight upon the white and pink blossoms unfolding to the spring air. The world is young again with the blooming of the cherry, and hearts that were sad a short time since become light, for it is a gala season with men as well as Nature. Boats laden with happy pleasure-seekers glide along the level stream overhung by the trees, that look like huge flowering plants, while the occupants gaze dreamily up into the meshes of flowers with their settings of light-green leaves. Others wander longingly on the banks, intent on the happiness and beauty of the day and scene.

If Tokyo's greatest fêtes are held under the cherry blossoms, with the clear blue of the April sky overhead, when Uyeno Park and Mukojima River are converted into floral paradises beyond the Occidental comparison of beauty, these carnivals find a close rival in the festival of the great wistaria at Kameido Temple in May, when that ancient vine puts forth flowers three and four feet in length. A month later the iris gardens of Hori Kiri afford a rare flower-show, calling out large crowds of admirers.

August offers another candidate for public favour in the sacred lotus flower, whose broad leaves cover the moats in Tokyo, and are to be found in lovely lotus ponds of acres in extent. These plants are often four feet in diameter, and the flowers from twelve to sixteen inches across. These pink and white blossoms, emanating from muddy, stagnant water with a matchless purity and freshness, are looked upon as a symbol of religious life. It is a saying of the Buddhist priests that though one "is born in a hovel, he can have virtue, like the lotus flower springing from the slime." It is the one flower of the faith of Buddha, about which is associated the hidden mysteries of mortal and spiritual existence. Statues of Buddha have generally as a pedestal a skilfully carved lotus-leaf in stone or bronze, while on the altars are vases of bronze filled with these flowers made of the same metal. The lotus also grows wild in the rural districts, but does not equal here the size of the flower and leaf of India, and these are called the "flowers of death," because they have become a funeral adjunct.

Greater than any of these festivals of flowers is that of the national flower, the chrysanthemum, which opens in the Dangozaka section, the last

of October. This is beyond doubt the greatest exhibition of the kind in the world, and no fancier of flowers dreams of the beauties and the possibilities of this Japanese favourite until he has seen it at the zenith of its glory in its native land. It has been fittingly described as a model of symmetry whose "shape well fits it to symbolise the completeness of perfection which the Mikado, the Son of Heaven, mundanely represents. It typifies, too, the fullness of the year. It may be of almost any hue,



WATER MILL, COLENBA.

and, within the general limits of a circle, of any form. Now it is a chariot wheel, with petals for spokes, while another kind seems the button of some natural legion of honour, and still another a pinwheel in Nature's own day fireworks."

During the chrysanthemum festival everything at the court of Tokyo is made emblematical of the national flower, and even the imperial communications are made upon chrysanthemum paper. Everywhere one sees the bright round splash, which looks more like a drop fallen from the golden censer than an imitation of the flower of the season, which ushers

in a gala day for the capital. It is arranged to have the exhibit at its height upon the birthday of the emperor, on the 3d of November, and rejoicing reigns on every hand.

Masters of the art of landscape-gardening as they are, the Japanese have paid especial care to the cultivation and improvement of the chrysanthemum until they have brought it nearer to perfection than anybody else. They have produced plants that bear more than four hundred perfect flowers, and it is not infrequent to see half a dozen varieties



CHRYSANTHEMUM SELLER.

growing on a single plant. The different varieties, in all, number over two hundred and fifty. Its flowering period being longer than that of most flowers, they have naturally assigned to it the attribute of longevity, and one river, which receives on its placid bosom many of these falling leaves, is believed to hold in its waters the charm to give him who drinks it long and beautiful life.

In our interest in these festivals of the flowers, we quite overlooked another holiday, which comes in September, and marks the end of the summer boat-life. . This is what is called "moon viewing," and the same taste and skill that has decked the walls of the palaces and sacred build-

ings with festoons of vines and flowering plants, and concealed the forbidding palisades of the war fortresses by the same happy means, has constructed the moon-gazer's arbours. Here he lies and dreams, while his poetical fancy finds expression in some felicitous song :

“A sycamore boat on a sea of mist,
The moon sails, coasting by isles of amber,
And trembles now, in my cup, I wist,
And stands poised over my leafy chamber.

“The shadows break on the waves afar,
Cool blows the breeze from the forest yonder;
And forth, convoyed by many a star,
In the open heaven, she goes, — a wonder!”



ings with festoons of vines and flowering plants, and concealed the forbidding palisades of the war fortresses by the same happy means constructed the moon-gazer's arbours. Here he lies and dreams, poetical fancy finds expression in some felicitous song :

"A sycamore boat on a sea of mist,
The moon sails, coasting

Watkins, Goshawk



CHAPTER VI.

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES.

IT cannot be truly said that Tokyo has a fashionable promenade, where the well-dressed seek to display the latest style; but along any of the main streets the emperor and his suite may pass any day, while at the parade ground of Hibiya the sovereign and his court are seen at their best. Another place to witness fashionable and sporting life is the race-course of Uyenô, or that of Kudan, where the free and careless elements of society hold high carnival in spring and autumn. But in Japan, as in other countries, it is necessary to go among the people at home to get a correct idea of their customs and costumes.

When, a few years since, the government directed that all officials on duty adopt the dress of Europe, it looked as though the old styles peculiar to the country were doomed to be supplanted. A tidal wave had already set in against the native fashion, in favour of Parisian or Berlin styles. Until then, 1886, the empress had stoutly resisted all attempts to introduce the dress of foreigners, which, if it did not detract from the native beauty of the women, did seriously interfere with their comfort. Then the rage for foreign costumes became general, until no Japanese lady was considered anything but a dowdy who did not hamper her comely person with a gown of the Occident. This craze prevailed for a few years, when a reaction followed. Now it does not seem improbable that there may be a complete return to the original costume of the people. It is to be hoped so, for no other style of dress seems so much a part of the great plan of nature to enhance the beauty of features, gestures, and personal grace.

The dress for the men consists of a loin-cloth of muslin, a silk or cotton shirt, and the *kimono*, a sort of gown suspended from the shoulders and girded at the waist by a silken belt. If the weather is cold, this gown is wadded, and more than one worn if necessary. Over all of these the wearer dons the *hakama*, or divided skirt, which is fastened by cords run-

ning around the waist. To the last is then added the *haori*, a sort of cloak tied in front by a knotted silken cord. Both of these last garments are made of the finest material, and are generally laid aside when the wearer enters his home, as we should doff our top-coat in the house. The *haori*, made of black silk, bears the crest of the wearer on the back of the sleeves. The *hakama* is made generally of a striped material.

The foot is incased in a low sock, which reaches to the ankle, and is called the *tabi*. It has a separate part for the great toe, as our gloves have for the thumb. These socks are of blue or white cotton, made thicker and stronger on the soles. Slippers made of straw are worn about the house, while for short walks the *geta*, or wooden



LADIES' COSTUMES.

clog, is worn after the manner of sandals. At the doors of all shops, rows of these clogs are hung outside the door, and visitors are expected to put on a pair before entering.

Until the introduction of foreign caps and hats, which are now favourably received, no covering was generally worn on the head, the fan being used to protect the cranium from the hot sun. Wide-rimmed, mushroom-shaped hats are now frequently worn by the natives.

When indoors the *yukata*, or bath-gown, often takes the place of the kimono, and the gentleman sits for a long time at his ease before or after his ablutions, which are invariably performed near the close of the day. A large tub of water, heated as warm as the hand can bear it, is placed over a boiler so that the liquid may be kept to its proper temperature throughout the bath.

In olden times every Japanese gentleman, when out-of-doors, wore his two swords, which he laid aside upon entering his dwelling. These war-



THE COMBAT WITH SWORDS.

like instruments have now been supplanted by those articles of less offence and defence, the tobacco-pipe, and pouch. This indulgence is everywhere popular, in all classes and with both men and women. The pipes generally have stems from six to ten inches in length, with bowls of sufficient size to hold merely tobacco enough for a couple of whiffs. So the Japanese smoker spends more time in filling his pipe than in enjoying its fragrant breath. This method was introduced by the Portuguese at the beginning of the 17th century. Cigars are now considered fashionable, and cigarettes have become favourites with many. Millions of the latter are now con-

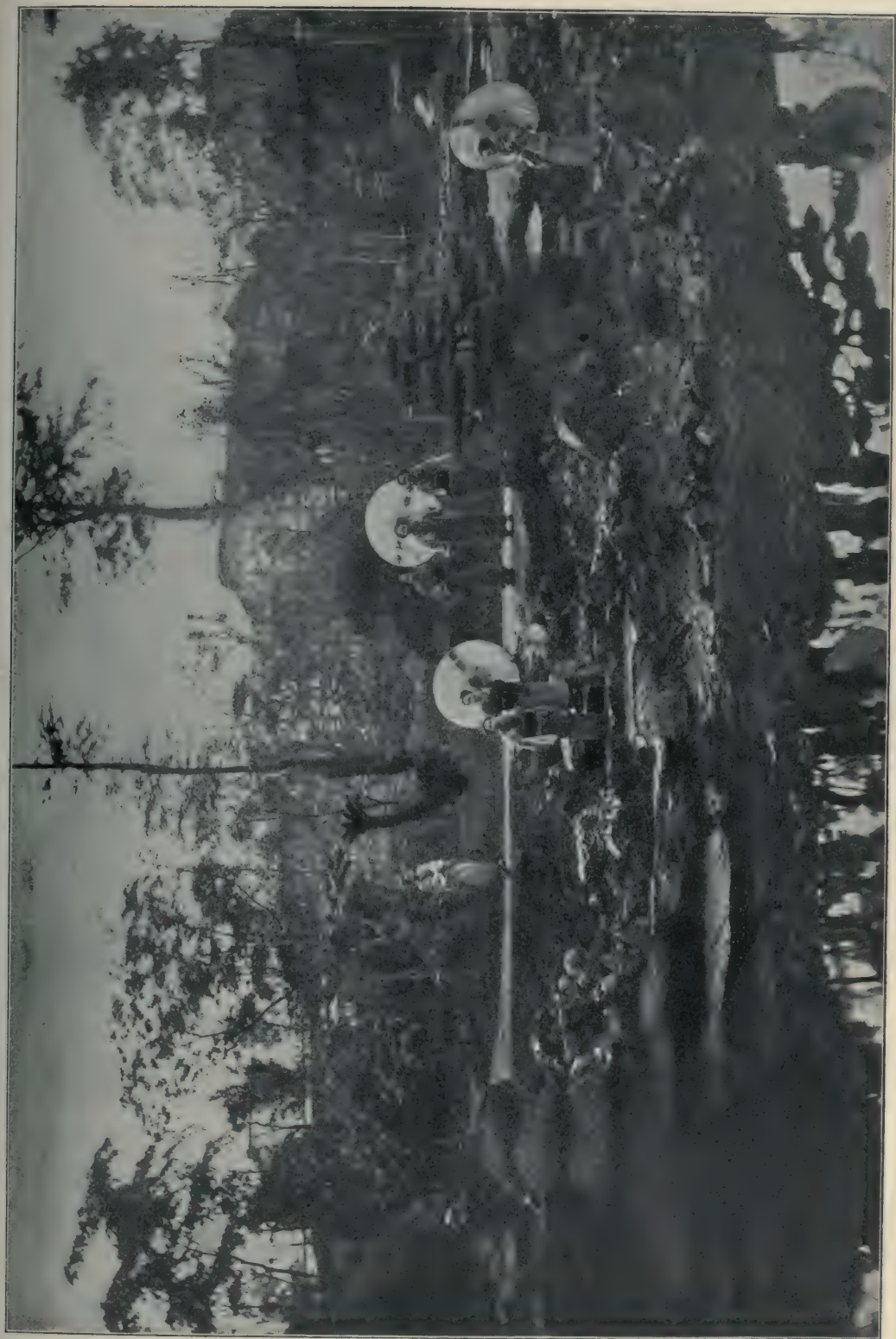
sumed monthly in the large cities, the leaf from which they are made being raised in the southern provinces. It is no uncommon sight to see little groups of women, drawn up around the fireplaces, enjoying their pipes, often made of silver, while they gossip and exchange pretty stories.

Coming back to the matter of dress, men of the lower classes have a custom of displaying on the backs of their garments a large ideograph, which indicates their occupation, or their master's name. Carpenters are invariably marked in this manner. A close-fitting *momoliki* worn about the thighs, a gaiter of dark-blue cotton, a straw hat, shaped like an inverted punch-bowl, trimmed with a blue band, and straw sandals, comprise the garb of a large percentage of the working class. The coolies, whenever out of sight of the officials who are instructed to prevent it, strip off everything but the loin-cloth the greater part of the year.

The costume of the woman is but slightly different from that of her male companion. An apron, or short petticoat, perhaps two, are worn beneath her kimono, a cord around the waist keeping so much of her dress in place. As the weather grows cooler, an extra kimono is put on over the first, and this is repeated until sometimes six or eight are being worn, and the very outlines of the figure of the wearer are lost. An *obi*, or belt, a foot and a half wide and often a dozen feet in length, is wound over all of these. It should be said that the obi is an object of great personal pride, costing as high as seventy-five dollars, so that the lady's whole outfit, to say nothing of the jewelry and trinkets she may wear, often costs two hundred dollars. But the Japanese husband is seldom opposed to this outlay, as the true gentleman is anxious his wife should be well dressed, even if he goes shabby himself.

In the matter of dressing her hair, the Japanese woman takes especial care and pride, a professional hair-dresser being employed and two hours taken in which to perform the task. In holding the large mass of coils and knots in position, large metal pins with coral head-pieces are commonly used. The hair is loaded with oil and bandoline, to hold it in place, and on account of the amount of work required to dress it, is not taken down but once a week. For this reason the sleeping-block of curved wood, shaped to fit the neck, is used at night for a pillow.

The children are not subject to any strict rule as to being covered, but when they are considered old enough to leave nudity behind with their



TEA-HOUSE GARDEN, OJI, TOKIO.

childhood, they don garments after the plan of their parents. Needless to say, these are accepted under protest.

The Japanese consider it no disgrace that their ancestors lived on the plainest of fare, earned at the cost of extreme hard labour, so they make their presents to their friends accompanied by a symbol of seaweed and dried fish, which was the great staple food of their forefathers. It is this frugality which has enabled the race to rise slowly from the plane of poverty to the present height of comparative prosperity. It is also this same simplicity in the manner of living which has kept their bodies so free from the common ills of the flesh to which other races are prone. No meal is served in Japan, without a course of rice at its conclusion, or if



A HAIR - DRESSER.

served without, it is not considered complete. This cereal is thus the one great article of diet throughout the empire. Whatever else is eaten is accepted as so much to prepare the way for rice. This need not be taken to mean that any part of the food or drink is of a stimulating nature.

In the principal cities and villages the foreign style of food, as well as the foreign manner of serving it, has been largely adopted. How soon

this custom becomes universal remains to be seen, but it will be better for the native population if the change is accepted slowly.

After fruits and sweets have been served first, not last, according to our way, fish follows, and then an omelet, a chicken fricasseed to a nicety, raw mullet, or sea-bream ; all this washed down by saké, a wholesome beverage obtained from rice. The wine is then removed, and rice appears, accompanied by a cup of tea. It should be observed that the habit of drinking saké or wine at meals is not universal, and that the beverage contains but



MACARONI AND TEA.

little alcohol. With the poorer class but one course precedes the rice, and that is either broiled fish or vegetable soup. Beef is not eaten generally, and less frequently than formerly. Poultry is considered too expensive, and pork is looked upon as being unclean. When a foreigner first introduced pork hash it aroused a storm of horror and indignation. Eggs are extensively eaten, and are kept in stock, after being hard-boiled, at all wayside booths.

The dishes commonly included in a set festival or banquet are bean curd soup, pounded fish baked as a roll or cut into slices, lotus roots boiled in soy, stewed chestnuts, the *nasu*, or eggplant, tender shoots of the bamboo,

radishes, and the never-to-be-missed *daikon*, a native vegetable with an odour few foreigners can tolerate kindly. Instead of the knife and fork, chopsticks are furnished at all inns, and they will be found on the tray holding the food enclosed in a paper napkin. They are separated, except by a bit of wood at the top, and upon being pulled apart a toothpick is found secreted within. They are thrown away after being used once. Travellers in Japan must not expect to obtain meats to any extent, butter,



LADIES AT DINNER.

milk, bread, or wholesome water. His diet will be mainly rice, fish, and eggs, his drink, tea or saké.

Green tea is the universal beverage in Japan. It is drunk very weak, without sugar or milk. Every traveller passing through a village or town is offered a cup without thought of recompense on the part of the giver, though if tribute is tendered it is accepted with a courteous acknowledgment of the donor's generosity. If the European or the American is not satisfied with this simple diet at first, he eventually finds that he is benefited by it.

The Japanese housewife takes as much pride in the way she sets her tiny table, called *zen*, as any of her American sisters, while perfect decorum

exists throughout the meal. The Japanese is by nature extremely polite, and nowhere does he exhibit this good breeding to better advantage than at the dinner-table. He seldom laughs over the blunders of a foreigner at his table, and is quick to condemn the faults of one of his countrymen. No matter under what circumstances a stranger meets him, he is exceedingly pleasant, never forgetting or omitting his low, gracious curtsy. On entering his house, the visitor is expected to remove his shoes, and he walks in his stockings over floors as smooth and clean as the tops of tables in other lands.

The marriage relation is more of a civil than of a religious obligation, though the last sentiment is entering deeper into the ceremony. It has always been the rule for no one to marry out of rank, and the gentleman belonging to the military class could not retain his social standing by becoming the spouse of the daughter of a trader or merchant, nor could the latter marry one beneath her caste and keep her position. But all this is gradually losing ground in these cosmopolitan days. In the times of feudalism, nobles and chiefs could not contract the ties of matrimony without the consent of the court.

Under the old customs the housewife was at the head of the household, nominally, but she really held a position inferior to her husband. If she was honoured as the mistress of the home, she was not allowed to sit with her master, the *Shujin*, except at evening meal. Nor were her children given greater privilege. This, thanks very largely to the Empress Haruko, has materially changed, until no woman in all the Far East is more respected, or accorded greater privileges, than the tender, loving wife and mother of a Japanese household. She is a model of cleanliness, of faithfulness to her duties, and in economical management. Bright, vivacious, pretty, petite, with an innate refinement and modest demeanour that is sure to attract attention, Japanese women deserve all the recognition shown them. While children are loved and well treated, large families are an exception, the average household numbering less than five.



A TYPICAL JAPANESE LADY.



SCENE IN NIKKO.

CHAPTER VII.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

WE are constantly hearing praises sung of a village lying in the heart of the northern mountains called Nikko, "the city of temples." Nowhere else shall we find such shrines of worship and nowhere else such magnificent scenery. In fact, the use of that adjective reminds us of the saying which has become a Japanese proverb, which runs like this :

"Nikko wo minai uchi wa, 'kekko' to ui na!"

Given a free translation this means : "Until you have seen Nikko, the word 'magnificent' is meaningless."

The annual *matsuri* is soon due at this sacred retreat ; thousands of excursionists are planning to take a trip northward, and report comes in that large parties of pilgrims are already on their way by foot to the famous place. So we decide to postpone further sightseeing in Tokyo and go with the crowd. But we have to wait until another day, and that

evening we catch a vivid picture of the "flower of Yedô," so that we are glad we had not hastened our flight from the capital.

There have been some disastrous fires of late, which fact is made plain to the most casual observers by the acres of charred and blackened building sites. Under the bane of this fiery curse, it is no wonder Tokyo, a city of paper, bamboo, and wood, has not outgrown faster its poverty marks. The wonder is that it has reached its present gigantic dimensions. Not long since, the firemen had to depend on the hand-buckets and a supply of water from some near-by moat; but now the fire-engine takes the place of this method. Still the manner of fighting fire is yet somewhat primitive compared to ours. Outside of each engine-house a tall ladder is set perpendicularly, with a railed platform at the top, looking like the crow's-nest of a man-of-war in bygone days. A bronze bell is hung from a beam within reach of this, and a watchman is expected to keep a close survey over the city as far as he can see, and, at the outbreak of flames within his range of vision, to ring the bell. If the fire is in his immediate neighbourhood he strikes this but once; if it is farther away, twice; and so on, until he has indicated the distance and the direction. The sight of this wiry little fireman swinging between heaven and earth, like a huge spider hanging from some lofty perch, is one to make the timid watcher shudder for his safety at first look. This is swiftly forgotten as the bell sends out its warning, especially if it stops short at the first stroke. Then there is bustle and hustle, for the fire is near at hand, and it may be our own home will become its prey.

Under the old system a singular code of customs sprang up around the lives of the primitive firemen that was both picturesque and appropriate. They were not allowed to appear at a fire except in a particular costume, which was made of bright colours, and highly ornamented. A sort of religious hymn was sung by the firemen, while companions stood at a safe distance on adjoining roofs with grotesque bulletins, on which had been painted sacred and demoniacal images, held over their heads to terrify off the legions of flames. In those days, it is claimed that not a night, for a quarter of a century, passed over Tokyo without a fire in some part of the city.

Were it not for the earthquake, more substantial houses would be built than these of inflammable wood and lighter material. But the brick house

is more to be feared in case of the shock, and so the people keep on raising dwellings, which seem little more than torches for the flames. This fire, whose alarm so aroused our interest, proves to be a slight affair, so we return to our couches, and dream of forests, of temples, and shrines, with long columns of pilgrims, footsore and weary, marching to offer their annual tribute to some god whose favour is especially sought.

Nikko lies ninety-one miles north of Tokyo, and is reached by a railroad running through one of the finest agricultural districts of all Japan. The country is just broken enough to give it variety without injuring its farming value. Everywhere the fertile plains, irrigated from the streams winding across their bosoms like ribbons of silver, are dotted with thatch-roofed farmhouses, one an exact imitation of another, and this uniformity characterises the size of the farms, all of them being small. The largest is not more than an acre in extent, and the smallest but a few rods in area, one and all outlined by ditches, along the rim of which the loftus lifts its beautiful crest. Not a foot of land is allowed to go to waste in this country where nothing is lost, though everything seems to be made on a miniature plan, — tiny houses, tiny carriages, tiny gardens, tiny farms, tiny animals, tiny people — but, taken altogether, apparently as prosperous and happy as those of larger stature and doing business on a broader scale. And well they may be, for the grand whole of these uniting mites make acres of rice-fields, acres of tea plantations, acres of fine fruit orchards, acres of vineyards, — the grape-vines trained to cover bamboo frames, and even the pear-trees made to rest over trellises. Everywhere and on everything is displayed the cunning handiwork of the skilful and industrious husbandman. Nature, too, is seen at her best, modestly offering such matchless fancy work as she can afford only in Japan. Hillsides are festooned, and river banks, fringed with the deep green bamboo, while the ridges between the rice-fields, the very ditches, and the thatched roofs, the only places available for them, are decked with flowers of many hues. Among these floral bounties is a lily of bright crimson, whose blood-red tassels, tossed by thousands in the early autumn breeze, present a vivid picture.

The corn-field of Japan is the field of rice. This cereal grows abundantly, south of the 38th parallel, and five millions of people are engaged

in its cultivation, directly or indirectly. Eaten three times a day for 365 days in a year, with an added day every year in four, there is still a surplus to send abroad, and the rice export trade is getting to be something of an item. The most prolific fields are found in the districts of Tokaido and Sanyôdo, though the crop yields well wherever grown.

Rice is started in a nursery, where it expands blade by blade into a mosslike mass. Then, in a month or two, each rootlet has to be carefully separated and transplanted to a larger bed. Later, as the summer comes



PLANTING RICE.

on, the tender shoots are again changed, this time from their muddy footing to be set in long rows across the moist lowlands. Their growth from this time is surprisingly rapid, and soon the waving tassels are flaunting in the breeze. The harvest of the grain is an important one, — so important that the owner counts his riches not by hard dollars but by his number of *koku*, or bags of rice. This cereal is planted at different times, so there are several harvests.

While rice is the staple food, and enough is really raised to support the inhabitants, with a surplus to send abroad, wheat and barley are grown to



PLANTING RICE.

a considerable extent. In the extreme north barley bread forms a large part of the diet. Millet is sometimes eaten instead of rice. This custom prevailed more in ancient times than now. Besides the above crops, maize is grown in the southern provinces; also oats and vetches, as provender for the stock.

Among the vegetables the yam ranks easily first, growing abundantly in the southern islands of Kyushu and the Satsuma country, which is famous for its pottery. In some districts, where the inhabitants live too



VEGETABLE SELLER.

far from the seashore to get fish, and too far removed from the markets to buy them, they subsist almost entirely on rice or millet, and a big white radish, called by them daikon. This last often attains a length of nearly three feet. As might be expected, the soil and climate of Japan are favourable to the growth of several kinds of vegetables unknown in this country. There is an eggplant, a pear-shaped fruit of a bright purple colour, which is very edible when boiled. A species of fern has tops which are sweet and tender if eaten when they are young. There are also beets and tomatoes in the central regions, with melons and cucumbers in the

south. Sugar-cane is also cultivated in the last region to quite an extent.

In the matter of fruit, either the gods that are credited with making the Land of the Rising Sun were not partial to this luxury, or they committed a grievous oversight, as Japan has been treated most niggardly in that respect. It is true there are fruit-trees enough, such as they are, but with the exception of the orange, they are pitiable failures. There are pears, apples, peaches, apricots, and so on, but they are true only in name. The size is inferior, and the flavour is missing. Hence many of them, noticeably the pear, are prized for their blossoms rather than their fruit. This deficiency, however, is being supplied by transplanting fruit-trees from the United States and other countries. The soil and climate seem adapted to the growth of these, and before many years Japan will be a fruit-growing land.

Native grape-vines grow abundantly, and are often seen trailing over the entrance to some dwelling. The California grape, introduced a few years since, thrives exceedingly well, and already handsome vineyards are to be seen. The fruit has been put on the market, and finds a ready demand.

On the whole, the empire of the Far East is fairly well supplied with its share of the world's edibles, and the condition of the cultivators has continued to improve from generation to generation, though it has not yet reached the grand results belonging to the great class. Nearly all of the farmers own their homesteads.

In regard to its groves of ornamental trees and forests of timber, Japan has been liberally endowed. Owing to the great number of evergreen-trees, the woods are never denuded of their foliage. The *matsu* (*Pinus sylvestris*) finds a congenial soil and a hearty welcome by the inhabitants almost everywhere. Next to this, the slopes of the northland owe their perpetual mantle to the red fir, which grows more sparsely toward the south. Valuable as timber, being much used for masts of junks, the larch is an esteemed favourite. The wax-tree is prized for its usefulness in affording a strong vegetable cement, while the towering camellia is highly esteemed for its seeds, which yield an oil desired for the purpose of lighting houses and public places. Without the mulberry-tree, Japan would not be a silk-producing country. Whoever has traversed the highways through Hondo, lined for miles by twin rows of those noble patriarchs, will never

forget the *Cryptomeria japonica*. In the south the camphor-tree occupies a high place among the woods used in cabinet-work.

Its bright green in summer, and happy brilliant colouring in autumn, relieving with beautiful effect the dark hues of the fir and pine, the maple is the royal queen of the great green woods of the Far East, and an appreciated rival of the chrysanthemum for the honours of state. Japan is preëminently the home of the maple. America boasts of some ten



EVERGREENS AND WATER-WEEDS.

species of this tree; Europe something like twenty; but here are almost four hundred distinct varieties. Think of a forest of four hundred species of maples decked in their gorgeous plumage of autumn!

Beginning with a deep green in the springtime, Mother Nature gradually invests the queen of her forests and groves with a robe of softer hue, until in the sunset of the seasons she decks her out in the brightest livery of fairy-land, as if she would impress upon her admirers the fact that in the shifting scenes she has not lost her vivacious spirit. The "frost queen

maple," that species which dons with a cheerfulness more than human the glory of the dying days, is beyond description the happiest image of radiant life that exists in the realm of the forest world. There is, among the numerous varieties, one that bears star-shaped leaves, whose foliage, changing early to a brilliant crimson, contrasts beautifully with the deep green of her sisters.

In ancient days the maples of Mount Tamuke were especially noted for



AUTUMN FOLIAGE AT TAKI-NO-KWAWA.

their beauty, and thus it was the custom each returning autumn to take figures woven of silk to the Shinto shrine on the mountain, as an offering of gratitude for the splendours of the forest at this season. This caused the great poet of that age, Michizané, who believed the gods ought to be satisfied with what nature had done for them, to exclaim :

"'Tis hardly for poor me
To bring a beggar's gift, when
Tam'keyama spreads



KIRIFURI CASCADE, NIKKO.

Miles of red maple damask
Before the glad immortals."

The Japanese express their inherent love and admiration for the maple in many ways, through maple picnics, and the introduction of maples in art and song ; and, more enduring than any of these, in their pictures and carvings, their artistic weavings in costly robes, and drawings on rich wine cups. But over these fair symbols of beauty and brilliancy is the halo of a light that is fading rather than the signification of endurance typified by the pine and bamboo. A few days of brilliant reign in her matchless foliage, and the maple sends her magnificent glory away on the wings of the fickle winds, — which is ever the rule with the gay and fragile.

"The warp is hoar-frost and the woof is dew,
Too frail, alas! the warp and the woof to be:
For scarce the woods their damask robes endue,
When, torn and soiled, they flutter o'er the lea."

CHAPTER VIII.

NIKKO AND ITS TEMPLES.

UNTIL within a few years the traveller to Nikko could get no nearer by rail than the little town of Utsunomiya, twenty-five miles from his destination, but the beauty and grandeur of this last stage of his journey more than made up for the added inconvenience of travel. The entire way, which is a broad, well-made road, as highways generally are in Japan, is bordered by twin rows of lofty cryptomerias, some of them rising to a height of two hundred feet, their stately bodies free of branches for more than half that distance. These grand old monarchs, excepting a few that have taken the place of the originals, were planted a long time ago by a nobleman to make this road a fitting avenue leading to the resting-place of the shoguns sleeping in their bronze tombs on the hills of the city of temples.

Truly no more worthy monument could have been raised, and it is estimated that over a hundred thousand persons annually make their pious pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of Nikko. But the sublime effect has been marred by the modern methods of travel, and a band of pilgrims seeking their Mecca on an express-train lose their *dévout* appearance. All over Japan the railroad is robbing it of much of its old-time grandeur.

Nikko nestles at the foot of the Nikko-zan range of mountains, in one of the grandest valleys of picturesque Japan two thousand feet above the sea. It has a cool, salubrious climate in summer, so it is a popular resort at that time, as well as being the keeper of the proudest temples in the land. Among the many sacred treasures of this storehouse of nature, there is none so ancient or so noble as the venerable mountains clothed in their dense growth of forest.

The city of temples is especially fortunate in its environments. If the mountains are the noblest in the northland, the waterfalls are the wildest in Japan. One of them leaps a sheer 350 feet into a basin of snow; another is broken and twisted into a series of cascades, whose silvery

beauty cannot be conveyed to paper. The ancient forests are hung with rare mosses, that give them an increased appearance of hoariness. The silence and solitariness of the village of Irimachi, hemmed in by the towering heights, possesses an intensity of loneliness beyond comparison. But everywhere the atmosphere is laden with the sweet perfumes of a thousand flowers, and birds of rare plumage and melodious songs



STABLE, NIKKO.

enliven the scene. The temperature, too, has a delightful and invigorating tone, both healthful and hopeful.

At Nikko is seen a shrine of the oldest religion in Japan—older than her history, in fact. Beside this emblem of the Shinto faith was erected by the saint Shodo Shonin, in 716, a temple of Buddha. The later religion was introduced into the empire from China, but its priests were wise enough not to attempt to replace the primitive Shinto by it, being content to unite the two. The ablest and most powerful follower of Buddha was, no doubt, that great warrior, Iyeyasu, who was deified by the emperor as “the great incarnation of Buddha, the Light of the East.” Upon his death

this noted man was buried at Kunozan, in the southern country, and noble shrines were built to immortalise his memory. But in time it was felt that sufficient honour had not been done the mighty man, and it was decided to remove his remains to a more fitting resting-place at Nikko.

So in 1617, on the greatest day Nikko ever knew, his body was removed to her exalted protection, with such impressive ceremonies as only the rites of Buddha can afford. Japan has never seen such another burial; it may never again see its like. The remains of the hero were borne up the



YASHAMON GATE, NIKKO.

grand avenue lined by stately cryptomerias, to the mausoleum on the cedared mount, by the imperial envoy, made up of a long train of noblemen with two-sworded retainers, many gorgeously decked priests, and the living shogun.

The most-sought approach to the temple-tombs of the illustrious dead is over the sacred bridge, which is a wooden structure lacquered a deep red, in vivid contrast to the sombre hue of the pines, and supported by stone piers. Gates are closed at either end, stopping all entrance, except when they are open once a year for the annual festival, and vast crowds pass over the sacred way. Leaving this bridge, the avenue lies under

overhanging cryptomerias, and is terraced with stones worn smooth by many footsteps.

Midway in the ascent is a small belfry, looking like a huge mushroom under its big sloping roof, covered with bronze plates, and surmounted by the crest of Iyeyasu. A bronze bell, rung by means of a big log of wood placed at an angle so that, upon being pulled back by a rope, it will strike the deep-toned instrument as it rebounds, sends forth its clear resonant notes so as to be heard a long distance. At the head of the terraced ascent stands a massive symbol of Shintoism, a granite torii. This is twenty-seven feet and six inches in height, but looks dwarfed beside the handsome five-storied pagoda standing near by. The latter has a beautiful crest, its stories decreasing in size as they stand one above another. The eaves of the lower story are decorated by the painted carvings of the twelve Japanese signs of the zodiac: the rat, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, ape, cock, dog, and pig.

Broad stone steps lead to the entrance, through the "Gate of the Two Kings," to the storehouses containing the precious relics of Iyeyasu, and the numerous belongings of the temple. In the great courtyard, with its rows of stone lanterns, beside these two structures, with their large tiled roofs, is another and larger building, with painted carvings of elephants showing their hind legs turned the wrong way. These ornaments are the work of the famous left-handed artist, Hidari Jingoro, and are considered marvels of artistic taste. This elegant court is lighted, on special occasion, by 118 magnificent lanterns placed on massive stone bases, the gifts of noblemen in honour of the sleeping god Iyeyasu. Kept in a small stable near by is a snow-white pony sacred to the use of the god. This building is ornamented by the carvings of three monkeys, supposed to represent the unique trinity of San-goku no saru, the trio that neither see, hear, nor speak any evil. This fact is symbolised by the attitudes of the monkeys, one having his paws over his eyes, the second covering his mouth, and the third his ears. Wherever one goes in Japan he will see these images of blind, dumb, and deaf monkeys. In this same court is a cistern fashioned out of solid rock, and holding holy water, which comes from a stream on the mountainside, known as the White Thread Cascade, as the water flows over the brink of the precipice in such a delicate layer of the silvery fluid as to look to be a part of the glistening stone.

In the midst of his admiration of this scene the tourist hears the soft ting-a-ling of golden wind-bells under the eaves of the buildings, as they are gently swayed to and fro by the breeze.

At the head of another flight of steps the visitor comes upon a second court, filled with wonder-works of Japanese skill, and gifts from other countries. Among these last are a bronze candelabrum, that belonged years ago to a king of Loochoo; a huge candlestick sent from Holland,



MONKEY CARVED STABLE, NIKKO.

and a strange bell which was once the pride of a Corean king. These gifts came from those kingdoms when they were considered as vassals of Japan.

Another flight of steps ascended, and the visitor pauses before the Yo Mei gate, its two stories decorated with remarkable carvings of the common and the unusual in artistic work. Engraved in intricate tracings of marvelous cunning and grotesque invention are groups of happy children, wise-looking Chinese sages, heads of weird dragons, and beasts that live

only in the mythology of a picturesque people. On either side are cloisters prodigal of their carvings of birds and flowers.

As the ponderous gate swings ajar we are ushered into a courtyard containing several buildings, one of which was reserved in ancient times for the *kagura*, or sacred dance, which was performed by priestesses in wide-flowing silken trousers, an overdress of gauzy texture, and a wreath of artificial flowers, while they held in their hands tiny bells, that gave forth soft, bewitching music. They swirled and postured in absurd positions,



TEMPLE AT NIKKO.

making ridiculous passes with their fans before amused priests. Near the centre of the court is an enclosure holding the chapel, which contains that universal emblem of Shintoism, the golden *gohei*, attached to a long wand, and a Shinto mirror on a table lacquered a deep black. Save the decorations of bronze figures on the walls and ceilings, carvings and frescoes in gold and black lacquer, there are no ornaments here. But the dimness of the light, the coolness of the atmosphere, and the deep solemnity that pervades the sacred precinct, with its impressive mementos of the days of old, linger long with the beholder.

There is another way leading to this court, through an old gate bearing

over its top the ancient carving of a sleeping cat, denoting the tireless sentry, and the work of the left-handed artist already mentioned. This path leads up 220 moss-grown steps to that spot of greatest sanctity, the tomb of Japan's greatest ruler. In fact, all these preludes of courts, stone stairways, massive gates, and displays of decorations have been only the entrance to the mausoleum.

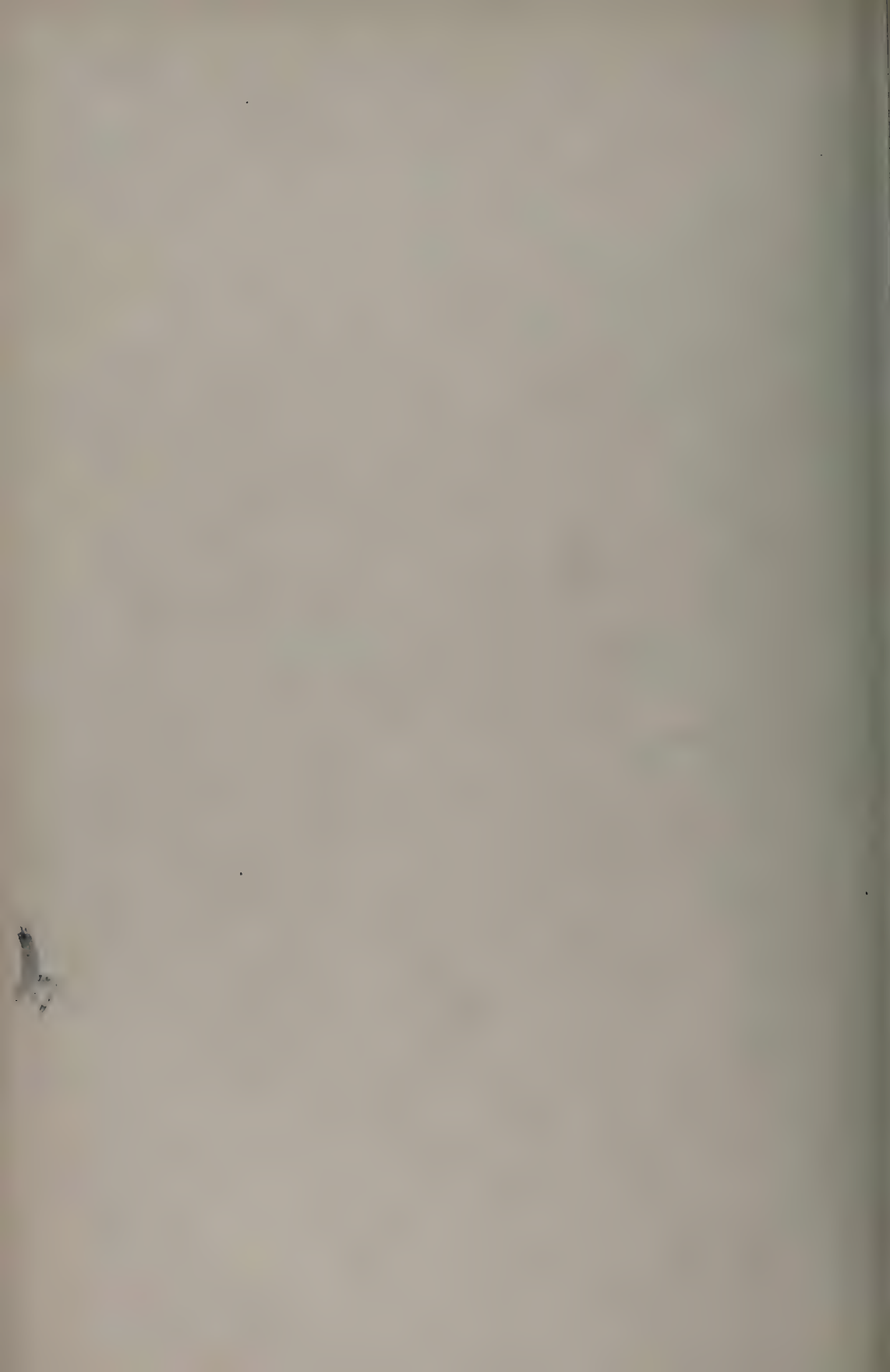
Situated within an enclosure of lofty walls surmounted with a balustrade, and sheltered by stately old cryptomerias, the tomb itself is unadorned, and stands an impressive and fitting resting-place of the mighty shogun. It is constructed of huge blocks of stone, crested with an urn of gold, silver, and copper-bronze raised in the form of a pagoda. A vase of bronze filled with lotus flowers and leaves in brass, a bronze tortoise supporting a stork, an ornament typifying the length of the days, and an incense burner of the same metal, all stand on a table of stone in front of the tomb. Situated on this noble height under the deathless shade of the pines, and behind the picturesque temples reared in his honour, the great monarch sleeps amid surroundings in keeping with his illustrious record. Truly, in no other land is fame more lasting, or honour more highly esteemed.

Scarcely inferior to this sublime mausoleum is the monument raised to the memory of his grandson, Iyémitsu. This is reached by an avenue turning from the approach to the other. In this direction, courtyards and flights of stone steps, gold and bronze images, grotesque carvings, temples to the Shinto faith, the tomb of Yoritomo, the shrewd, ambitious, and unscrupulous founder of the shogunate, niches filled with figures of mythological gods and goddesses, among which we note those ridiculous monsters with prodigious display of teeth that are supposed to rule the wind and thunder, gates that show both art and skill in the building, an oratory as impressive as that of Iyeyasu, and with more of ornamentation; all this, and many other beauties, which to describe would call into use every synonymous adjective in the English language belonging to the class magnificent, until we stand in our bare feet and with bowed head in the tomb of this noted man.

The two temples and their environments have interests that are different, as the first has, in comparatively late years, been shorn of its profuse adornments and rededicated to the Shinto gods, whose surroundings are

Three Little Maids





always of the simplest kind ; while the latter remains in Buddhist hands, and retains the ornate glory of this religion. Its storehouses are filled with works of art and rare paintings, which no pen can adequately describe. The beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of these famous shrines of Nikko must be seen to be appreciated. Art and Nature seem to have joined hands in outdoing themselves. India, famous for her sacred shrines, has nothing to com-

pare with them. Even when the Taj Mahal, that "temple-tomb of Asia," has been placed in comparison with these seen at Nikko, the beholder finds all the awe and wonder of the other, placed amid its solemn shadows, revived with intensified interest, until he feels that it was here, in the mountains of the north, art began and temples had their origin.



SACRED POST AT NIKKO.

Leaving these splendid sepulchres of the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty, and his quite as illustrious grandson, in the midst of stately mountains, clothed in ancient forests, and invested in storied mysteries of the ages, we soon reach that flashing stream Daiya gawa, plunging headlong down the precipitous descent in a frantic race to gain the lowlands, where it is spanned by the Mi Hasi, or sacred bridge, built in 1638 A. D., at a spot where legend says was made the first pilgrimage to the mountains of the saint Shodo Shonin. A lesser temple is raised by the wayside, dedicated to the

goddess of rice, Inari, and bearing the figure of the fox, which is the personification of this deity.

Nikko puts on her best livery at the festival of Iyeyasu, and the shrines to this hero are then seen to the best advantage. But the tourist has not seen it all until he has been present at one of the annual pilgrimages to the mountain shrines.

The day is perfect. Nikko has more perfect days, it would seem, than any other spot in Japan. The grand avenue is provided with refreshments



KANAYA HOTEL AT NIKKO.

for the coming multitude, and a pine, consecrated to propitiate the evil spirits, is dragged furiously up the terraced path. Eager, excited people rush after it, plucking branch after branch from the tree as charms against evils, until it is bare of leaf and branch. During this performance a continual outcry of voices from a hundred throats rings up and down the valley erstwhile so heavy with the silence. Then the broad gate of the sacred Red Bridge is flung open, and the anxious, travel-worn pilgrims move solemnly forward on their march to the holy temples. Sanctimonious priests in robes of gold brocade or silk chasubles and white cassocks, and mounted on ponies selected with religious veneration for this pious occa-

sion, are followed by their train of devoted parishioners, clothed in bright yellow gowns, and holding on long poles over their heads huge fans. Behind these marches a long train of warriors, made conspicuous by their ancient trappings and arms of olden styles. Next in this strange procession walk, in double file, men and boys, with masks over their faces and all wearing quaint costumes of other days donned for this especial scene. The last squad wave banners or temple flags of queer device over their heads, or carry live birds or monkeys. In the rear, attired in skins of wild beasts, and to make the imitation more startling, men creep upon their hands and knees, following two and two abreast. Besides these singular bodies of people, at intervals along the marching column zealous adherents of the faith draw sacred cars on wooden wheels, with temple-shaped roofs and bodies of dark lacquer, valances of rare needlework, and rich draperies of red and yellow silk. The entire scene is enlivened, if not rendered more enjoyable, by all sorts of instruments, musical and otherwise, sending forth their medley of sounds. The procession is at least a mile in length, while the avenue is fairly deluged by a flood of spectators who have come from all parts of the country — some hundreds of miles — to witness this famous festival.

One day is deemed sufficient for the religious celebration, in which there is an amazing mixture of the profane and divine influences. At eventide the whole affair is closed with an extensive illumination of the temples and surroundings for a long distance. Lights from gay-coloured paper lanterns, swaying from every building and gateway, from the trees, the pagoda, the tomb, dazzle the beholders of the night scene. Lanterns of bronze and stone lend their sparkling blazes from courts and avenues, while smaller lanterns of paper, carried by the surging multitude, look like so many fireflies dodging hither and thither. The wind-bells, swayed gently by the mellow evening air, send forth their tremulous notes with sweet cadence, while the deeper tones of the bronze bell float away in the far, misty distance. The crowd finally, with backward glances, moves leisurely down the avenue whence it had ascended in the earlier hours, until the silence and loneliness of yesterday fall upon the scene.

But the mixed train of prayerful priests and pious pilgrims, of devout people and curious sightseers, moving sublimely along the noble avenue consecrated to the gods of two religions, has come and gone and returned

again with autumnal regularity for over a thousand years, and who would gaze upon its like again has only to come to Nikko at its next annual matsuri. He may not see the same individuals making up the singular array of marching columns, neither will the forests have on the same vestments as before ; but the solemn mien of the pine, and brilliant colouring of the maple still remain unchanged, while the same picturesque pageantry of worshippers will pass before the eye. It may be that Japan, in its new light of progress, has little use for these relics of romantic paganism, but she will hold upon them with ancestral veneration for many years to come.

CHAPTER IX.

NATIVES OF THE GREEN WOODS.

NIKKO'S attractions do not end with the temples described, by any means. There are other shrines as full of historic interest if not of religious importance, and one never tires of visiting these holy retreats embodying so happily the combined fascinations of art and nature and religion, romantic valleys and sparkling cascades, hillsides clothed in their variegated coats of bright and dark foliage, with vistas of plains in the distance.

Near the hotel, and amid surroundings that have been used at some time as the burial-grounds of an older generation, stands the temple of Jokoji. A stone image of Koyasu-Jizo, the god of children, is found at this place. To this, come the mothers, with offerings and prayers for his conciliation and influence to cure their children of their ills, or if well, to guard them from misfortune. This idol is nearly six feet in height, and continually decked with red and white linen, that anxious mothers have placed upon it for the effect it is believed to have upon their loved ones.

As we explore these sacred precincts about Nikko we are continually meeting with some god or goddess consecrated to some worldly object, and the central figure of some temple or shrine. No spot is so isolated or inaccessible that it does not have such an attraction. A hideous idol may stand watch in a snake garden; a goddess of light may throw her imaginary influence for good over some temple, or the god of darkness crouch behind a more dreaded shrine. A memento of Shintoism, or reminder of the rites of Buddha, may be seen; every sacred object having its devotees, and the roads leading to them lined at all times with pious pilgrims wending their way hither. These solemn scenes are made brighter by occasional vistas of one of the landscape-gardens which seem a part of Japan.

On the west of the village, nestling amid the hills, is a corner cut from paradise, and dropped here by a generous Giver. It is famous for containing hundreds of images sacred to the memory of that powerful deity that

once dwelt here, Amida. These time-worn, moss-grown figures, cut roughly from blocks of stone, are placed in a long row beside the pathway leading into the sacred vale. A legend the devout Buddhist believes to this day says that these images cannot be counted twice alike, except under the divine incantation of a faithful priest. Its rocky bed lying between two massive walls of mighty rocks, the river of the gods sweeps wildly and triumphantly through the narrow valley.

Among the other places sought by tourist and pilgrim, are Rainbow



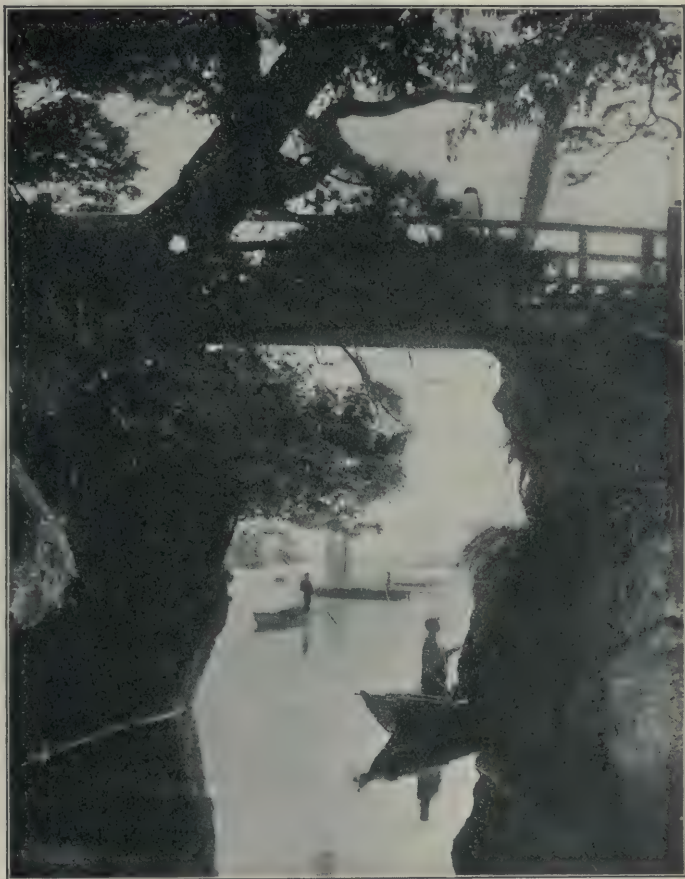
A BUDDHIST SHRINE.

Falls, where all the hues of heaven and earth blend in a harmonious colouring of water and mist; and Pillow Cascade, a charming little stream that takes an unexpected leap of sixty feet over the brink of a rocky wall, carpeted with soft moss and covered with ferns, to quickly recover its equilibrium at the base and hie away singing as merrily as ever. Wild azaleas lend their beauty to the scene, pine and bamboo their dignity and solemnity, while the song of birds from the maples awakens the solitude.

With a climate similar to that of New England, it is natural we should look for about the same denizens of the green woods. The result is not a

disappointment. Roaming to-day the wilds of Japan are the deer, fox, badger, weasel, and smaller animals of the last type. In the north is to be found the bear, while the wild boar and the monkey live in the mountain ranges of the central and southern provinces.

In this group of natives of the woods the fox is ranked at the head by the human family, and he enjoys a sort of charmed life among the agricultural people, as the superstitious farmers believe he is the reincarnation of that sacred deity of the pastoral pursuits, Inari. The veneration shown this god is expressed on many a hillside by a vermillion-coloured shrine, where the farming class are wont to congregate to render homage to their patron divinity. In this manner the fox has not only come to be



VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA.

looked upon with respect, if not fear, but he figures in nearly all of the fairy tales of Japanese folk-lore. He is often associated with the badger, which is considered an uncanny creature, and is avoided as much as possible by all except those who hunt him for the purpose of killing him.

Deer of a small species are found plentifully, and, in the vicinity of the consecrated grounds of the ægis of the Buddhist religion, he roams at will, unfearing and unharmed, amid the temples or along the village streets.

But away from the special protection of these sacred places, in the fastness of mountain and valley, he is hunted as in other countries, while his meat is esteemed as a delicacy.

The bear, among the Ainos of the north, and the wild boar in the Pyrenees of the south, are alike hunted and considered ugly customers when brought to bay, as many a battle-scarred hunter will attest. The flesh of either is not looked upon with favour. In fact, the meat of the hog has been considered, until within twenty years, with more than Jewish hatred, as unclean. Of late, however, it has become a part of the national diet, along with beef.

Of the domesticated animals, the horse ranks easily at the head, though he is of a small breed and has never been put to severe work. There are the ox, cow, pig, dog, and cat, the sheep being conspicuous by its absence. The last do not thrive anywhere in Japan, the rugged *kaya* grass and the stout bamboo, upon which they will persist in feeding, proving poison to them. The native horse, if small, is hardy and fleet of foot, and capable of great powers of endurance. Horses are inclined, however, to be vicious, and are not trained to work except as racers and jumpers. Oxen and cows are employed in agricultural pursuits in most parts of the islands, but milk is not generally considered as an article of food.

Goats, in some localities, are quite common, while there are two species of dogs which do not belong to any kind that we have, though as a lap-dog one of them has become quite common here. The other is called the *inu*, and more nearly resembles the wolf than any animal we know. It is quite easily domesticated. Cats are without number,—and also without tails, except in a few cases, when they are of great length. Rats are numerous, and looked upon with something of favour. The rat is one of the Japanese signs of the zodiac.

Japanese art has led us to expect much of her bird life, and naturally we look first for the stork, so familiar to us all, through the artist and the decorator, as the king of the feathered tribe. In many respects we are disappointed. The stork, *tsuru* (*Grus leucou chen*), attains a height of nearly six feet when erect, and approaches the size of the ostrich. It has a white, glistening body, with ebony wings and tail-feathers, and head conspicuously marked with a spot of crimson. Appropriately seeking the black, sinuous pines that overhang the old castle walls, and shores of the



CHIUSENJI LAKE, NIKKO.

reedy ponds in the ancient parks, circling around the gnarled arms of the dark evergreen, or posing in graceful and stately manner amid the grottoes and lakelets of these olden pleasure-grounds, if he does not meet the expectations of the foreigner, he richly deserves the admiration the Eastern artist so loves to picture.

A companion to the stork, in size if not in public favour, is the *go-i-sagi*, or heron of "noble rank." Then there is the snowy heron of the rice-



TAME DEER, NARA.

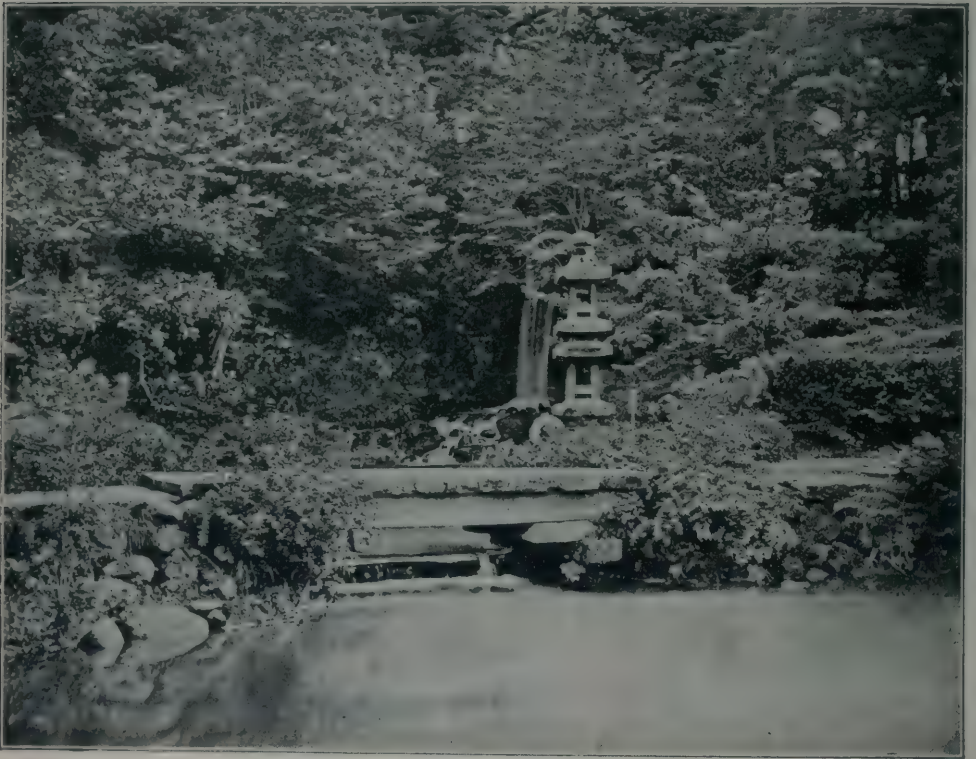
fields, more numerous than desirable. There are several other varieties of this kind of bird, but of lesser importance.

Another of the feathered creatures that stands high in popular opinion is the mandarin duck, also common in China. These ducks have a magnificent plumage of a rich colouring, and, shyly seeking the secluded waters of some isolated lakelet or stream, are worthy of the unstinted praise bestowed upon them. This love is strengthened by the belief that when one of a pair dies, the other remains without a mate the rest of its life, a striking example of conjugal fidelity.

A bird of most beautiful plumage and gorgeous tints is that native of

Japan, the copper pheasant, very often found in the southern and central islands. Teal, mallards, widgeon, woodcock, snipe, and quail, are all to be found abundantly in the marshes and unfrequented bodies of water.

A Japanese spring would not be spring without its swallow, which comes and goes here as it does elsewhere in the world, never failing to make its flight to and fro as unvaryingly as the seasons. But here it builds its mud house inside the roof instead of under the eaves, as it does in New



A PUBLIC PLEASURE RESORT, KANAZAWA.

England. That dusky representative of every zone, the raven, is seen in this clime, the same bold, saucy, cunning mischief-maker.

Among the sweet singers of the Land of the Sunrise is the skylark, whose notes in Japanese are just as melodious as in English. Here are also the cuckoo, which for some reason has fallen into ill-repute, linnets and finches, starlings, sparrows and sparrow-hawks, and owls with no more of cheerfulness in a Japanese wood than in a New England swamp.

The denizens of the farmyard are the same as in New England, and

among the fowls bred for eggs and table are the Black Spanish, Plymouth Rocks, Dorkings, Cochin Chinas, the common duck and goose, with the turkey, or "bird of seven faces," as they call the last.

From early times fishing has been a common pursuit, and Japan is extremely fortunate in the number and variety of her finny tribe. Every kind of fish known in America, and many that are strangers with us, appear in the menus of Japan. The highest bidder for public favour is that bright pink roach of immense size, called the *tai*, which is ever to be found at a well-devised banquet, either baked, boiled, or roasted, unless it is preferred raw. Fish is often served without being cooked. It is the rule, rather than the exception, to take fish to the market alive. This is done by carrying them in shallow buckets, fitted with lids, and venders of fish go from house to house with their stock still alive. It must not be supposed that this practice is confined to the thickly settled districts, for far back in the mountains these fish-peddlers are to be seen going about from hamlet to hamlet. As has already been said, fish is generally eaten, while beef and pork are only sparingly partaken of. Naturally those fish which are the most rare bring the highest price in the markets.

Besides these creatures of mortal life that people the green woods now, the forests were formerly, according to legend and tradition, the home of many strange races of beings, that still live in the wonder tales of Japan. Our little wiry-framed guide, whose tongue, like his limbs, never seems to tire, is pleased to tell us one of these.

Many years ago, while these woods were yet young and the mosses of mountains had not given them their patriarchal appearance, elves lived in these forests, and held sway over other forms of life. They had bodies like men, but having been hatched from the eggs of the hawk, had heads like that bird, and two powerful claws on their hairy hands and feet. In early life they had wings and feathers over their bodies, but these fell away as they grew older, until they donned the garb of men, and stalked about with all the majesty of kings, declaring that they were lords of the forest. Thus when a person becomes vain and frivolous it is said of him, "he has become a *Tengu*," which was the name given this elfish race of the mountains by the sons of men.

The chief of the strange creatures living in the fastnesses of Oyama, half man and half elf, was the Dai-Tengu, who was prouder and more

vainglorious than any of his followers. He had a long gray beard and moustaches, and he seldom spoke, but continually waved a fan of seven gay feathers, and looked very wise whenever he was addressed. Over his left shoulder he carried in a sling a formidable axe, and this, with his fierce, sombre looks, gave him the reputation of being extremely cruel.

These Tengus were fond of passing away their time, which must some days have hung heavily on their hands, in wild, fanciful games, such as leapfrog over steep precipices, fencing with their long, pointed noses, or by



A COBBLER.

balancing themselves on the tops of high trees and in building bridges in mid-air by locking their noses together, to make their children walk over the narrow way, or spring from one span to another.

Once it so happened that the son of a great warrior at the court in Kyoto, named Sakato, fell into the power and teachings of these wild denizens of the green woods of Mount Oyama. His father had fought the good fight for his chief, and, being defeated, was obliged to flee to the fastness of the forest with his dearly beloved wife. He soon died of a broken heart, but she lived to give birth to a son, whom she named Kintaro, the Golden Boy, because he had such bright hair. Though she



IMAICHI ROAD, NIKKO.

was grieved to think of the loss of her noble husband, and her pleasant home that she had been obliged to desert, the mother grew to be happy in the company of her sturdy little boy.

The wild beasts of the forest were her enemies, which she feared much at first; but as Kintaro lay on his bed of ferns he made friends of the birds, while they gathered in the tree-tops and sang him to sleep day after day. Their presence telling the wild animals that no human being



A. "TEA-HOUSE WOMAN" IN JINRIKISHA.

could be around the place, they served as guardians as well as soothing him to rest. So his mother did not fear to leave him alone with the birds for hours at a time, while she picked berries or obtained vegetables for food.

In this way Kintaro grew and played in the companionship of the birds. By and by, as he became larger, these, having communication with the other creatures of the forest, one day invited a bear and a stag to see him. These were so pleased with the little fellow that they began to come regularly to see him, and Kintaro soon learned to spring on the

back of the stag, that would carry him about in the woods. At first his mother was frightened at this, but as some of the birds promised to watch over him, she became reconciled to his trips, which grew longer and longer.

On one of these journeys through the wildwood, up and down mountainsides, and over dizzy heights, the stag came to a leafy spot in the forest, where rippling water made sweet music the day long, and succulent grass tempted the strange steed to stop and get his dinner. Kintaro soon saw with amazement the most elfish creatures he had ever known, for he had been brought to the home of the Tengus. They were playing at rolling small stones across a bridge made by putting their noses together, but instantly stopped at sight of the newcomer. Quickly encircling the Golden Boy, they began to sing a musical song, which expressed pleasure at seeing him.

Fortunately for Kintaro, he had been taught by the birds never to be deceitful, and his mother had always made him acknowledge great love for all the creatures of the forest. The stag told this to the Tengus, and they received him with unbounded delight. The oldest and wisest of them, who never went around without a book in his hand, began to teach the boy all that he knew of birds, beasts, nature, and humanity. He taught him the languages of all the denizens of the woods, until Kintaro could talk with them all, holding conversation with everything that flew in the air, walked on the earth, or swam in the water. When he had tired of his lessons, the stag took Kintaro home, and his mother was told of the many wonderful things he had seen and learned. From that day he was known as the Prince of the Forest.

After that Kintaro looked more anxiously than ever for the coming of the stag, and winding his arms around the noble creature's neck, he would be borne swiftly away to the court of the elves in the distant green woods. Here, as he grew wiser from the teachings of the Tengus, the young prince delighted to hold court with the innumerable inhabitants of the forest. At the call of the Tengu chief, every living creature, would quickly appear: the fox, the badger, wolf and bear, the deer and dog, the marten, squirrel, and many others too numerous to name. Nor were the birds, whether great or small, missing. The hawk and the eagle, leaving their lofty perches, the crane and heron, sweeping from over the plain, the

stork and wild duck, from the ancient grove of black pines; in fact, all of the feathered friends alighted on the cedar branches to listen to the tales of the youthful prince they loved so well.

But the sun does not always shine, and there came a day when Kintaro found none to attend his court under the cedars. While at play with some of the *Tengus* he had got impatient at their inattention to the game, when he spoke angrily to them. They were the first angry words he had ever spoken, — except possibly to his mother, and a mother forgives



FOLDING CLOTHES.

easily, — and the little *Tengus* flew up to their nests in the lofty pines. Angered still more at this, Kintaro shook the trees, and he proved so strong that the nests of the *Tengus* were shaken from their supports and fell to the ground.

This so incensed the mothers of the injured elves that they banished the prince from their courtyard, and he was forced to start home on foot, with a feeling of sadness at his heart he had never known before. He had not gone far before he was reminded of his fallen estate by the attack of a bear, which threatened to kill him. But the little prince of the forest

was plucky, and he wrestled with the big bear until he was nearly tired out. He was thinking what his mother would do, in case he never returned home, when a good and brave man came along. He quickly killed the bear, and took Kintaro in his arms, all bleeding and torn as he was. Kintaro soon told the stranger who he was, and how his father had fought in a lost cause and been exiled to the woods, to die there. Thereupon the man wept, and held him closer than before in his arms, saying that he had been a soldier with his father, that at last the tide of battle



WASHING.

had turned in their favour, and that Sakato and his wife were free to return to their home.

With what joy, tinged with sadness over his father's fate, Kintaro led the messenger to his mother may be imagined. She listened to the story with gladness for the sake of her son, and preparations were begun for the journey home. In the midst of this, the Tengus, who had repented of their hasty condemnation of the boy that they loved so well, came and begged of him not to leave them, but to be their prince always. Their pleadings did not avail, and finding that he was really going away, the Tengus summoned all the creatures of the forest to be present at his



SACRED BRIDGE, NIKKO.

departure. So many tears were shed on that occasion that a stream ran to the sea, and unlike other rivers that dry their founts in summer-time, this never becomes dry. And the story-teller stops here, except to add that Kintaro became a great warrior, who ever remembered and kept the precepts taught him by the elves of Oyama while he reigned as Prince of the Forest.

CHAPTER X.

LAKES OF THE HIGHLANDS.

FEW sightseers visit Nikko without making an excursion farther up the mountains to those lakes of the highlands, Chuzenji and Yumoto. This trip is made best in one of those basket-chairs called *kago*, which is borne on the shoulders of two or four carriers, according to the condition of the route and size of the occupant. Even this is not a comfortable way of riding, on account of the cramped position the occupant has to maintain, but where the roads are steep and rough it is better than the *jinrikisha*. If the tourist is strong of limb and not afraid of exercising his powers of locomotion, he will be inclined to walk, but this mode of travelling, it must be confessed, is not in good favour in Japan. However, we are free to confess that, used to mountain climbing and feats of pedestrianism, we let tongues say what they might, and "took to our heels." This is nature's way, and one cannot improve upon it if he wishes to reap his full reward for his time spent in the rural districts of any country. We may add, however, without fear of contradiction, that the visitors to this region, no matter how they make the trip, are never disappointed by the grandeur and magnificence of the scenery unfolded to the gaze.

Some of the party go on horseback as far as the hamlet of Uma-gae-shi, which means "horse-send-back," as this is as far as these sure-footed equines can go. From this point, those of the men who can, climb the precipitous pathway on foot, while the others and the women are carried in the *yama-kago*, or mountain-chair. The ascent is slow, until, at last, effort is rewarded by the grand sight of the lake of the mountains in its peerless setting of rock and forest.

We are now 4,375 feet above sea level, and surrounded by cloud-capped mountains, clothed in light shades of the hard woods at their base and the darker tints of the pine above. Lake Chuzenji is a popular summer resort, and its shores are dotted with the tea-houses occupied during the

warm period of the year and deserted through the winter. A grove of pines, festooned with trailing mosses, stands out boldly on one of the distant points of land, while from this rises the sheer, majestic form of Nantai-zan, the sacred mountain. This is over eight thousand feet in height, and on its summit the wind god is supposed to have his dwelling. This brings hither each season a great number of pilgrims with no other errand than to propitiate with appropriate tributes this fickle deity, that



RESTING KAGO.

he may remain in good humour until the autumn harvests have been safely stored. On the sides, broken ranges of hills, covered with dense growths of forest, fringe the crystal waters with a border of dark hue.

Crossing the lake in a boat, catching many a glimpse of the finny inhabitants of the waters as we pass along, we are soon wending our way under an archway of grape-vines, syringa, azaleas, and rank bamboo grass, overtopped with elms, chestnuts, and maples, until we finally halt at Ryuzu-ga taki, or Dragon's Head Cascade, where dancing waters make

merry the livelong day in the midst of their lonely surroundings. Leaving this spot with an affectionate backward glance, we plunge into the deeper woods. The flowers and the vines grow scarcer and more puny, we outstrip the maple with regret, while the forest grows denser and darker. Up, up, up, we continue to climb, higher and higher, until even the hardy oak no longer greets us, and we advance under gnarled and haggard pines, that make noonday dark with their shadows.

We are wondering if we had not better turn back, when, without any warning, we suddenly find ourselves looking down upon a scene which, for the deep silence and solemnity that hangs over it, fairly takes away our breath. There are still lofty peaks hanging over us with their grim, awe-inspiring fronts, but it is not that which makes the situation so impressive and sublime. We experience that sensation which accompanies every spot which seems to lack room. The bright body of water at our feet, made dark by its surroundings, seems compressed into half the space it needs; but we soon get used to this, and look to our guide for explanation.

He tells us this is the upper of the highland lakes, famous Yumoto, of which we have been hearing ever since we landed at Yokohama. It has become thus noted as a resort for victims of rheumatism, who fancy they can find here a balm for their sufferings in the numerous sulphur springs in this vicinity. A hamlet of inns and tea-houses finds scanty standing-room on the rim of the lake. At this place are found the two extremes of temperature, — the excessive heat of summer and the extreme cold of winter. Very beautiful Yumoto looks under the benign influences of summer, and here gay life makes one forget his aches and pains if its warm fountains do not. In the public places of Japan the promiscuous bathing of the sexes is generally forbidden, but here the force of the law is lost, and the old-time custom prevails. But Yumoto's reign each year is brief. A short season of health-seeking and pleasure-finding, and at the warning of the frost a coarse matting is thrown over the dwellings, the people hie away to their respective homes, while Yumoto is left to languish during the long winter in its crystal prison, covered with ten feet of snow.

The return to Nikko is made over the site of one of the famous battle-grounds of ancient days, and we reach the city of temples glad we made this trip to the mountains, — thrice glad it is done. We came to Nikko

from Utsu-no-miya behind a wheezy iron horse at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour. But in doing that we missed largely the beauties of the sacred avenue, so we decide to hire a jinrikisha to get back, and the result is most satisfactory. Performing this stage of our journey, we go by rail to Oyama, and thence take a westerly course through the great wilderness of mountains and valleys which makes this region "the Switzerland of Japan." Here we find the people living nearer to nature and



YUMOTO.

nature's god, where there is less of foreign and more of the aboriginal influence. The plains along this road, as far as the foothills of Asamais, are producers of two great staples, rice and mulberry. Large factories, where silk is spun from cocoons, are to be seen. The food for the silk-worms is obtained by planting a stem from the parent mulberry-tree, and when this has grown to full leafage, the leaves are plucked or else the whole branch is placed in a basket where the worms can feed upon them.

Rice is cut by the sickle, as grain was harvested in this country before

the invention of the reaping-machine. A labourer follows the reaper to gather the straw. The grain is separated from its stalk by means of a steel blade with a row of teeth along the upper edge. A bunch of straw is held in one hand, while the other pulls the heads over this saw-like instrument, and the rice falls on a cloth spread to catch it. The hulling process is even slower and more primitive. The rice, after being put in its basin



HUSKING RICE.

of stone, is beaten from its covering by the weight of a lever falling into the receptacle.

The houses along this route are made of wood, except an occasional stone dwelling, and the roofs are shingled, tiled, or thatched. Outside the large cities the means for keeping warm during the cold periods are primitive in the extreme. The principal resort is for the sufferer to put on more clothes. The only artificial way of affording heat is the *hibashi*, the charcoal brazier, a wooden box filled with ashes, on the top of which is placed a layer of red-hot charcoal. Around this, muffled in their extra clothing, the family huddle and shiver, for the Japanese are very susceptible to the low temperature. Houses are lighted in the mountain districts by a wick floating in a cup of cocoanut-oil, placed in a paper lantern, or

by a candle of vegetable wax, stuck in a candlestick of grotesque pattern.

In the amphitheatre of the northern mountains the tourist suddenly and unexpectedly comes upon a tea-growing province, where he had least expected to find it. But the plant raised here is not considered of a very good quality, and it is cured in the simplest manner possible by being dried in the sun. It is not offered for the foreign market, but finds a ready demand from home consumers. It goes without saying that Japan is greatly interested in tea-growing, and great attention is given that crop, both in raising and curing, though only a small percentage is sent abroad. The soil best adapted to the crop is that composed of disintegrated granite, which quickly partakes of moisture and is easily drained. Green tea without milk or sweetening is the universal beverage, and the stranger accepts this the more willingly as the water of Japan, before it is boiled, is less fit to drink than that of almost any other country.

This route of travel crosses the backbone of Japan, where two engines are required to draw the coaches up an incline of one foot to each fifteen feet of progress from Yokogawa to Karuisawa through Usui Pass. In a short distance twenty-five tunnels are threaded, having an entire length of about three miles. These tunnels are built of stone or brick.

At the summit, four thousand feet above the sea, is to be found a typical Japanese inn, where the traveller stopping for a brief rest is invariably offered a small tray, called *bon*, containing a teapot, teacups, a caddy of hot water, and a small charcoal fire with which to light the pipe or cigarette. A charge of ten sen is made. A tea-house contains one large room, which can be divided into several smaller ones by simply drawing sliding screens. These apartments are wholly unfurnished during the day. At nightfall the bed is made by first sprinkling a generous amount of flea powder over the straw mat laid on the smooth floor. A mattress about four inches thick is then laid down. Over this spotless sheets are spread, and over them down quilts, the number gauged by the temperature of the weather. A mosquito netting is then hung over the couch, and a paper lantern, with a dim light burning from a wick floating in oil, placed near the head. To this is added, for the women, a wooden head-rest, so they will not disarrange their hair. This is a typical Japanese bed, without a single article of furniture in the apartment, and separated from that

adjoining by a screen wall, which is moved back against the outer wall of the building when the sleeper arises in the morning.

A large tub is convenient, where all of both sexes bathe promiscuously without any feeling of shame. The Japanese live more by washing than eating; they are a cleanly people, but, as a race, subject to skin diseases. This may be due to exposure, and again disease may be spread by contagion, from their habit of public washing. A Japanese, upon reaching an inn where he intends to stop any length of time, doffs his heavy clothing, and puts on a light kimono girthed about with a silken sash. This habit not only makes him comfortable, but puts him into good harmony with his surroundings.



TAMADARE WATERFALL AT YUMOTO.



FUJIYAMA.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WILDS.

MANY stop over night at this lofty station to witness the glory of the sunrise. The reward is ample for loss of time or any inconvenience the delay may have caused, for nowhere in the Land of Sunrise is the day ushered in with greater beauty or magnificence. The surroundings are such as one might picture for the stepping-stones of the awakening god, as he climbs from his couch in the deep to the rosy heights of morning. In the midst of these colossal benches rests that mighty mountain boat, *Iwa-fune-san*,¹ as if driven in from the distant sea, and stranded on the splintered peaks scattered around the lofty monarch, Asama-yama. This grim sentinel towers nearly nine thousand feet above the ocean, the blue and purple tints that touch the upper part relieved lower down by the delicate shades of green running from the pine to the maple. Not least among the group of royal giants stands grand old Ikao, while still nearer to us, with its castles of cliffs and pointed spire, rise in bold relief

¹Named "Rock-boat Mountain" from the shape of its peak: *Iwa*, rock; *fune*, boat; *san*, mountain.

the castellated ramparts and huge arches of Miyogi-san, or Rocky Mountain. In the two lights of the dawning day the silver tower of peerless Fujiyama is pillared in the southern sky. On the west rolls the Sea of Japan, while in the glorified east the broad Pacific lies with unruffled bosom.

The clouds that all night have hung over the mountains roll slowly away, as the starlight takes on the peculiar transparency of early morning. Then the mists settle swiftly down over peak and pine-fronded hill, until their soft profiles are but dimly seen. Afar in the east a faint streak of crimson tinges the horizon. The transition that follows is as rapid as it is delicate and glorious. But the pen cannot reveal the sweet incense of the highland breeze and the fragrance of the flowers, for that requires a sense over which the mind is no mediator; the brush cannot picture the glory of the summer dawn, flecking here and there with gold and pink the green carpet Nature has spread on the landscape, because the eye has no language to impart its treasures; the imagination cannot bestow the softness of the songs that stir the heavenly air, as fancy has no gift to feel as others feel, and hear as others hear.

But look! the peerless mountain suddenly stands before us more resplendent in her dazzling morning robes than at midday. Fleecy clouds fall away from her matchless form, as if the goddess had begun to disrobe; the gauze-like veil that has concealed her marble white countenance drops from the snowy forehead, that she may catch the first flash of the golden eye of the east. With jealous haste the hills of the north then tear aside with their long pine arms the mist curtains enveloping them, when their daring profiles stand boldly out against a sapphire background. These detached draperies of more than silken delicacy hang for awhile tremulous in the airy space, rising and falling with gentle undulations on the soft breath of morning; now they break apart, and now they cling together; now they are torn into a thousand shreds, to swim away on the current of air, growing dimmer and dimmer as they float into the distance, or sink slowly, lightly, into the dark valleys, unnumbered veils of finest gauze wafted whither the wind listeth. A fresh flaw of wind comes rushing up one of the rents in the mountains, the last delicate filaments are torn ruthlessly aside, and the smile of the risen sun illuminates the earth.

Leaving this station in the mountain pass, the railroad winds down the western descent through what is considered the very heart of picturesque Japan. Deep gullies now yawn constantly on the one hand, while on the other cloud-capped peaks look grimly down, none grander than old Asama-yama, who appears at the zenith of his glory from this point of view. Below, in the distance, lie the rice-fields of Iwamurata, looking in the month of harvest like golden foils laid on the wide-spreading plain.



FUJIYA HOTEL AT MIYANOSHITA.

Nowhere in the land of soft contrasts does the deep green of the pine-clad mountains oppose more vividly the gray of the lime belt, the brown of the lava tops, and the shadows of the furrowed valleys.

There is no hamlet, however small, in Japan that does not have at least one shrine and a temple. It is equally true that every Japanese home contains the gods of Shinto and Buddha, the first to protect the family in their bodily wants, and the other as a guardian over their spirits when death shall come. The shrine of the first is easily distinguished from the temple of the other by its torii, always placed before it.

At Zenkoji is the celebrated temple of Amida, dedicated to the sacred three, Amida, Kwannon, and Daiseishi, whose images are all enshrined here. This group is claimed to have been made by the renowned saint, Shaka Muni, from gold that he obtained from Mount Shuni, the centre of the universe. It is entwined with a tale of wonderful adventures in China and Corea before it was brought to Japan in 552 A.D., as a pledge of friendship from the king of the last country to the Emperor of Japan upon the entrance of the religion of Buddha into this country. It was received with a storm of indignation from the followers of Shinto, and was subjected to all kinds of treatment. But legend says it was in vain that its enemies threw it into the sea, attempted to hew it into pieces, or tried to burn it. It came out of every attack unharmed, until in 602 A.D. it found a peaceful resting-place at Zenkoji.

The present temple was erected about two hundred years ago, and is a two-storied structure, 198 feet in length and 108 in width, with a heavy gable roof supported by 136 stone pillars. This roof is claimed to have 69,384 rafters, a number exactly equal to the written characters of the Chinese version of the scripture of Buddha. One thousand and six hundred square feet, covered by eighty-eight mats, comprises the kneeling-room for the worshippers praying to the different gods arranged about at every available spot and niche. This ancient temple is rendered more unique and picturesque by the practice of painting upon the shingles the name of each person aiding in the support of the temple. These shingles are fifteen inches long and four wide.

Night-watchmen are common throughout Japan, and in the small towns and villages they carry, as in olden times, two sticks made of hard wood called *hioshigi*, or "tune-blocks." All through the night, at regular intervals, the sharp click of these instruments striking together is heard. The hours are designated by the number of strokes of the sticks, five o'clock being given by five strokes, and the half hour by one click.

The roads of Japan are kept in excellent condition, which is more easily done from their hard, smooth bed or bottom. At the wayside farms, that noisy but cheerful occupation of threshing grain is going on as we pass along in our jinrikisha, the work being done by both men and women. The well-dried straw has been laid on mats outside the barn, and the kernels are pounded out by clumsy-looking flails, which are handled with a

dexterity quite surprising. Another way of getting out the grain is to place the stalks on frames of bamboo and beat them with clubs.

In the province of Echioo, on the northwest district of Hondo, the settlements are mostly small villages, and but few houses have thatched roofs. The majority are covered with shingles, which are held in place by cobblestones, as the winds of the winter season are very violent in this section. The women of this province are larger and more muscular than in some of the southern districts, which may be due largely to the



TORII, SHINTO TEMPLE GROUNDS.

fact that they work as hard and as much out-of-doors as the men. It is no uncommon sight, but rather the rule, to see young and pretty girls working side by side with weather-beaten men, and the pathetic prospect of no better state in the immediate future lies before them and their children. They soon age and grow stout of figure, their good looks leaving them in a few years. Women smoke as much as the men, and invariably carry pouches for pipe and tobacco by their sides. This part of the island does not offer the inviting prospects of other portions, unless it be in the number of children, which seem to be the fruitful crop of this rather cheerless country. The parents are poorly clad, while the

younger members of the family are content with little, if any, clothing. The price of labour, whenever it commands a reward, is a mere pittance, women using the pick and shovel from sunrise to sunset for the paltry sum of ten cents. An example of this kind is where they are working for some railroad or improvement company, which seems to be about the only avenue open to them to earn money.

The island of Sado lies off this coast about twenty miles from the mainland. Sado is forty miles in length and about eight miles in width, and has a population of 135,000. It has mines of lead, copper, silver, and gold, the last having been discovered in considerable quantities in the seventeenth century.

The river Shinano-gawa, which turns over its

floods to the Sea of Japan at Niigata, drains this province from the south, and the river Aka-gawa, from the mountains on the north. The first is a wide, shallow stream, often sluggish in its current. The other is more rapid, and has several pretty falls.

This district is noted for the amount of cotton and tobacco it raises. It is a common sight to see young girls spinning, and only these are



COUNTRY GIRLS.

employed at this industry. One of the most frequent sights to be seen along the roads is a single ox or bull drawing a load of tobacco to the city, the yoke being simply a wooden stick held on top of the neck by a thong running underneath.

Owing to a chronic weakness of the eyes, the natives wear huge, mushroom-shaped hats to shield them from the sun, and when the heat is most severe, wear big smoked glasses for further protection. These spectacles are made round instead of oval, and are two inches or more in diameter,



SCHOOL, OLD STYLE.

giving the long, thin countenance of the wearer a peculiar appearance. They still further add to the picturesqueness of their looks by straw mats suspended from their shoulders.

Niigata, with a population of 34,000, was made an open port in 1869. This town is not particularly interesting to the tourist, and has fewer relics than the average city.

Between Niigata on the west shore and Fuku-shima on the eastern boundary of the adjoining province of Iwashiro, stretches north and south the backbone of Hondo, affording a picturesque scenery. Here are vast

forests of cedars and cryptomerias, the former being used to a great extent for building purposes, nearly all of the floors of the houses being laid in this wood. Planed and finished without paint or varnish, it acquires a beautiful polish after long use. The most attractive mountains are the O-Bandai and Ko-Bandai, the latter rising to a height of over six thousand feet. As late as 1888 it showed the volcanic influences at work within by breaking forth with great vigour, destroying nearly five hundred people.

One of the pleasant features of this country is its schoolhouses, square, substantial stone buildings, where often as many as seventy-five youths of both sexes are taught the principles of knowledge, songs and marching enlivening the course of studies. Modern methods are being adopted to a greater extent than might be expected. A railroad penetrating this country, and running for miles at a stretch along the ancient highway, is nearing completion.



READING A LETTER.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EDEN OF THE NORTH.

SHAPING our course now toward the eastern coast, and leaving behind us the railroad and all hope of a railroad, we plunge boldly into a country where the mountains present their grandest peaks, the valleys don their richest verdure, and the sky takes on that rare wealth of colouring peculiar to this region. As we proceed, signs of life become less apparent, until only the coal huts and smoky fires of the charcoal burners of Japan are scattered over the broken landscape, wherever there is sufficient growth to admit of their vocation.

For a time the way grows more and more precipitous, the mountains become more bulky; and then the latter gradually slope off in front into hillsides, the growth becomes dwarfed, stunted pines and bamboos taking the place of the lofty monarchs of the forests. Over the tops of these scrubs we catch the gleam of water, and soon realise that the sea is on either side and ahead of us. The last is the Strait of Tsugaru; that on the right hand the Pacific Ocean; on the left, the Sea of Japan. We have reached the northern shore of the main island of the Empire of the Far East, Hondo. Ahead of us lies the second island in size, Hokkaido, which has an area of about thirty thousand square miles and a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.

A somewhat boisterous passage across the strait takes us to Hakodate, which was the second Japanese port opened to American commerce, and the most important city in Hokkaido, — the North Road, or district, — which comprises not only this island, which until recently has been known as Yezo, but the crooked line of isles to the north of this, the Kuriles. Hakodate has a fine harbour, protected on the south by a rocky barrier over eleven hundred feet in height. The town lies at the foot of this, and has become quite a resort for invalids on account of its delightful climate.

There is a museum at this place, among its other attractions, where is to be found an extensive collection of sea shells, birds of many kinds, and

relics of the stone age. Leaving Hakodate, we soon find that there are few good roads in Hokkaido, and that the best mode of travelling outside of these is on horseback. Much of the interior of this island is a primeval forest, seldom penetrated by man, and then only by the hunter of the bear and other animals having their haunts within the wilds.

Before quitting Hakodate we frequently meet with a different type of people from those we have been accustomed to see in Hondo. These we soon learn are the Ainos, as they are now called, and considered the



REFRESHMENT SELLER.

original inhabitants of the more southern islands, but who have been driven to this less genial clime by their overpowering rivals. The distinction between them and the Japanese is quickly seen, one of the most noticeable characteristics being their great abundance of hair. Except that they are milder in their natures, they bear about the same relationship to Dai Nippon and its present people that the American Indians do to the United States and its inhabitants. They have eyes with the inward fold peculiar to the Japanese, but they have wider countenances, broader shoulders, and more sturdy limbs. The men sometimes reach a height

of six feet, though more commonly standing from five feet six inches to eight. With their heavy growth of hair and beard, which is never allowed to be shorn, they bear a marked resemblance to the description of Esau. The average height of the women is about five feet, and their costume does not differ materially from that of the men, their principal garment being a frock open in front and held about the waist by a girdle. It is usually ornamented simply by embroidery done in some fanciful design of individual invention. Unlike the men, the women keep their hair cut quite short, while they give the appearance of a moustache to the upper lip by tattooing it.

The habits of these peculiar people are as simple as their personal appearance. Their dwelling is simply a hut raised on posts, and sheltered by a reed roof. Their sleeping-couches are rude benches built around the walls and covered with mats. A hole is left in one wall for a place of entrance, while a second serves for a window, and affords the only ventilation they have. The Ainos, in their religious rites, worship the sun and moon as deities, and the bear as a sort of mediator between themselves and these others.

In certain districts Hokkaido has a rich virgin soil, but the Ainos lived solely by hunting and fishing, until the new government at Tokyo in 1870 decided to try and raise these people from their barbarism by teaching them how to raise crops. Accordingly a farm was established patterned after a California fruit plantation. In order to carry out this experiment successfully, Sapporo, situated near the centre of the island, was selected as the seat of control here. The first thing to be done was to cut a road through a trackless wilderness for nearly seventy-five miles from Hakodate, and other highways had to be opened, so that in all nearly one hundred and fifty miles of road were built. In addition to this expense large sums were laid out in mills to saw lumber, and in machinery of one kind and another to run the work of building houses and bridges across the numerous streams intersecting the country. From such a beginning, and with this worthy object, sprung into existence a capital with houses of boarded walls and shingled roofs, similar to the homes of our own Far West.

The building of railroads next engaged the attention of the Japanese, and now Sapporo has connection by rail with Otarunai, on the north coast,

twenty miles distant ; to the Cola mines of Poronai, thirty-five miles away ; and southward, to Shin-moraran, a good port on Volcano Bay. Along these same routes are lines of telegraph, which have been of great benefit in opening up this country.

The natives taking kindly the efforts of the government, wonderful



A FISHERMAN.

results have followed. The trains into Sapporo from either direction rush through thousands of well-tilled farms, where a little more than a quarter of a century ago stretched vast forests, which were the lairs of wild beasts. Crops natural to the temperate zone, Indian corn, melons, cucumbers, onions, asparagus, and others, yield good harvests ; fruit trees grow abundantly. Horses, cattle, hogs, and some sheep are among the domesticated

animals. So here, in a climate that causes the ground to be covered more or less with snow for half the year, with the simple means at their command, by the assistance of their conquerors the Ainos have builded for themselves a thriving agricultural country, a region of pleasant surprises to the newcomer. Away from this district the Ainos remain about the same as in past generations, primitive in their customs and gentle in their associations. They number in all about twenty-five thousand.

Much of the scenery in Hokkaido is picturesque and interesting, particu-



LANTERN MAKERS.

larly on the northern shores, but the southland claims us, and, with a brief sojourn among the "Yezo hills," we bid adieu to its lakes, mountains, volcanoes, and picturesque people, to recross the Strait of Tsugaru, clouds of strange-looking sea-fowl screaming over our heads as the little steamer heads for the main island.

Upon reaching the shore of Hondo we take the grand trunk line for Tokyo, the first place of interest which we pass being Sendai, the "city of enchantment." We then pass through the region of the lacquer-tree, which affords that varnish so much used in Japan. It resembles our ash to a considerable extent, and it is its sap which is so extensively used to

finish wood. It also has an oil and vegetable wax that are valuable for lighting purposes.

Another tree of especial value growing in this country is the camphor, which is an evergreen belonging to the laurel family, and has great clusters of yellow flowers considered with great favour. But the gum obtained from this tree is what makes it the most valuable. This substance is obtained by cutting the wood into small pieces and then extract-



FEEDING SILKWORMS.

ing the sap by steaming the chips in a wooden trough until the sap oozes out and is caught in a vessel placed for that purpose.

Even going at our slow rate we soon reach Fukushima, the centre of the silk industry. This occupation is almost entirely monopolised by girls and women, as they are better adapted to it on account of their lighter touch and greater patience than the men. Groves of mulberry-trees are everywhere to be seen. The homes of the people have a busy appearance, with the women stripping leaves and reeling silk, while rows on rows of white and yellow cocoons are placed on mats exposed to the sun's rays in order to "kill" the chrysalis. Three weeks of constant care, day and

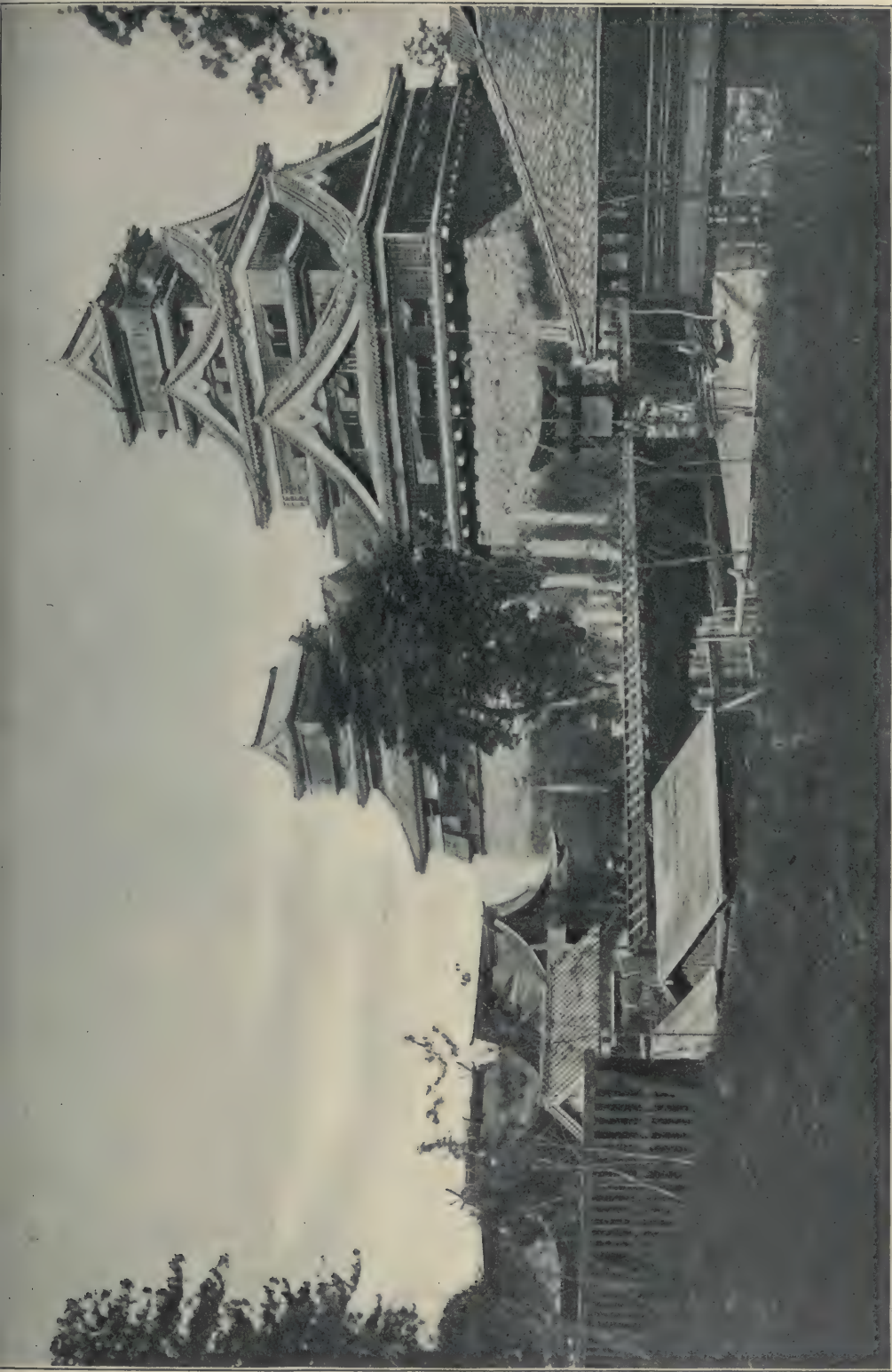
night, are required to hatch the eggs, and even then many of them are lost. Leaving this region behind, we reënter the country of rice-fields and tea-plantations, where young girls are to be seen gathering the leaves of the last-named plants, and putting them on drying-mats. The branch road running to Nikko is reached, and we find ourselves travelling the same route taken in coming up. Again we view the plantations and the flooded fields, the level patches of deep green stalks, the stacks of ripened grain belted with their natural fringes, until we are familiar with it all, and hail with gladness the reappearance of Tokyo's vast expanse of homes, business houses, and public buildings.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHADOWS OF DEPARTED POWER.

THE day has already come when the stranger can travel to all parts of the island empire without hindrance, though until very recently the one way open to him was the Tokaido, the imperial grand trunk of the main island. This word means, as has been said, "Eastern Sea Road." Along this historic highway were scattered in ancient times several cities of importance, among which may be mentioned Odawara, now but a shadow of its old self, Atami, Okitsu, Shizuoka, Hamamatsu, Okazaki, Nagoya, while but slightly removed are the great silk-making, tea-raising, and pottery-producing regions of Uji, Gifu, and Banko.

Following this great highway, the traveller beholds miles of unobstructed view of the Pacific, with its silvery beaches on the one hand; on the other, ranges of mountains crowned with snowy crests; while he passes over reedy plains or through beautiful towns, his pathway bordered for the greater part of the distance by lofty cryptomerias. These venerable and gigantic trees were planted by command of that noted shogun (general) whose tomb we visited at Nikko, Iyeyasu. This was done about 265 years ago, or very soon after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It is true many of the original trees have fallen away for others of a more recent planting, but the majority standing to-day bear the ancient grandeur of that far-distant day. If the fame of that deified warrior rests largely upon his prowess with arms, he is to be credited with many humane acts, among which ranks high the planting of these cedars of Japan along her most frequented highways. The prime object in doing this was to prevent sunstroke to the numerous travellers passing along the road. How many tired and perspiring pedestrians have blessed his name, for this work is beyond estimation, but the number must be legion. This grand thoroughfare is the equal, if not superior, of that leading to Nikko, of which he was the originator. Beginning with the seventeenth century, twice each year gorgeous retinues of daimios (nobles) passed over



KUMAMOTO CASTLE.

this route to offer to the shogun at Tokyo, then called Yedo, their renewal of fealty.

As is the case with many other old roads in Japan, much of the ancient glory of the Tokaido has departed with the advent of the railroad, which runs for long stretches within sight of it. This modern rival for the patronage of travel was begun in 1872, and completed seventeen years later. The difference between the old way and the new is aptly shown by



YO MEI GATE, NIKKO.

the fact that while it formerly took seventeen days to perform the journey, it can be compassed in as many hours by the steam horse.

Wishing to stop over at Tokyo until another day, before resuming our journey to Yokohama, and thence along the renowned Tokaido to the western country, we improve the opportunity to see the *yashiki*, or "spread-out house," as the Japanese word means. Now Japan can claim as the original productions of her own artists and architects three forms of buildings, or structures. One of these is the torii, found at the entrance of all Shinto shrines, and which has been described. The second of the list is the *shiro*, or castle, which claims a high place on account of the vast extent of the work, and the great size of the stone used in its building

material. The castle of Ozasaka, built by Hideyoshi, contains stones forty feet in length, ten feet in width, and five or six feet in thickness. In the highest part of the citadel of Tokyo are stones over sixteen feet long, six feet high, and three feet thick. What makes the size of these blocks of granite seem most remarkable is the distance from which they have been brought, — as far away as Hiogo, more than two hundred miles distant. They were drawn neither by steam nor by beasts, but by human arms, and were raised to their lofty positions by the same power.

The third of these products of Japanese skill, the yashiki, has a unique and striking appearance. This consists of four lines of houses arranged in the form of a hollow square. In the centre of this front wall are erected mansions for the daimio and his ministers, while the outside dwellings are occupied by their retainers. The array on the frontage has the appearance of a single building on foundations of stone, with rows of grated windows. The hollow interior is filled with gardens, walks, and fire-proof warehouses.

A ditch or moat, usually eight to ten feet in width, and varying in depth from three to twelve feet, filled generally with running water brought from a long distance, encircled the yashiki. The lotus-flowers were allowed to grow along the rims of the moats. In case the castle stood on an elevation the slopes were grassed over, while the escarp was faced with blocks of stone. Often miles of frontage of these yashikis were to be seen in the larger towns, under the old régime, making a most monotonous appearance. The result to the two-sworded gentry living within them can only be surmised. "Some of these yashikis covered many acres of ground, and the mansions of the Go Sanké families and the great clans of Satsuma, Kaga, Choshu, and Chikuzen are known at once upon the map by their immense size and commanding positions. Within their grounds are groves, shrines, cultivated gardens, fish-ponds, hillocks, and artificial landscapes of unique and surpassing beauty. The lord of the mansion dwelt in a central building, approached from the great gate by a wide stone path and grand portico of *kéyaki*-wood. Long, wide corridors, laid with soft mats, led to the master's chamber. All the woodwork, except certain portions, stood in virgin grain like watered silk, except where relieved here and there by a hard gleam of black lacquer-like enamel. The walls were gorgeously papered with gold, silver, or fanciful and

coloured designs, characteristic of Japanese art,—among which the pine, plum, and cherry tree, the bamboo, lily, the stork, tortoise, and lion, or fans, were the favourites. The sliding doors, or partitions, of which three sides of a Japanese room are composed, were decorated with paintings.” With the advance of Japan along new lines, these structures, the outcome of the Japanese tent in the early days of Yedo, are growing yearly less frequent in Tokyo. In the light of modern civilisation there is no call to replace those the hungry flames destroy.

We are impressed more than ever by the size of Tokyo, which is about equal to that of London. An odd feature to us is the general lack of sidewalks, the pedestrians passing along in the middle of the streets, without particular danger to themselves. The drivers of vehicles of numerous kinds carry horns, which they blow to warn aside any foot-passenger who may be in their way. The Broadway of Japan is the Bund of Tokyo, along which an odd mixture of humanity is constantly passing and repassing, the representatives of many races of men and many conditions in life. In the midst of this surging mass we caught sight of an undersized man, dressed in a sort of mixture of Oriental and Occidental fashion. Notwithstanding his singular dress, a glance showed that he was an American, and the load of books under his arms that he was a scholar. Upon inquiry, we learned that he was the celebrated Lafcadio Hearn, the author of several books upon Japan, and at present a professor of foreign literature in the university. In fact, he is the only foreigner left in the Japanese institutions of education, where a few years ago American and European teachers were common. But that was before the Chinese-Japanese war, and even this man of letters might not be the exception had he retained more of his Americanism and adopted less of his chosen country.

The train leaves Tokyo for Yokohama at 1.30 p. m., and bidding the capital good-bye for another period, which may be longer than our first, two hours later we are again threading the streets of the latter city. Here we plan a tour into the heart of Japan, intending to visit the historic spots of the empire, which were the battle-grounds of the days of feudalism. In order to do this to our greatest satisfaction we shall travel little by rail, preferring the jinrikisha, or that still more primitive mode, travel by foot.

If not particularly attractive in itself, Yokohama is favoured with beautiful surroundings. Twelve miles from this city is Omori, where Professor Morse discovered mounds of shells similar to those found in Florida, New England, and Denmark. Near by are the temples of Ikegami, which annually are the scene of one of the grandest religious pageants to be seen in Japan.

A popular seashore resort is at Honmoku, on the beach of Mississippi-



MAIN STREET, TOKYO.

Bay, where is found that famous tea-house of Tsukimikan, which means "Moon House." Another fine bathing place is Yamashita, which is conducted in a more primitive manner. Boating is very much in vogue at the former place, which has a fine beach.

Twenty miles from Yokohama lies the shadow of that city of sacred memories and relics, Kamakura, which was the capital of the shoguns for nearly three hundred years, beginning in 1192. In the zenith of the prosperity and military glory, a million inhabitants lived where to-day are plains covered with forest, patches of rice, and fields of tasseled corn.

Kamakura had a most eventful history. In 1333, two Japanese warriors, named Ashikaga and Yoshisada, after a long siege, captured and nearly destroyed the city. Then the former established a new dynasty of shoguns. Among the historic curiosities of this place is the temple of Hachiman, standing on a high plateau, which is reached by a path leading up fifty-eight stone steps. The hero deified here was a god of war. This temple, plain in its architecture, contains many relics of the long and sanguinary



VIEW ON THE BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

wars of the old régime, and is a treasury of military collections to be prized. In reaching this sacred spot the visitor passes through a cluster of ancient trees, among which is a venerable icho, over twenty feet in circumference, and asserted to be over a thousand years old. This noble patriarch has a wide-spreading foliage that, under the touch of the autumn frost, turns to leaves of gold.

Beyond this spot is a grove of great religious interest, holding within its sacred precincts the best image of the Great Buddha to be found in Japan. In the park at Nara is a larger representative of the head of the leading

religion of the Far East, but this image is acknowledged to be the better work of art. There are many notable images of Buddha to be found in the Land of the Gods, but not one which can compare with this in its impressive presentation of the principles of Buddhism, in its historic associations, and in its size and work as a masterpiece of art,—sitting here on the deserted plain of Japan's ancient capital, with its mighty but reposeful face turned toward the sea, with a look fitting its august mystery. This image was made in 1251, and at that time was covered by a



ROAD TO THE TEMPLE.

temple, one hundred and fifty feet square. A tidal wave, in 1369, swept away the building, but left the statue uninjured. The temple was soon after rebuilt, but as if the elements held some especial enmity against it, for the second time it was destroyed, 1494, two years after the discovery of America by Columbus, and it has never been reconstructed.

Though standing in the open air, the Bronze Buddha remains to-day in an excellent state of preservation, and is surrounded by a park, cared for by individuals. It is a perfect symbolisation of calm resignation and complete mastery over all the passions and tempests that beset the human frame, while an intellectual light pervades each of its mighty features.

Buddha is represented to have had great love for all dumb creatures. A noted Japanese warrior and king, named Yoritomo, is credited with conceiving the idea of placing here at his capital an image of his god which should outrival that at Nara. He died before he could carry out his plan, but one of the ladies at his court finished the work of collecting funds, and Kamakura's "Buddha" was cast in bronze on the spot by Ono Goromon. Its height lacks only five inches of fifty feet, while its greatest



A RUSTIC TEMPLE SHRINE.

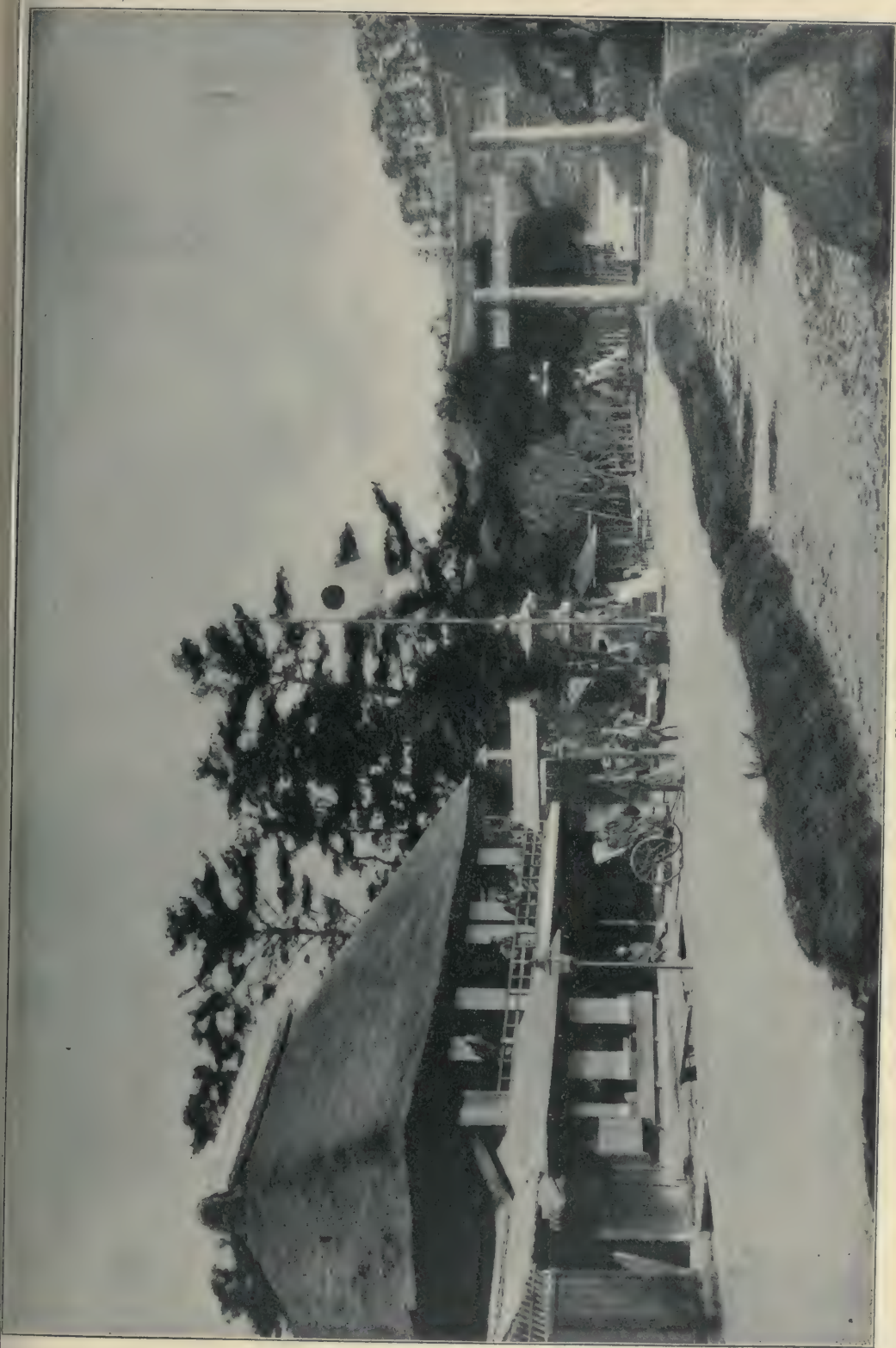
girth is ninety-seven feet and two inches. The width from ear to ear is seventeen feet and nine inches. The eyes are of unalloyed gold; the forehead is embossed with silver that would weigh thirty pounds. As its name implies, the image is cast of bronze, the parts carefully brazed together. In the hollow of the interior is a small shrine, and a ladder leads up into the head.

Amid a solemn silence, the suppliant enters into the awful presence of the graven god, and prostrating himself before the shrine pleads for its

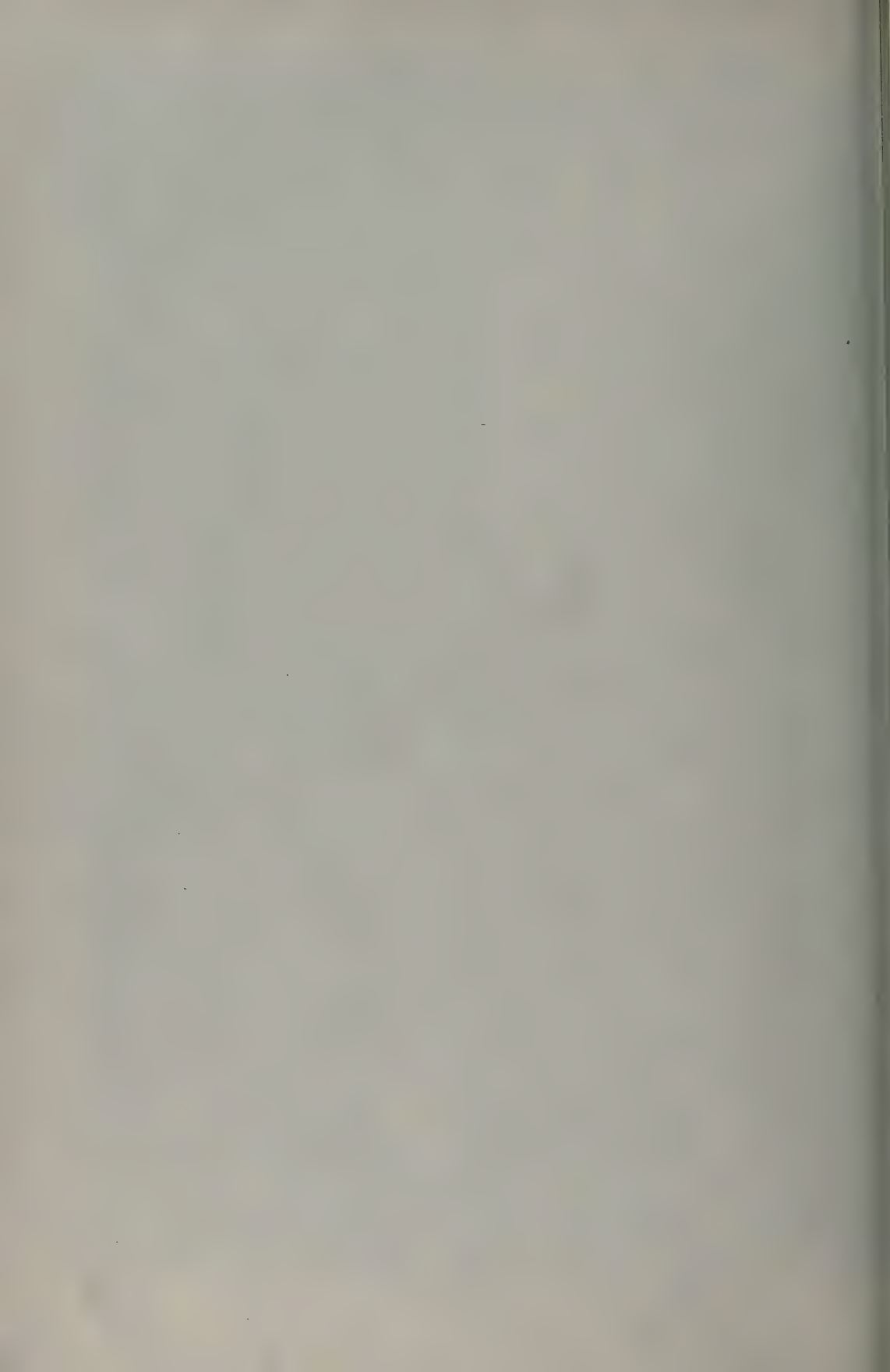
favour. How many thousands have here each year offered up their prayers to the divine ruler through this object of worship, there is no way of knowing; but since the image was first placed here the number must be beyond the most daring calculation of man.

A short distance from Diabutsu, the Great Buddha, is a temple standing on a summit overlooking the plain of Kamakura, noted principally for holding a wooden image, gilded and lacquered, and thirty feet in height, known as the goddess of mercy,—Kwannon. This deity has modestly sought shelter from the common gaze behind closed doors, and who would look upon her must pay a small fee. At this temple there is also a popular idol, the god of money. He does not sit, as an American might expect, upon typical money-bags, but rests on two sacks of rice, the Japanese idea of prosperity, and holds in his hand a mallet. The superstitious believe he has power to help them in affairs of finance. Another potent image, let the believer tell it, is a god who possesses the power to cure the ills of the human body, providing the afflicted simply rubs that part of the figure where his ills are located.

It requires no great strain of the imagination of the modern visitor, as he wanders amid these relics of other days, — temples of a thousand years looking as if they had been reared yesterday, and images remarkable as works of art though hideous in themselves, — to imagine himself walking along the well-ordered paths of these ancient groves, where so many feet have pressed the sod, and under such conflicting emotions as he of necessity can know nothing. Everywhere one turns one is confronted with sights and traditions of gods and goddesses, all of whom seem strangely out of time, and yet as miraculously having something to show for the superstition that gave them being.



KAMAKURA.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE WONDERS OF ATAMI.

THE Tokaido railroad swings to the northward, and climbs the ridge reaching away to Fujiyama at Gotemba, in order to pass around one of the most interesting historic points in Japan, Hakone Lake. This charming sheet of water is held, at a height of over 2,300 feet above the sea, in a basin that was once the crater of an active volcano. Sheltered by the adjacent grassy peaks, the resplendent beauty of the sunny slopes of the Peerless Mountain are clearly reflected in the placid bosom of this Loch Lomond of the Far East, situated in the midst of a scene upon which nature has lavishly bestowed her treasures. Hakone Hills, as well as possessing great historic interest, have become a noted health resort, on account of the numerous hot springs to be found in this thrice-favoured locality. There is a double charm in lingering about these springs, which the tourist and health-seeker is not apt to deny himself. While some of these outlets of the spongy earth are perfectly clear, others are dense with the sulphur they contain. The odour several of these emit is detected miles away. Not only is this a beneficial retreat for the invalid, but it affords a profitable location for the innkeeper, while a considerable supply of sulphur is sent to the markets. Formerly this region was known as Kojigoku, or "Little Hell," but the emperor, on a visit to the place in 1877, changed this to Ko-waki-dani, which means "little boiling valley."

If one at first wearies of the softness of a Japanese landscape and the dreaminess of its atmosphere, and looks back with longing to the rugged wildness of an American scene, he eventually learns to admire this languid beauty. It may be a loss of energy in the end, but it is a robbery we do not feel.

At Kodzu we turn to the south, to find, at the end of an avenue of noble pines, on the shore of the sea, that silent, dejected town, Odawara, a queen

sitting in mourning over her departed grandeur. Formerly this was the stronghold of the Hojo clan, one of the early factions of warlike power, and it was the last place to hold out against the triumphant forces of Iyeyasu. Becoming a part of the territory belonging to this conqueror, when he took up his capital at Yedo, Odawara dwindled into an insignificant town. Eventually its situation made it a promising commercial city, when a second enemy worse than the first, the cholera, left only a handful



IN A NOBLEMAN'S GARDEN.

of its inhabitants, and it has never recovered from this visitation of disease and death.

Atami, that strange but popular little village by the sea, next attracts our attention, and we leave Odawara in her gloom to follow a road running in and out of numerous orange groves, but losing sight of the water only at rare intervals. Now and then we catch sight of lines of fine specimens of one of the most interesting trees in Japan, the *hamamatsu*, or coast fir. These trees seem to have an especial liking for the sea-

brine, for they press their way down to the very edge of the water, often dipping their arms into the bay.

Atami lies between the arms of two verdant hills, that vie with each other in keeping their charge from slipping into the sea. This delightful resort is noted for two attractions above its minor charms, its lilies and its geysers.

Artificially, Japan is the very paradise of flowers and birds. The leading figures in the decorative art so common and highly perfected are these fairest gifts of nature, until the canvas literally glows with the one and awakens with the songs of the other. Japanese fiction abounds with vivid pictures of the plum and cherry blossoms; we see in fancy a land brilliant with the varying colours of flowering buds, and the lives of its people a continual round of floral picnics. The four seasons are those of the chrysanthemum, peony, iris, and wistaria. Thus we are led to expect everywhere the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the song and music of birds, which shall make of this fortunate country an Hesperian garden. But the real Japan is remarkably silent of songsters, and barren of the flowering plants. "There are no pastures dewed with daisies and starred with buttercups and dandelions and cowslips; no glades carpeted with bluebells; no golden plains of orange-scented gorse; no groves of laburnums and lilacs; no fields of glowing poppies." The ever pervading love for the beautiful has been inculcated through a longing for it rather than possession of it.

Groves of fir and pine, both red and black, clothe nearly all the slopes of the indented mountain ranges, and, where these hardy trees cannot find sustenance, the clinging azalea carpets rock and precipice to the very brink of the tumbling cataract. This shrub is the only flowering plant that is really to be considered of supreme importance. Even this has that love for its native haunt that it will not thrive except where nature has given it root. These favoured spots are few and far apart. Of course we are speaking now of what nature and not man has done for Japan.

Even in the last situation, when we come to the core of truth, we find that the oft-praised cherry is conspicuous for its want rather than for its richness of blossom. What is true of this applies to the plum. The beauty of a well-ordered grove of cherries is not to be gainsaid, but it is of a lower grade than that of an American apple orchard. The fruit

being worthless, and there being a scarcity of flowers, the people bow to the cherry-tree in worshipful adoration.

We see this same idea illustrated in the matter of the leading, and, it might almost be said, of the only universal fruit of Japan, the pear, which is really a second-class article. There being no better subject to outrival it, it is eaten everywhere in the empire, and given a conspicuous place on every fruit-stand. It is carefully cultivated in groves and orchards, whither visitors are invited in the season of ripening. These orchards



IRIS GARDEN.

are objects of beauty in themselves, being planted with checker-board uniformity, and carefully trained, laterally, along trellises of regular height and form. Natural archways, reaching for long distances, are places of great beauty both in flowering and fruiting seasons. So it is, the empire over. Let flowers be scarce or plentiful, the love for them is the growth of many generations, and there is no person so high or humble who does not treasure the knowledge and worship of them in his heart.

Wherever the floral giver bestows her gifts, she does it with a liberal hand, and if the slopes of Hakone are resplendent during the spring with uncultivated gardens of wild azaleas in their pink, white, and variegated

hues, so are the hedges and hillocks, the vales and plains, of Atami, decked to profusion with miniature groves of hydrangea in their glowing foliage, and blue, white, and lilac blossoms, with lilies of gorgeous colouring bursting upon the landscape like waterfalls, whose foam is of many hues. The princess of these floral showers is the magnificent white lily that proudly lifts its snowy crest, nearly a foot in diameter, to the height of a tall man. Its stems are pink, and its broad leaves are splashed with crimson stains.



VIEW AT ATAMI.

Of less haughty showing, and of more modest beauty, are the orange, white, or soft-tinted pink flowers that seem everywhere present. Not content with beautifying the earth, these lilies venture to the very edge of the seashore, and their sisters, in scarlet dress, spread out over the rocks, until all their bleak barrenness is concealed under a coverlid of dazzling brightness.

While the lily is the object of beauty at Atami, the wonder of this place is its remarkable geyser. This sulphur spring, which has been the

source of prosperity where was once poverty, is located near the centre of the village, and within a short distance of the seashore. It is not active all of the time, and occasionally for days it is as silent and motionless on the surface as if its powers had been spent. Then a low rumbling, swiftly increasing in volume until it can be heard for a long distance, proclaims its coming; the earth quivers and shakes for rods around; and the hot, sulphurous stream bursts forth, rising several yards into the air. This upheaval lasts for ten, sometimes fifteen, minutes, when the power underneath seems suddenly to collapse, and only a dense cloud of white mist remains to mark the scene. These displays come with clockwork regularity every four hours, except during those rare periods when the interior forces seem to be taking a vacation, and, though continuing less than a quarter of an hour, present a vivid and impressive phenomenon the beholder will not soon forget. Baths in this *oyu*, hot water, are considered very beneficial, and Atami is continually thronged with health-seekers.

Atami would not be a Japanese town did it not have its temple. The latter stands just back of the village, embowered in the green woods, where visitors delight to wander on the hot, sultry, do-yo days of August. The first among these ancient trees to attract attention is a venerable camphor, supposed to be the largest of its kind in Japan, and possibly the oldest. Its years and weight have separated its trunk so it has two bodies, looking at first like the trunks of twin trees, whose united girth is over sixty feet. If betraying evidence of its great age in its body, the ancient giant shows a vigorous old age in its huge canopy of dense foliage overhead.

As we sit under the cooling shadows of this famous tree, accompanied by our inseparable guide, we recall the strange story told us in the mountains of the north regarding this king of the greenwood, as well as of the temple on our right, now slowly falling into ruins, and of the geyser in the distance, at this moment sending forth its torrent of steam and hot water. Our companion must be a mind-reader, for he begins to repeat with great fervour of speech and token of faith the story.

Not always has Atami been the thriving and happy town of to-day, and away back in the period of its poverty and distress there lived here a very good and pious man, whose one great source of sorrow was the

extreme suffering of his people for the simple necessities of life. In those days there were not the many ways of earning a livelihood that we have now, and the inhabitants were fain to depend on their catch of fish for food. Even the sea was fickle, and often its tides carried the finny tribes of its kingdom to other places, so that the people living at Atami frequently went hungry.

This holy man had taken up his abode in a temple on this hilltop, so that he might get a wide view of the bay, and warn the people when-



IN A TEMPLE COURT.

ever the spirits of the deep frowned upon the land. You see yonder the ruined walls of his temple-home. During the warm season this devout priest loved to sit here under this camphor-tree, which was then hale and hearty, spreading its wide branches to the gateway of the temple. One day, while a famine was on his people, who were groaning and complaining in their hopelessness, the faithful priest, worn with watching and praying, fell asleep at his post.

While he slept, he dreamed that the seashore was heaped with fish of many kinds that were delicious to the palate. In his joy he started

toward the scene, when a great noise and commotion in the water stopped him. Huge clouds of steam filled the air, so that he could hardly see the bay, which was churned into foam by some terrible power underneath. He saw now that the fish all lay on their backs, dead, every one of them having been scalded to death by the boiling water.

His distress was so great at this sight that he awoke; but with his eyes wide open he looked on the same strange spectacle, only the dead fish were piled deeper on the seashore, while the volcanic forces sent spouts of hot water high into the air. He closed his eyes to shut out the sight, and prayed that this awful visitation of hor-



A SHINTO PRIEST.

ror and desolation might not be felt by his people. In the midst of this unselfish prayer he heard a terrific crash behind him, and upon turning around, in new fright, he saw that the huge camphor-tree had split in twain from root to branch! As he looked upon it dumfounded, lo! a beautiful goddess stepped from the heart of the riven tree, and, handing him a branch from its broad arms, said, in a voice of peaceful intonation:

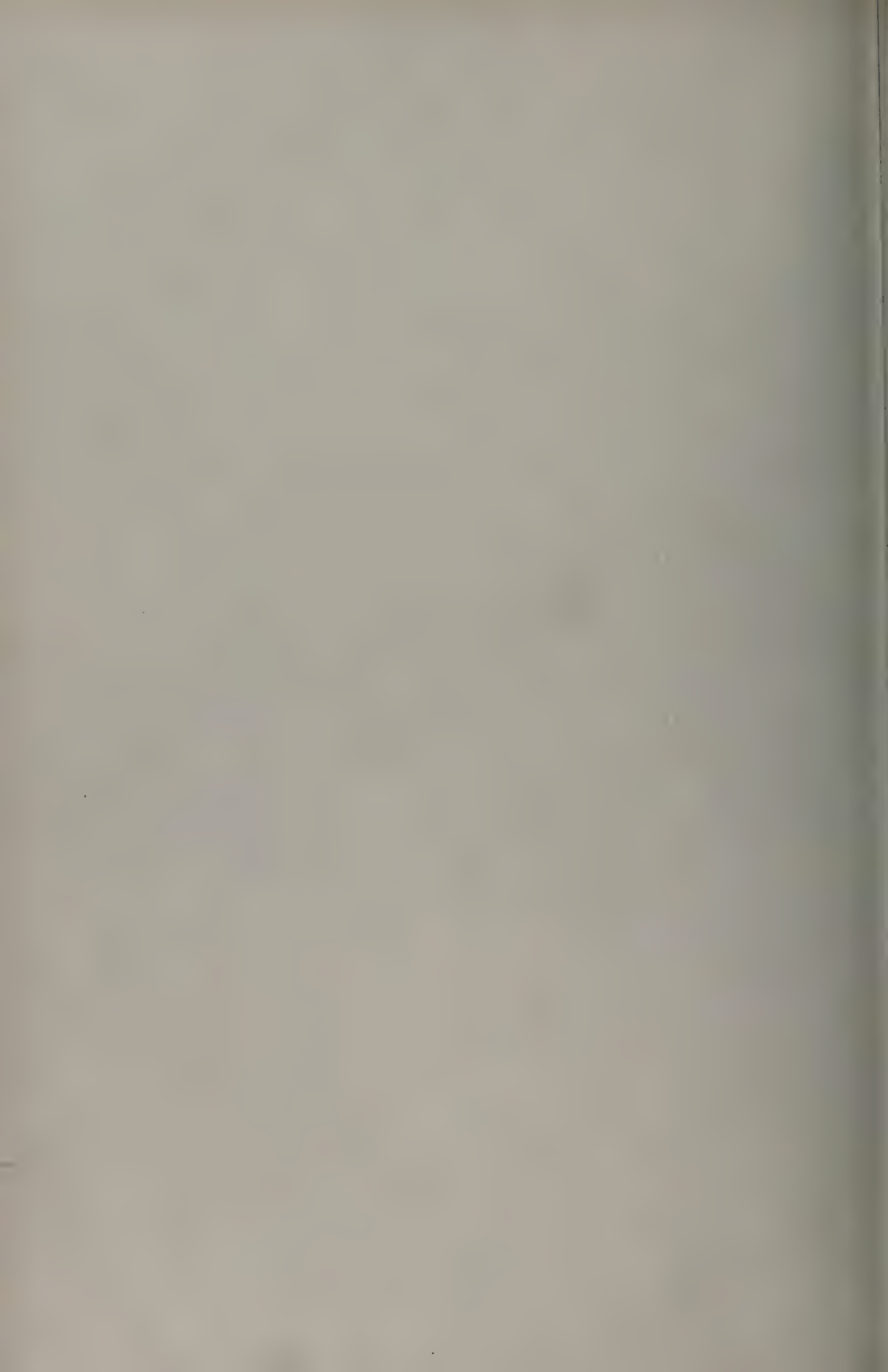


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Japanese Postman (Tattooed)







"Take this camphor wand, O holy man! and wave it thrice over the boiling sea; and ere its final circuit is finished toss it far over the water in the name of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, when thy prayer shall be answered, and Atami's woe will become Atami's joy."

He took the proffered camphor branch, and as he did so she, as it seemed, vanished into air. Mindful of his duty, he ran toward the sea-shore, which he reached quickly, though an old man. On the shore, with



THEATRE AT OSAKA.

the hot water hissing at his feet like many reptiles, he waved the charmed wand thrice over the tide, and threw it far out to sea, with a prayer for Atami's salvation ringing out clear and strong above the tumult, that Kwannon might hear it. Immediately a mighty convulsion shook the earth all around him, followed by a deep rumbling underground, which grew louder and nearer each moment. Then, with a deafening roar and a rush frightful to behold, the earth opened, sending forth a torrent of seething, steaming water, which ran down to sea. At the same time, the

water of the bay became calm, and the fish swimming in it had nothing more to suffer from its flood.

All the people now gathered about the fountain of hot, sulphurous water, and marvelled, and trembled for the end. But the prophecy of the goddess had come true: Atami's woe had become Atami's joy. The ill soon learned of the wonderful curative powers of the geyser, and came from afar to be healed. If the fish swam shy or bold in the sea, the population of Atami were no longer dependent upon them for their food, and cared not. Wise men have said that the goddess of the sacred camphor-tree was Kwannon herself. Be that as it may, the visitor of to-day sees proof of her coming in the riven trunk of the tree, and again in the living geyser, which is both the wonder and the wealth of Atami.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF JAPAN.

THE rivers of Japan are short, but their careers are as brilliant as they are brief. Innumerable rivulets, bursting their silvery bonds amid the wild gorges of the Fujiyama regions, unite their volumes to form turbulent streams before the lowlands are reached. What is here lost in number is more than made up in swollen floods. Fed by so many tributaries, the rise of water in this network of rivers is often rapid, so that when the ice and snow melt on the mountains the effect is startling along the courses which are incapable of carrying off the increased tide. But these generally subside as swiftly as they rise, though this does not relieve the difficulty of bridging these erratic streams. The Japanese have long understood the art of bridge-making, but the amount of capital required to build the colossal structures necessary to span these mountain rivers has, until within a few years, deterred the people from attempting to reach satisfactory results. Japan has now several bridges of huge dimensions, built with no little engineering skill.

The rivers of the Tokaïdo district become almost dry during the winter months, but, swollen by the thaws of spring, they overflow their banks and run wild for a few days. The longest of these streams is the Ten-ru, Heavenly Dragon River, which rises in the Nakasendo, or Middle Mountain road, near the thrifty town of Uyeda, and traverses 130 miles of country. The Oigawa finds its source over ten thousand feet above sea-level, while the Fujikawa, a stream fifty miles in length, drains the Peerless Mountain.

This last giant of sleeping volcanoes, whose prismatic splendours and artistic sublimity have been so often expressed in works of Japanese art, now attracts our intimate attention. Seen from the distant ocean, its truncated crest, wrapped in a robe of snow for three-fourths of the time, looks like a pink and white pillar rising abruptly from the immeasurable deep. The first land view defines it, some fifty miles away, as a lonely

watered in white, the pinnacle of more than fifty square miles of country, every foot of which has helped to rear this gigantic monarch. Seen in the clear light of morning, a mystic halo seems to encircle it, from which it bursts forth like a jewel of purest lustre set in an opaline sky. Under this effect, it is easy to accept the poetical signification of its name.

On a nearer approach, its complete isolation is removed, and other satellites, one of them Oyama, as high as Mount Washington, in New England,



FUJIKAWA RIVER LOOKING TOWARD FUJIYAMA.

become visible, one after another, until it is seen that this chief is really the central summit of a court of serrated cones rising from attendant mountain ranges and detached ridges and peaks. Here the monarch holds his court in the realm of glittering mountain-tops, whose dazzling splendours aptly bear out all that tradition has attributed to this grand panorama.

The voice of ages says that this vast mountain was builded in a single night, and the earth and substance taken to rear its majestic form were



LILIES.

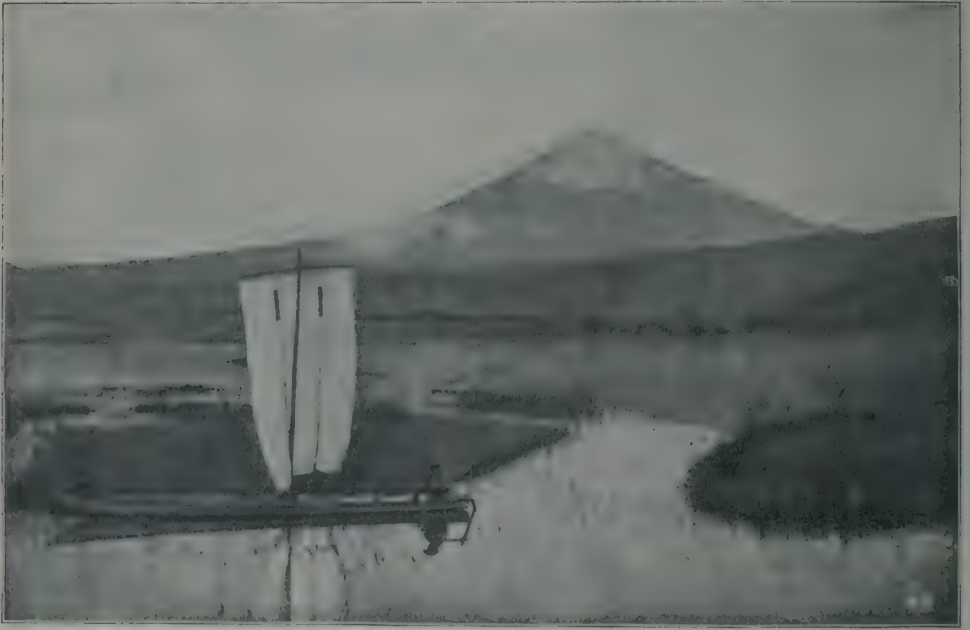
taken from that hollow in the ground, two hundred miles distant, which is now filled with the water of Lake Biwa. In the light of modern knowledge, this does not seem altogether impossible or improbable. Within a comparatively short time, that mighty protuberance which breaks the steady rise of the eastern slope of Mishima has been lifted bodily from a depression in the mountain's lower regions.

If it is now inactive, one need not go far to find ample evidence of the terrific upheavals of earth, ashes, and molten masses, which are veiled but not concealed by the thin growth of vegetables creeping over Fujiyama's broad, pumice-covered slopes. What Vesuvius is to Naples, Kilauea to Hawaii, Shasta to California, Hecla to Iceland, Fujiyama is to Japan. It is a source of national pride, of majestic grandeur, of fear but half concealed. If Nature created this mountain in haste, she gave it the softness of contour, placidity of aspect, and tenderness of verdure so common to Japanese volcanoes. In fact, this term in Japan loses its meaning of barrenness, desolation, and disruption, for all this is swiftly reduced by climatic influences, or concealed under a dense mantle of vegetation. We have seen, in the north, an alpine wildness and sublimity, but in the heart of Japan "green valleys nestle in the arms of sloping hills, while these are clothed in feathery bamboo or billow-boughed pines, which kiss the fantastic seashore, where the waves seldom raise their cadence above a whisper, as if fearful of breaking the brooding silence, deepened rather than disturbed by the sweet tone of the temple bells."

Pilgrimages to the summit of Fujiyama are made with all the religious ardour of similar journeys in India to the holy shrines of Mecca. More than ten thousand pious pilgrims clothed in spotless white garments, with enormous hats on their heads, and long, stout staves in their hands, annually wind their way slowly upward toward the lofty crater of this sacred mountain as if bound to an incense-burning altar. Aside from the reverential feeling which naturally urges on the visitor to the Peerless Mountain, it affords one of the noblest and most delightful trips that can be taken in the Sunrise Land. Rising over twelve thousand feet from the plain at one sweep, the view from the top is the broadest and finest in all Japan. Not many years since, the entire distance from any point had to be made on foot, or seated in the mountain-chair borne by four sure-footed coolies. Now a three hours' ride by rail from Yokohama

takes one to the village of Gotemba, at the foot of the mountain. If the tourist is able-bodied, he had better complete the journey on foot. Despite his extra exertions he will find this preferable to being carried, cramped up like a jack-knife half closed, in a kago, or that more pretentious but scarcely more comfortable Eastern palanquin, the *norimon*.¹

Above the farm-lands, which reach upward to a height of over fifteen hundred feet, is a wide belt of grassy moorland; then a girdle of forest, stopping at six thousand feet, succeeds. Above this band of growth the



FUJIYAMA.

vegetation gradually becomes sparse and sickish in appearance, until finally the ancient paths wind in and out of rocky ravines, around or over huge patches of volcanic deposits. The kago-bearers go no farther than the upper rim of the forest, so that all climbers are then obliged to walk.

The mountainside is dotted with rude huts built for the accommodation of pilgrims and tourists, who may get caught in one of the snow-storms which break over the scene, often with unexpected fury. On the summit,

¹ Originally the *norimon* was the carriage of the nobles, and the kago a basket for the conveyance of the middle class.

two and one-fourth miles above the sea, a stone hut has been raised, a tip-top house for the protection of the comers to that lofty, dreary, and desolate outlook, for such it is until one's immediate surroundings are forgotten by the charm of the view beyond.

A short distance from this building is the sacred gateway leading to the crater, which is four hundred feet deep; and if it has been inactive for almost two centuries, it has punctuated Japanese history with many lurid periods from time immemorial, and still furnishes proof of its living fires by the thin wreaths of sulphurous smoke rising from its secret chambers. In 1707, after a long interval of silence, it suddenly burst on its southern slope, burying the lowlands around deep in its molten débris, while clouds of ashes were wafted out to sea fifty miles away. Who stands in its awful presence cannot fail to realise, as he may never have before, his own feebleness and the power of that force at work beneath, which the next moment may send him miles into space.

But the horrors of the pit are forgotten in the presence of the beautiful and the majestic. Below, stretch the corrugated crests of the inferior mountains, mere hills as viewed from this lofty eyrie, while farther away are the plains and valleys, the dark groves of fir and pine, the cultivated fields, glistening sheets of water, silvery rivers winding across the landscape toward the sea, hamlets and towns embowered in gardens and wayside trees, the bays indenting the coast, and, beyond all these, the placid ocean. No view of this kind is without its charms, and the Peerless Mountain of Japan is not surpassed in this respect.

It is natural that the aborigines of any country should hold their mountains in awe, and the Japanese believed that it would be contrary to the wishes of the goddess who was supposed to have her abode here for a woman to ascend this silver-crested pyramid. So it was left for a foreigner, Lady Parkes of England, to perform that feat. She was watched with awe, as she resolutely climbed the ascent. That was in 1867, and many of the gentler sex have since made the arduous journey; so that the spell has been broken, and it is considered nothing remarkable to make the trip.

While we rest from this "feast for the eyes," our Japanese friend surprises us with a fancy tale of legendary days, when the earth was younger and its inhabitants lived in closer communion with it. The magic of the

narrator's impressive language, and the flash of his eye, as he dwells on the scenes pictured on his vivid mind, had become a mysterious part of his subject, which cannot be conveyed in the speech of tongue or pen any more than the laughter of the sunny waters or the song of the summer breeze can be imprisoned in the caverns of the imagination, to be freed at will with all their subtle expression. Shorn of this beauty, his story runs:

Over two thousand¹ years ago, long ere the old faith was shaken, and



SUWA-YAMA MOUNTAIN, KOBÉ.

each pathway leading into the forests immemorial led under a massive torii to some sacred shrine, there dwelt in the heart of Old Japan a certain good man named Visu. With him dwelt a faithful wife and two sons and two daughters, the sunlight of peace and happiness falling like the beams of the sacred sun over his home. His dwelling stood under the fringe of the forest, so that he looked out upon the broad plain of Suruga.

In the summer he was accustomed to tend his growing crops, but with

¹ 286 B. C.



FUJIYAMA FROM ORNIYA VILLAGE.

the coming of winter, with its legions of wind and snow, he delighted to toil with his axe from sunrise to sunset under the warm tent of the pine. At nightfall he could be seen struggling homeward under a load of logs and branches of trees for the fire. Visu was renowned as a storyteller, and around the cheerful blaze he loved to narrate to his family wonder tales of the deep greenwood and the fairies and elves that dwelt in its midst. The region to the north was wonderland to his listeners, so often did he repeat his strange stories.

One night, as he was telling an especially interesting tale of the secrets of the forest, a strange noise startled the little group. As one and all listened, it grew louder and more terrific, until it seemed as if the whole interior of the earth was in convulsion. The cry of "Earthquake!" rang out shrilly, but Visu quieted his family somewhat by saying that had it been an earthquake it must needs have been sooner over. But, before he had finished speaking, the thunder was so loud that he could not make himself heard. He was frightened himself, and taking his smaller children in his arms, while his wife and the other children clung to his side, he ran out into the night.

Even in his fright he noticed that the sky had taken on an unusual brilliancy. Orion's band of jewels hung low in the stellar realm, while the dipper's seven diamond points shone like a glittering finger-board in the sky. What amazed him most was the fact that every tip seemed focused toward the plain of Suruga and the forest beyond. Dazzled and bewildered, Visu looked northward, where the way was shown him, and lo! he saw a sight he never forgot.

Where at sunset had stretched the vast plain, and beyond the greenwoods, which had been his pride and boast, rose a mountain! And such a mountain as he had never looked upon. It rose before him like a tower of fire, sending forth, far and wide, storms of stones and molten débris, while flaunting into the air banners of flames that lifted and spread until the very light of the sky turned into darkness. Visu and his family watched the scene, terror-stricken, until another day, when they returned to their home.

With the morning light they saw the black folds which had encircled the new-born mountain take on the bright and purple hues of the golden robes of the sun goddess, which told them that she was pleased at the

appearance of the newcomer, which Visu saw was higher and mightier than any mountain he had ever seen, and he had penetrated far into the region of the northern hills. He named it Fujiyama, declaring that it was a *peerless mountain*, which distinction it has borne ever since. As the days passed, and the young giant grew calmer and milder in his appearance, Visu loved nothing better than to sit at eventide, with his day's toil done, and watch the rays of the setting sun, as they played



SHIRAITO WATERFALL, FUJIYAMA.

around the still smoking crest in purple streaks that lapped over into twilight.

In time Visu learned strange facts concerning the birth of Fujiyama, *his* mountain, as he delighted to call it, and which he looked upon as a watchman of the plain. In the same hour that it had risen from the heart of the great greenwood, all the sacred hills of the Kyoto district had disappeared with a great hue and hubbub, and where they had stood quickly shone a tranquil sheet of water of a heavenly blue. It was

shaped like the loved lute, and was named Biwa. The people knew now that the Peerless Mountain had travelled nearly two hundred miles underground in order to reach its abiding-place.

Though he was the guardian of the great greenwood, and the keeper of its secrets, being on visiting terms with the Tengus, and often met on sacred grounds the gods and goddesses that ruled over the things and creatures primeval, it was fully a year later before Visu dared to leave his home so far as to penetrate into the deep forest skirting the foot of Fujiyama. Then, as he went farther and deeper into the trackless realm, he was more and more pleased with what he saw. It seemed to him the trees never had looked so friendly and beaming, the sun had not shone so bright, or the sky looked so blue. Thus he kept on and on, until finally he realised that he must turn back. He had barely decided to do this, when a merry little fox bounded across his pathway in front of him. Visu thought the bold little fellow looked at him with longing eyes as he sped past, and stopped within sight. Of all the denizens of the greenwood the fox is held in highest esteem.

"It is a good omen to have a fox cross one's path," thought Visu. "Seeing he has not fled away, perhaps if I approach him he will pass in front of me again, and thus double my good fortune."

With this intention in his mind, Visu advanced, until the wary fox started to run off, but so shaped his course that for the second time he ran before the delighted woodman. As he had stopped within sight now, Visu imagined he was still inviting him to come ahead, so he continued to move forward, when, to his increased joy, the fox crossed his way for the third time. In fact, this manœuvring was repeated, until Master Reynard had actually crossed and recrossed the path of Visu ten times.

"Never did such good promise of fortune fall to the lot of mortal before," thought the forester, "and I am sure my happiness is to be increased tenfold."

But if so auspicious, this singular progress had, quite unconsciously to Visu, taken him so deeply into the woods that, when he came to look about him, he found he was so far that he would be puzzled to find his way out. As he stopped to look about and listen for some sound amid the solemn silence, he was pleased to catch the soft murmur of water gliding slowly along a smooth course, while there broke upon his ear the

louder and harsher sound which he took to be the gurgling of a cascade, where foam-capped waters were tossed sharply from rock to rock as they hurried on their way.

"The water always runs toward the plain," said Visu, half aloud, "and by following this stream I shall be able to find my way home."

Acting upon this idea, parting the bamboo thicket just ahead of him, he stepped boldly into a little green, or clearing, in the forest, where the



MOUNTAIN VIEW FROM MONASTERY GARDEN, NIKKO.

morning dew still lingered on the pale green leaves like pearly drops, though the sun was sending his silvery shafts into the beautiful retreat. Visu thought it was the prettiest glade he had ever beheld, and he stopped to admire the scene, when a yet fairer sight caught his vision, and held him spellbound.

Visu saw nothing less than two maidens sitting on the mossy carpet of the green, close beside the bank of the rivulet, playing *go*.¹ They were

¹ A household game played by the Japanese, which resembles somewhat our chess or checkers. It is played with boxes of little round buttons for checks, with the players seated around

the fairest, sweetest couple he had ever seen, and so absorbed were they in the game that they played on in silence, except for the clicking of the checks and the singing of the running waters. The waving bamboos partly shaded their fair faces from the sunlight, but their features seemed lit by a light divine. As they had not noticed his appearance, Visu continued to watch the twain, as graceful of movement as the slender willow, and as fair of presence as the blossom of the cherry-tree. Entranced by



GIRLS WARMING THEMSELVES.

the lovely sight, he did not have the power to break the mystic spell, and, leaning on his axe helve, he watched and watched the motions of the beautiful players, scarcely daring to breathe lest he dispel the illusion. Oblivious of him, the maids continued to move the chessmen as if their future existence depended upon their skill in playing. The gentle breeze stroked softly their long, dark hair, lifting it ever so lightly, until the sun's rays,

a mat spread on the ground or floor. Women and children play it at home, while it is no uncommon sight to see men stop in the midst of their labour, or journey, to spread a mat at their feet and amuse themselves for hours at a time.

grown bold with their opportunity, played hide and seek amid the dusky coils, and ran races along silken roads. A strange power seemed to bind the enraptured watcher, its delights growing with its strength; time and again he closed his eyes to reopen them upon the same scene: the green with its moss mat, the pearl-drops on the bamboos, the sweet maids playing, as if they never intended to stop, in silence and beautiful contentment.

At last, when it seemed to Visu that it was possible he had fallen asleep and dreamed it all, he rallied enough to bestir his cramped limbs. The



COUNTRY ROAD.

action brought a low cry of pain to his lips, and he found himself so sore and stiff in his joints that he could scarcely move. He looked for the fair players, to find to his surprise that they were gone.

"Strange they should have slipped away before my eyes, without my seeing them," he thought. "I must hasten home and tell those there of the rare sight I have seen in the heart of the great greenwood."

Leaning heavily on his axe helve, as he started to move away, the wood crumbled from under him, and he fell to the ground. So stiff were his knees, and there were so many aches and pains in his joints, that it was several minutes before he could regain his feet. He saw to his further

amazement that his hair reached far down over his shoulders, while his beard hung from his chin wide and flowing. Both, until now, black as the raven's wing, were white as the snow on Fujiyama's lofty crest!

Not knowing what this all meant, well might he be frightened, and he hobbled homeward with what haste he could. But it was many hours later when the poor, bewildered woodman came to a hut standing near



JAPANESE PHYSICIAN.

the border of the forest and looking out upon the plain. He remembered it as his home, though strange children were playing around the door, and unfamiliar voices came from within.

"There must be visitors at home," he decided in his mind, as he stepped inside, to be greeted with the decorous reception the Japanese always accord strangers.

"I am looking for my wife and children," he said. "I left them, a short time since, for a ramble in the greenwood. Perhaps they have got anxious, and gone in search of me. If so, prithee make haste and inform them of my safe return. Strange to say, I am fatigued over my walk, though it has not been overlong."

They looked upon him with a wonder they could not entirely conceal,

and after listening to his speech the man shook his head. When Visu insisted that this was his home, he protested, saying that his father, and his father's fathers, had lived there before him. Surely this hoary-headed stranger, clothed in tatters, was one bereft of his reason, and he pitied him. Then the dazed woodman told his name, when the other finally recalled that an ancestor had been named Visu, and that he had been a man of considerable renown, who, when tired of the earth, had sought rest in the fastness of the forest that he had loved so well. But he had served his family ill by going away without imparting his intention.

"Nay, brother!" cried Visu, "now you wrong an innocent man. I am that woodman, and if I have been gone overlong it was no fault of mine. Tell me where I may find my wife, that I may obtain her forgiveness. She was ever indulgent, and I promise never again to pass within the magic circle of the mountain green."

"Thy wife," replied the other, looking incredulous, "if thou art, as thou claimest, Visu, has slept with the faithful for six generations. Those you look upon here are descendants of her children, — hers and Visu's."

Slowly and painfully it dawned upon the returned woodman that while he had tarried in the forest, watching the beautiful maidens playing go in the deep greenwood, his wife, his children, and his children's children, had lived their natural spans of life and departed. He realised that he had mysteriously fallen out of the race run to the grave by his generation, and been left a lonely old man in a lonely world. He was taken in and cared for most kindly, but his heart was no longer light. His remaining days on earth were passed in making pious pilgrimages to Fujiyama, and in looking for the fair players of go. Once he fancied he caught a gleam of the little fox who had allured him into their court, but he never saw the delusive maids. Upon his death, Visu was fittingly sainted, and he has ever since been worshipped as a deity of prosperity.



SNOWBALLS.

CHAPTER XVI.

REGION OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

DESCENDING from Fujiyama and regaining the route to Kyoto, we notice all along the way a fine view of the country at our feet.

The view at Sano is especially fine, the sacred mountains affording a magnificent background, while the vista in front is one of the fairest landscapes in Japan, with a broad belt of glistening water beyond. During the afternoon we pass the scene of that charming tale from Japanese folk-lore, "The Robe of Feathers," which our guide stops to relate.

Many years ago, as all legends begin, some fishermen passing the shore here, one day, saw a beautiful robe made of feathers from some strange bird hanging upon the trees that dipped their arms into the seaside. The wondering men, after stopping a moment to admire the magnificent object, showed their honesty by passing on without offering to touch the robe, which they concluded belonged to some woman of the nobility, who had perhaps come here to bathe in the clear tide.

A little later a single fisherman, landing on the shore near by, discovered the robe, and, less scrupulous than the others, immediately took possession of it. As he was making away with it in high pleasure, a most beautiful maiden appeared on the scene, coming from he knew not whence. With tears in her lovely blue eyes, unused to weeping, and in a voice of the sweetness of the wild dove, she told him the robe was hers. Then he laughed at her, declaring that having it in his possession made it his.

She continued to plead with him, saying that without it she could not return to her home in the sky. He soon learned that she was one of many attendants that waited upon the "thirty monarchs" that ruled the moon. This only made him more obdurate, while he was fascinated by her loveliness. So he hesitated in rowing away, though he refused to give up his prize. To hesitate in his case meant final surrender, for hinting to him of the gay life of the immortal dancers, he consented to

let her put on the robe long enough to dance for him one of the wonderful dreams of fantasy enacted beyond the pale of mortals. It was the agreement that he should have the robe, when she was done dancing, by coming to her for it. The narrator then proceeds to picture, in language and gesture which cannot be translated, the bewildering mazes and fantastic figures she performed on the sun-kissed sands, while music from ethereal flutes made light the movements of the fairy maid, and sweets from Elysian bowers made fragrant the summer air. Gradually he grew



GIRLS DANCING.

dizzy from watching, and as she finished he reached to grasp the feather robe. At that moment a breeze from the sea spread out the precious garment like the wings of a bird, and to his amazement she was wafted upward, the last note of the song dying away as she disappeared in the blue space overhead.

One of the noted places passed on this route is the city of Shidzuoka, situated on an open plain fifteen miles from the seashore, and especially honoured in being the home of the "last of the tycoons." This Shogun Keiki, having been shorn of his royal powers, retired to this city in 1868, where he lived the life of a simple country gentleman of leisure,

spending his time in fishing and hawking. Japan, Europe, and America, owe more to him than they will ever acknowledge, as it was mainly due to him that the latter government (by the term America we mean the United States in their broad signification), through its representative, Commodore Perry, succeeded in opening intercourse with this Robinson Crusoe of nations. The real emperor maintaining his official seclusion at Kyoto, this shogun, as his agent, received the strange visitors, and began negotiations with the new power. In this correspondence he was designated as *tai-kun*, or tycoon, and as such his name stands in an honoured position in history.

Beyond this place an iron bridge fully a mile in length spans a river, which, except for a brief while in spring, is a narrow, dejected stream. It is but an example of rivers in Japan. Streams that for eleven months out of the year are dried up affairs, that seem to be withering to nothing, suddenly spring from their beds as the snow melts from the mountains and deluge the country far and wide.

The country along this coast for a hundred miles is a vast rice-field, made up of numberless patches devoted to this crop. The division of these little plots, of a quarter of an acre in area, can always be defined by the grass-tufted ridges. A horse attached to a plow of antique design, and with a tooth that turns up a furrow three feet in width, is the means of stirring the sod. But rice culture must be a very disagreeable occupation, as the weeding and resetting have to be done in mud and water knee-deep. The mud of Japan is the muddiest kind of mud, too. Much of this work is done by women, and it is no uncommon sight to see mothers, with infants strapped upon their backs, working day after day in the rice-swamps. Forty bushels of rice to an acre is considered a fair yield. The main article of diet for these workers is millet, wheat, or barley, dried fish, and seaweed.

Though we did not pass the marble monument erected to mark the sad incident, we are reminded of the fate of the French M. M. steamer *Nil*, in the Yoshida Bay, off the town of Irima, on the night of the 20th of March, 1874. This steamer had on board 111 persons, and the articles Japan had sent for exhibition at Vienna. The night was dark, the tide running high, and her engine getting out of order, the steamer ran upon a rock and sank. Only four persons escaped.

One of the finest reminders of auld lang syne is the city of Nagoya, situated at the head of Owari Gulf, with a castle and moat of the days of feudalism well preserved. No tourist fails to visit what was once the home of the son of Iyeyasu, built in 1610. Of late years it has been taken for military purposes, and the broad strip of plain between the outer and inner moats has been converted into a parade-ground and a barracks. The moats are dry now, and along them deer roam, amid the surroundings of war, in peace. The castle is a five-storied stone pagoda, the roof



THRESHING RICE.

surmounted by two golden dolphins eight feet in height and considered to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. A wide view of the country can be had from the top of this pagoda, while its glittering ornaments are prominent objects from all parts of the city.

An entrance through a richly ornamented gateway of two stories admits one into the great courtyard of the temple of Higashi Hongwanji. The walls and ceiling of this temple are rich in their carvings. Among the special objects of interest is pointed out a stone with the imprint of Buddha's huge foot. As a matter of uniformity it ought to be large.

as it is claimed he stood sixteen feet in height. This place is noted for its five hundred images of the followers of this religious founder, painted in bright colours, but no two of the same tint. They are about two feet in height, and show every emotion in their grotesque features, from gay to grave, sublime to ridiculous.

A tour of the streets shows the workmen of various classes busy at their toil. If at first their movements and methods seem clumsy and awkward, we are soon forced to acknowledge that there is a certain ease



CARPENTERS.

and skill in their workmanship that is hard to equal. In the lightness of touch, the rapidity of motion, and the nicety of completion, they excel any other race. We see proof of this until we are convinced. Nothing is left unfinished, or with a lack of proper polish. The carpenter is able to build a house with fewer pins or nails than we use, because he fits his tenons to mortises with a closeness that makes the joints water-tight. Japanese workmen use their feet as extra hands, and the great toe rivals the thumb in usefulness.

Another place, located on one of the sounds of Owari Gulf, which

indents the island so that its width is narrowed to less than seventy miles, is the village noted as holding the revered shrine of Isé, erected on the sacred spot where the early ancestor of the emperor first set foot on Dai Nippon. If we are to follow tradition, the *tenshi*, as his loyal people love best to know him, is a direct descendant from Ama-ga-terasu, the sun-god, who came down to the earth in primeval days to dwell for a time in what is now the province of Isé. This town of itself is an attractive spot, embowered in umbrageous groves, and surrounded by a beautiful landscape of hillocks and valleys.

The Uji Province, noted for its tea-raising since an early day, lies between Isé and Kyoto on the west. A tea plantation, consisting of acres of evergreen bushes, from two to three feet in height, is one of the prettiest sights of this region. Except the better grade of tea, the plants are left exposed to the rays of the sun, but those that produce the highest qualities are covered with mats thrown over bamboo frames. The soil and climate of this locality combine to make the cultivation of this herb particularly successful. Throughout this large district every swell of land, be it hill or mound, is terraced and planted with the tea-shrub, which looks at first sight like the myrtle. It bears a yellow and white blossom, resembling the wild camelia. It is from this region the tea comes which we get in the United States.

North of Nagoya, we pass through the central region of the great earthquake of 1891, and the evidence of its awful visitation is still to be seen. Before reaching Gifu, a considerable ascent is made with Ibukiyama frowning down upon us, with its bare sides rising over four thousand feet into mid-air. Gifu, situated at the angle of the railroad threading this country, suffered horribly from the earthquake just mentioned, not less than ten thousand people losing their lives, while twice that number were made destitute.

Fishing with cormorants, which seems to be the principal vocation of the people here, has served to give the place world-wide notoriety. The cormorant, which figures so prominently in this sport, belongs to the web-footed species of birds, of the migratory order, and lives on fish, which it catches with remarkable dexterity, and devours with an equal voracity. It is caught by the Japanese when, as a young bird, it lingers on the coast of Owari Gulf on its migration southward from its summer haunts on the

northern shores of Hokkaido. This difficult part of the work is usually done by placing a wooden image of the bird in a conspicuous position, partially covered with leaves, and generously sprinkled with bird-lime. The young captive then has to be given a course of training for future usefulness. This requires great tact and patience on the part of the owner, and the expense of keeping the cormorant through the winter, when no fishing is done, is considerable. There are cases where the owner



JAPANESE TEA TRADER.

actually deprived himself of needed food in order to keep his prize in good shape for the summer season's fishing.

Cormorant fishing is generally done by a party of fishermen making up a series of boats, with four men to each boat. The chief or leader of each stations himself in the bow, and has under his management at least twelve birds, and sometimes as many as eighteen. The way he and his feathered helpers ply their trade is what has given this locality its widespread reputation for this peculiar employment. This man is distin-

guished by his hat from a second fisherman in the boat, who handles four birds. A third person, seated in the stern, tends strictly to navigating the boat, while the fourth, seated in the forepart, keeps up an incessant noise by striking bamboo sticks together, and in shouting to encourage the birds. He is called *kako*, and is quite as indispensable as the others.

Each cormorant has had a metal ring placed around its neck, fitting close enough to prevent it from swallowing the larger fish, and suffi-



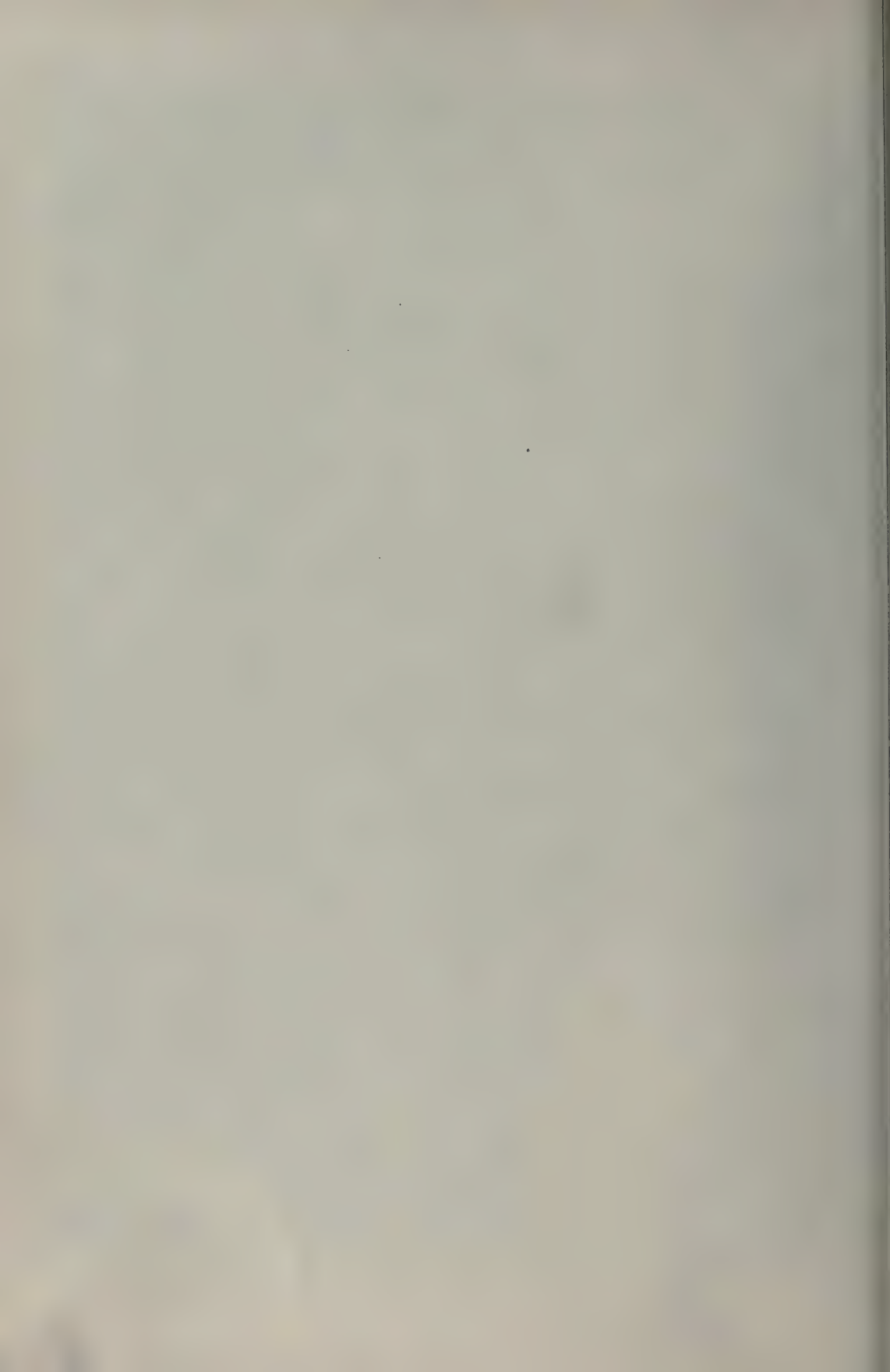
FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.

ciently loose to allow the small ones to pass down its throat. A sort of harness is rigged about the body, to lower and lift the cormorant at the will of its master. This contrivance is somewhat after the style of a shawl-strap, a piece of whalebone answering for the handle on its back, while a stout cord is fastened to this to keep the bird from straying too far, and to guide its movements. This is made of spruce fibre, and is usually about a dozen feet in length.

The details carefully arranged, the steersman allows the boat to drift down the river, its course lighted by rows of torches on each side, for



FUJIYAMA FROM IEDZUMI VILLAGE.



cormorant fishing is always done at night. Upon reaching the fishing-ground the master lowers one after another of his birds into the water; and when the entire lot has been let down, he gathers the reins in his left hand, keeping his right for the recapture of the cormorant and removal of fish as often as the occasion demands. He in control of the four birds follows the example of the leader, and the sport opens in earnest. The fish are attracted toward the boat by the torchlights, and the birds begin to gorge themselves with members of the finny tribe. The creatures that seemed so clumsy on land dart hither and thither with astonishing swiftness, diving whenever they catch sight of a fish. These feathered fishers are managed by the fishermen with remarkable skill, and a lively time ensues. The moment one of the cormorants has filled its capacious mouth, it has to be pulled in and disgorged, when it returns to the scene with renewed zest. It has brought in perhaps half a dozen good fish, and in an hour it will catch from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. As soon as the catch is considered sufficiently large, the run is made back to Gifu, with the birds resting in rows in the boat.

The willingness and intelligence with which these birds enter into the work is surprising. One of each set, usually the oldest, an old, grizzled warrior, is leader, and he goes by the name of *ichi*, or captain. The others, arranged in numbers according to their age and size, are put into the water in regular order, the *ichi* last, being taken out first. So clearly do the creatures understand this rule, that, if by mistake or intention it is broken, there is a rumpus at once.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALONG THE INLAND SEA.

THE Tokaido is the main artery of Hondo, running from the heart of Japan, and through it courses the life-current of the empire.

It runs through the most populous cities, and the richest lands for agriculture. It is along this route that the spirit of modern enterprise, as well as ancient glory, has been most potent in shaping the affairs of the realm, and with this is connected the better part of its history.

Leaving Gifu, we soon after reach the shore of that sheet of water whose beauty and legendary origin we have already heard told in glowing language. It is really the lake of Omi, though more often called Biwa, on account of its resemblance to a Chinese guitar. Two small steamers now ply between two towns on its historic shores, Otsu and Hikone, the latter a castled city on the north end. Not far from here is that notable place on the west shore of Hondo, Fukui, the "well of blessing." Biwa is the only lake of any size in Japan, and its setting is worthy of the gem. It lies only 340 feet above the Inland Sea, and has a length of nearly forty miles.

We are now on the direct route to Kyoto. The country is comparatively level. On our left we see series after series of rice-plantations, with the labourers bending over their tasks completely hidden under their huge hats. On the road we meet many Japanese farmers, either going to market or returning. They carry their produce, or the product of manufacture, suspended from long poles, nicely balanced on their shoulders. Some of the loads thus carried are enormous. Once we overtook what looked like a huge pile of baskets moving slowly along the highway. A closer inspection disclosed a man under the load. Again we met another, evidently moving, for he was bowed beneath a load of mats and household utensils.

We are still on the line of the railroad, and at Kusatsa we take the train for Kobé on the shore of the Gulf of Osaka. This will take us

through the ancient capital, but we shall not stop there to look around, as we purpose to finish our tour of picturesque Japan with a voyage down the Inland Sea to Nagasaki. Later, with ample leisure, we will return to note the many interesting scenes and history of this renowned "city of peace," the soul of ancient Japan. We shall pass through another city of even more modern interest, Osaka, which shall occupy its share of attention at the proper time.



RIVER VIEW, NAGASAKI.

We follow quite closely the course of the river Yodo, which flows leisurely between banks covered with reeds, and through groves of firs and bamboos, its margins dotted with groups of thatched dwellings. It was in this region that the Jesuits and Franciscans from Manila, with more zeal than prudence, went from hamlet to hamlet, more than two hundred years ago, in their vain attempt to introduce Christianity into this country. Their pathetic fates have been described in our treatise on the Philippines. This stream is a favourite haunt for the stork, the noble white heron, and the less admired hawk.

In more recent time this territory has been the battle-ground of the powers contending for the supremacy of the empire. In 1868, under the shadows of Yamazaki, near the village of Hashimoto, which means "foot of the bridge," the army of the Tokugawa was driven in disorder to Osaka by the forces of the emperor. Japan has been so drenched in blood that it would seem as if her fountains must well forth a crimson current, and the sap of her trees run red to the earth. But Mother Nature, who sets about at once to heal the scars made upon her features, forgets not more quickly than her children, and everywhere a spirit of peace prevails. The great aim of Japan is not to parade her sorrows, but to conceal them; not to sound her triumphs, but to silence them under the spell of merriment.

Scarcely thirty years ago the streets of Kobé were furrows in the sand, and the sites of the numerous dwellings plots of the same white earth. This town is a living proof of the thrift of an Occidental plant placed in Oriental soil. Across the harbour, which is called from ancient faith the "Gate of God," stands its opposite, in more respects than one, Hiogo, of olden glory. This was founded in the days of Taira triumphs, and, as its name indicates, was an arsenal. It wears now a very peaceful look. These two towns, presenting such a vivid picture of ancient and modern influences, are landlocked by green-walled hills. This port was the first visited by the Pacific steamers running between Yokohama and Hongkong. The trip from Yokohama here is made in twenty-four hours, or six hours longer than by rail. The cost by cars is \$10.74 for first-class, and \$7.16 for second-class.

Among the spots of historic interest are the tomb of Kiyomori, and at Minato, near by, a temple reared to the memory of one of Japan's heroes, Kusumoki Masashighe, the patriot who welcomed death rather than disloyalty to his country.

A place frequented by visitors to Kobé is the Men-daki, or Female Fall, popular as a summer resort. This is considered as the especial bathing-place for women, while higher up the mountain is the On-daki, or Male Fall, where men and boys are supposed to hold dominion. The height of the first fall is a little less than fifty feet, while the water of the latter drops over a precipice over eighty feet high. The first is the prettier spot, but the latter is one of wild surroundings. Considered

together, they are known as the Nunobiki Falls. Kobé was opened to foreign trade in 1868.

Sixteen miles inland from Kobé is situated that mountain hamlet, Arima, where a large percentage of the bamboo baskets for the foreign market are manufactured. This town is noted also for its medicinal springs, where the sufferers from rheumatic ills flock the year around. It is a romantic spot set in picturesque surroundings.



A WATERFALL AT KOBÉ.

It is four hundred miles in round numbers from Kobé to Nagasaki, the brightest, fairest, grandest water tour to be taken in Japan. The Inland Sea is the choicest bit of water snatched from old ocean, and hemmed in by shores that are an ideal of poetic and romantic scenery. Isles of enchantment are scattered all along the way, while the steamer, a floating island with a dense population, drifts dreamily past sleepy hamlets and wide-awake towns, productive plains and terraced hills, reedy moors and glistening rivers, ancient castles and impressive temples, evergreen forests and sunny mountain slopes, day after day.

This charming body of water, every part of which holds some tale of olden chivalry and modern romance of warlike deeds, is connected with the Pacific Ocean on the east by the Channel of Kii, and to the Sea of Japan on the west by the Straits of Shimonoseki, which has been aptly termed the Gibraltar of Japan. Its length is about 250 miles, while its breadth varies from narrows less than five miles in width to broad belts of thirty miles' expanse. It has an actual seaboard of 720 miles, with many fine harbours, towns of active trade, and castled cities. It is said



A PLEASURE BOAT.

to have an island for every day in the year. There are certainly enough of them for the comfort of the navigator.

The name by which this Eastern Mediterranean is known to-day seems to have originated with foreigners. The Japanese designated it as Seto Uchi, but were accustomed to give it as many as six names, all taken from the *nada*, or provinces, that bordered it at different parts. This was according to the prevailing method of the Japanese prior to the coming of the foreigners. Instead of giving a general name to a river, they would give the stream as many different local designations as it passed through districts. What was true of the rivers applied with equal

force to all other natural features of the islands. In fact, the island of Hondo was without a name for centuries, while Shikoku and Kyushu awaited a christening by strangers.

The tourist who has seen everywhere evidence of the work of the desolating volcano, covering fertile plains with ashes and pumice-stone until they are capable of bearing nothing better than bamboo grass and the stunted scrub, realises more than ever, amid these picturesque scenes and charming sea views, that Japan is not a land blessed superficially with a richness of earth. It is true no spot of arable soil, whether surrounded by some volcanic débris, or by the rocks of some precipitous hillside or sea-girt isle, has escaped the mattock of the industrious inhabitant, who has snatched a precarious living where one less frugal must have starved. No cove, however bleak or sheltered, but affords a hamlet of people, who manage, somehow, by sea or soil, to eke out a cheerful existence. This state of things may be better understood by the fact that nearly nine-tenths of the territory of Japan at present yields no part in the supply of food for its inhabitants. The percentage of area in cultivation is slowly but steadily increasing, however, where that great modern king of development, the iron horse, penetrates. As the remote regions are thus brought within reach of the markets, new land in the interior fastness is being taken up.

By this it is not to be supposed that Japan is really a country of poverty, any more than that its people lack the finer tastes and appreciation of the better things of life. We have shown that where there is a paucity of flowers, they have a love and trained taste for them of the highest order, which is prodigal in its display. If the Japanese show an utter lack of business display about their centres of trade, if their dwellings are flimsy, wooden structures with inner walls of paper, if they hover over charcoal braziers instead of coal or wood fires, if at night their heads repose on blocks of wood rather than pillows of feathers, it must not be concluded that they do this through ignorance or lack of culture, or even that they consider it an indication of poverty. Naturally the stranger to this idea of life, who enters one of these primitive homes for the first time, is surprised at the complete absence of what he considers necessary to the comforts of a home. The house that has no furniture, not even the common contrivance of a chair, none of the appliances of ordi-

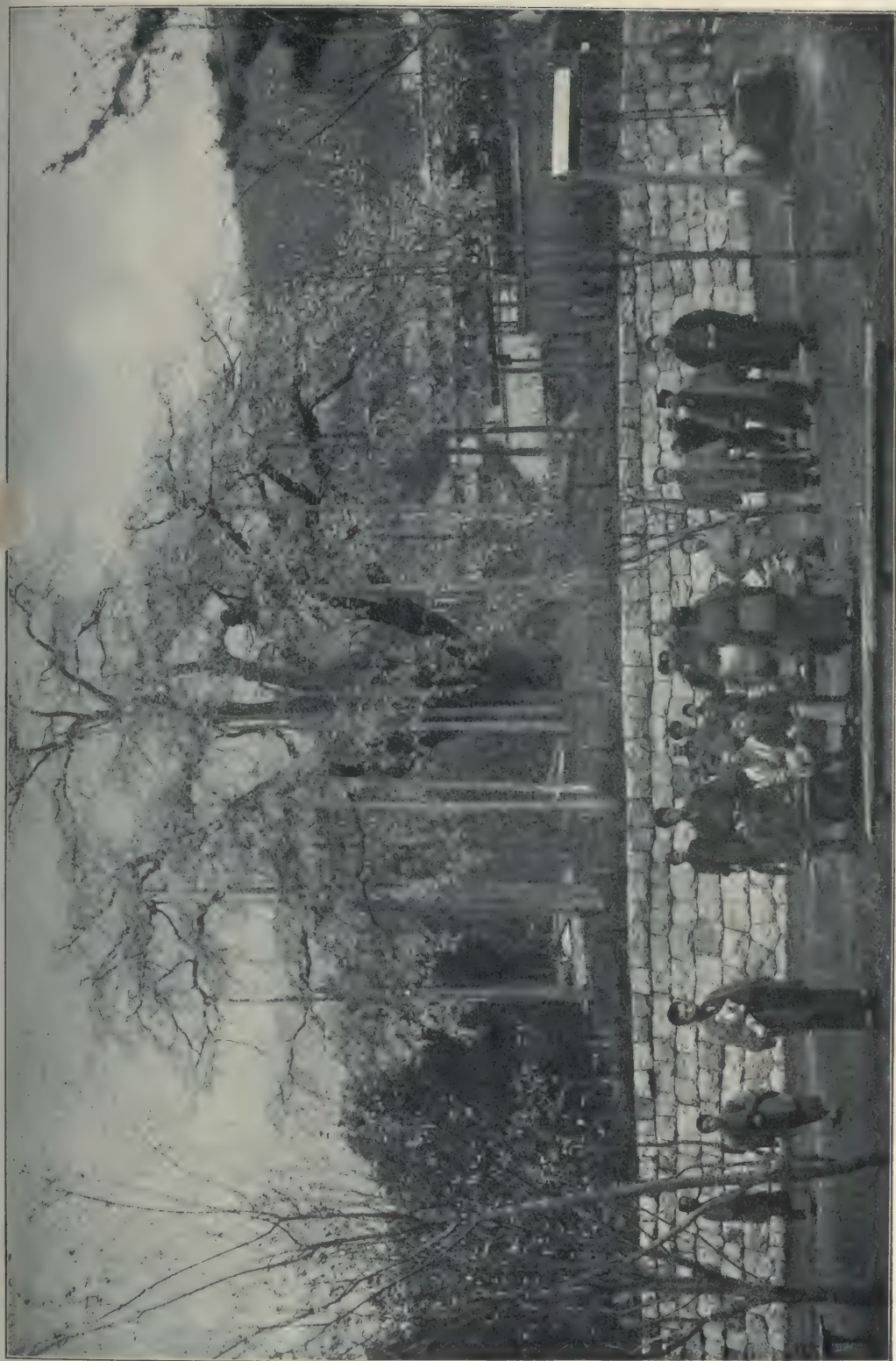
nary comfort, no pictures on the walls, no books on the tables, — because there are no tables, — no bric-à-brac or any movable ornament; the room where he must eat his dinner from the floor, and sleep on the same plane, and whose walls are silently folded away in the morning, must seem to the stranger barren and inartistic. Gradually he comes to understand that this very simplicity denotes a superior taste, and an artless education of which he has known nothing, a finer conception of true art because more closely concealed under an exterior of studied plainness. Nowhere does



JAPANESE BEDCHAMBER.

the tourist find picturesque cottages embowered in sweet-scented flowers of many-hued foliage, but everywhere the plain dwelling; the love of flowers in the heart, the absence of flowers in the surroundings; the love of the beautiful in the soul, the modest concealment of this in the dwelling — the body.

The naval station of Hiroshima is reached, and the sacred island of Miyajima is pointed out by our Japanese friends, and we look upon shores lined with stone lanterns and wistaria-entangled groves, where deer roam at will. A prominent feature is a torii, built so far out into the water that, at high tide, it is cut off from the land. We are told that there has



CHERRY - TREE, MARUYAMA, KIOTO.

never been a birth or death in this fairy-land, though it is inhabited. Temple Island is the definition of its name, but the Japanese love best to call it "the enchanted isle of Princess Sayori." This hints of romance, and we are prepared to expect what follows.

Shintoism still prevails here, and formerly devotions were paid to the spirits of the mountains; but this was changed when a lovely goddess, like Aphrodite of Cyprus, sprang from the sea to receive the homage



VIEW OF MIYAJIMA.

of the people in place of the invisible beings of yore. The sailors look upon this divinity as their especial protectress, and this veneration is held all over the island empire. Everywhere here, gentleness is supposed to be an attribute of the goddess, so that beautiful tame deer wander where they will unmolested, and put their soft noses into the hands of strangers, asking for their caress or for food. Lest this peacefulness be disturbed, dogs are not permitted to live in this Eden. A queerer custom is not to let any death occur here, and the dying are kindly and anxiously ferried over to the mainland to breathe their last, for fear the hallowed

spot may be touched by sorrow. On the other hand, no life is allowed to begin its solemn journey in this sacred precinct, for fear it may bring struggles and hardships.

Sayori is honoured with three temples of great beauty, appearing to rest at high tide upon the bosom of the placid sea. The galleries of these notable structures are supported by columns standing on three islets, and the water nearly overflows them and flows under the arches. The first



BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

shrine is said to have been built in the seventh century, but the distinction belonging to it dates from 1156, when Taira Kiyomori won that victory over his enemies which gained him the throne beyond dispute. As he came to rise to the pinnacle of his greatness he remembered his scene of triumph here, and did much to enhance the attractions of the place.

Many chapters might be written upon the beauty and pleasure of this trip on the Inland Sea, until at Shimonoseki the steamer passes the last narrow gateway, and steams majestically out into the open ocean. The

course from this point, however, is close in to the shore dotted with villages, and set with a background of terraced landscape. The noted Arched Rock is seen and admired, the long, narrow bay leading to the fine harbour of that San Francisco of the Far East is reached, and we are at Nagasaki.

We find this one of the busiest places we have seen. Men-of-war lie at anchor surrounded by lesser craft, not forgetting the gondolas of Japan, the sampans, which seem everywhere present. On account of the frequent rains, their cabins are covered. The town has many places of interest to the sightseer. It has its great temple, the O'Suwa, surrounded by a beautiful public park. As at Yokohama, foreign residents choose their building sites on a hill, which commands a wide view of the city. A little removed from the town are the hot springs, which call a generous number of tourists hither. There are quaint villages lying under the dust and rust of ages scattered along the coast; and there is that historic castle of Kumamoto, which we must not fail to see. In the midst of our attempt to decide which way to turn first, the steamer's whistle blows, and we know that the journey to China is resumed. Let them keep on who will, we will give a week to this vicinity, and then return, most of the way by rail, to ancient Kyoto.

CHAPTER .XVIII.

THE HEART OF JAPAN.

IN Kyoto, the Moscow of Japan, one treads on hallowed ground. To her credit belong unnumbered sacred shrines, the beautiful fulfilment of Japanese art, centuries of classic memories, and a thousand years of imperial life. This ancient capital, with a population not far from three hundred thousand, has, to a less extent than most Japanese cities, become the victim of the antagonistic ideas of conflicting ages. The seat of Eastern imperialism for 1,074 years, and during three centuries the stronghold of "the Tokugawa regents," it might be expected to possess the grandeur and magnificence supposed to be a part of an ancient and imperial capital. Kyoto does not hold these attractions, though she atones for this lack in other ways.

The explanation for this absence of royal splendours is found, in part, in the fact that the emperor was not the real ruler, the administrative power being actually held by the regent, or shogun, and his followers, the feudal chiefs who held the greater amount of wealth. The nobles of the emperor, with lineages running back to kingly ancestors, on the other hand, were comparatively poor, and their abodes were marvels of modesty and plainness. The former resided in the Eastern capital, Tokyo, while the latter lived in the Western capital, *Sai-kyo*, or Kyoto. Here even the simplicity of the imperial castle was noticeable. A few decorations from the brush of some gifted painter relieved the bareness of its walls, and the timbers were of fine grain without knots, — this is all that can be said regarding royal display.

Kyoto became the capital in 794 A. D., and the plan for the new city, where the emperor was expected to be absolute, was one upon which all historians delight to dwell in glowing language. It was laid out with streets running with particular precision in regard to the points of the compass, until a network of communication was formed that was a marvel of perspicuity. At the divergence of these lines, a citadel, becoming the

proposed splendour of the capital, was built. The buildings that followed must have been grand for those remote times, and there is little doubt of the refining civilisation which existed then. But the power of the rulers centred here soon began to weaken, and that arch-enemy to the accumulation of wealth, fire, stepped in, time and again, to destroy the structures on street after street. Each time that new buildings were raised to take the place of those destroyed, they were smaller and cheaper than those before them. Feudalism was expanding and strengthening, the revenues



KYOTO FROM MARUYAMA.

of the imperial city were being turned into another channel, and this result was inevitable. The emperor and his nobles were compelled to set this example, and the citizens could not do otherwise than follow. So Kyoto grew poorer and poorer, weaker and weaker, the faithful people bowing meekly to the will of their impoverished chiefs. While the substance of it all went to Tokyo, the greatness and grandeur of the actual capital became a shadow.

Seventy-seven emperors held their courts in Kyoto, each succeeding generation showing diminishing pomp and pageantry, it is true, but with no diminution of grace paid to them by their followers. In the course of

so long a period of time, many changes must have been made in the general appearance of the city, and yet the original outlines of its plan are to be seen now. The scheme was suggested by Nara, with certain modifications borrowed from the Tang dynasty in China. It had the form of a rectangle, and was surrounded by moats and palisades. The imperial palace, with its citadel, halls, and auxiliaries, standing in the north section, was gained by a main gate on the south, which opened upon a long broad street (280 feet in width) running north and south through the city, and cutting it into two equal parts. The division on the east was known



A GARDEN. KYOTO.

as *Sakyo*, or “left metropolis;” that on the west as *Ukyo*, or “right metropolis.” Taken together, the two parts were divided into nine districts, separated from each other by wide streets, varying in width from eighty to 170 feet. These passed through the city east and west, and were numbered, instead of being named, from one to nine, as *ichi-jo*, one; *ni-jo*, two; *san-jo*, three, and so on. These names, or significations, are retained to this day.

As would be naturally expected where the residences of the nobility presented a marked simplicity, the dwellings of the common class were low, and devoid of ornamentation. This gave a monotonous and inartistic

frontage, though the rear was relieved by that happy gift of the people of converting bare grounds into fantastic gardens. The roofs of the houses, as a rule, were covered with rived shingles, though occasionally tiles of a slate colour were used. The palace was conspicuous by its green roof, made so by tiles imported expressly from China at great expense.

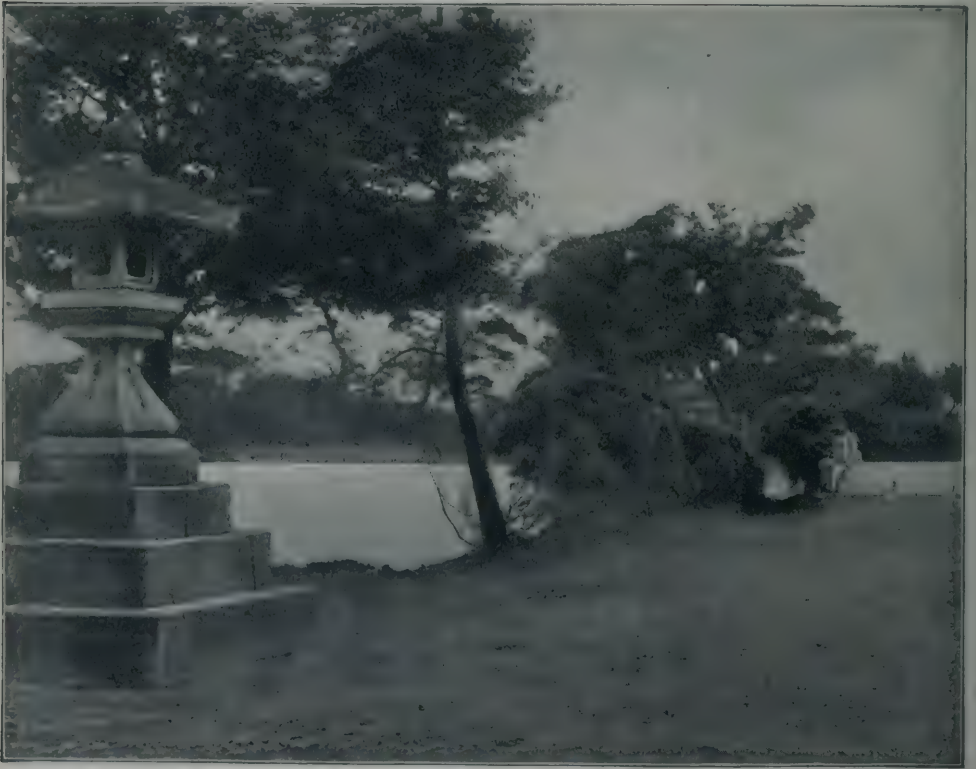
The difference between Kyoto and Tokyo is now easily distinguished. The latter has its dissimilar parts: its official and commercial Tokyo, the pomp and glory of its nobility, the poverty and plainness of the common people. It was so in the days of feudalism; it is so to-day; only the simple, meagre huts of the reedy moors are being slowly replaced by better dwellings. On the other hand, Kyoto stands to-day, as it did when royalty and its willing subjects associated in the fraternal bonds of universal brotherhood, as a happy example of an ideal capital of the Land of the Gods. Here we see by the cosmopolitan idea of the plan of the city, and the respectful attention given to the abodes of the common class, the capital of a nation rather than the stronghold of a military head. If the first appearance of the streets was that of sombre austerity, there was no dwelling so poor which was not flanked by a miniature park beautified with tiny hills terraced with grassy slopes, dwarf forests, and babbling waterfalls. There still remains evidence of the high quality of the education and civilisation of Japan as disseminated here under Emperor Kwammu a century before England had become a nation under Alfred the Great, and a thousand years before Columbus discovered the Western world.

Unlike some of the other Japanese cities, Kyoto is not yet dominated by the industrial arts, and if the streets are filled to a certain extent with the bustle and confusion of modern manufacture, there is still to be seen many an artist following his decorative craft after the manner of old, in imitation of nature, from leaves and flowers that overhang the windows of his workshop. The city used to be in constant dread of volcanic eruptions, but this fear is gradually dying out. It has now been sixty-five years since it last felt the shock of the internal forces.

Kyoto lies on a productive plain, embowered by mountain ranges that are covered with the deep greenwood of a semitropical clime. As well as being the centre of an agricultural district and the home market for

the tea of the Uji country, it is famous for its manufactures of silken goods, its porcelain wares, brocades, and embroideries. In yet another direction it is noted as being on a large scale what Nikko is on a smaller, the "city of temples," holding within its circuit twenty-five hundred Shinto shrines, and thirty-five hundred temples dedicated to Buddha.

The bronze Buddha of Kamakura, the finest work of its kind in Japan, has been described, but here in Kyoto is to be seen the largest image of



VIEW NEAR KYOTO.

that god, though it is made of wood and consists of head and shoulders only. But these parts are of such enormous dimensions that the top reaches into the temple loft. The image is gilded, and made hollow, numerous beams and cross-timbers keeping it in position. Formerly a bronze statue occupied the place, but both fire and earthquake seemed to have especial grudges against it. In 1662 the temple and its sacred contents were piled promiscuously upon the earth. Iemitsu was the reigning shogun at that time, and his treasury being low, he seized upon



Bridge at Arashiyama





the opportunity to fuse the bronze into coins, some of which are in circulation to-day.

Located in a building near by is an object of greater interest to the general visitor, the ponderous bell made of bronze and weighing over sixty-three tons. Its walls are nine inches in thickness, and it has a height of almost fourteen feet. This is larger than the Ta-shung-szu in Pekin, which has been considered the largest suspended bell in the world.

As mighty as this bell appears, it has a companion that outrivals it. A broad avenue lined with cherry-trees leads to the temple of Chion-in, standing upon a hill in eastern Kyoto. This edifice was erected in 1211 A. D., by a sort of wandering priest, who had organised a new creed known as "the Road to the Pure Land."

This temple is the principal monastery of the sect. The edifices of this religious order, now called Jodo, are always plain and unostentatious, though full of interest. This one at Chion-in, if nothing else gave it fame, is noted enough for its massive bell, in reality the largest in the world. It hangs in the big bell tower erected in 1618, is ten feet and eight inches in height, nine feet in diameter, nine and one-half inches in thickness, and weighs but a fraction under seventy-five tons. For almost three hundred years it has regularly pealed forth its melodious calls to prayer.

Japan has many other big bells of which she may well be proud, all of them producing a musical, voluminous sound, which falls on the ear with a softness and depth of tone that is wonderfully delightful. Russia is justly famous for her bells, — the bells of holy Moscow, the bells of St. Petersburg, the bells of lonely Ural Pass, whose mellow cadence has fallen like a funeral knell upon so many sad-hearted bands of exiles marching to a fate worse than death, the merry bells of festive Novgorod, — but the White Empire is outrivalled by the Sunrise Land, for nowhere do the bells of evening send forth such sweetness and volume of melody as in Japan. Here, in Kyoto, if you please, ring out those clear, solemn, massive tones, vibrating on the mellow air and through the ancient forests, swelling into grand octaves to which the atmosphere seems to lend wings, as they float far and wide, rising and falling with tremulous power; now fleeing into space, until apparently gone for ever, anon returning with

reinforced melody; again retreating, returning softer, sweeter, fainter, until languishing in space their beautiful cadence lingers long with the listener after the massive bell itself has become silent and motionless.

The freedom from harshness distinguishing the bells of Japan is obtained by the different method taken in ringing them. Instead of having the metal tongue strike sharply against the bowl, a heavy wooden shaft is arranged to fall against the bell, which does not break in upon the deep-



GION TEMPLE, KYOTO.

volumed sound, which reverberates in an increasing circle, until the melody dies away in the distance with a gentle murmur.

In the grounds of the great bell of Kyoto is an unpleasant reminder of war in the shape of an ancient mound, raised to commemorate the burial-plot of the trophies of a struggle with Corea in the sixteenth century, these mementoes being nothing less than the ears and noses of the slain, brought home by the triumphant army because it couldn't very well bring the bodies.

One of the spots of ancient interest is the shrine of Inari, which word signifies "the rice man." This plain, austere structure was founded in 711 A. D., over eighty years before Kyoto was built up as a city, and it is supposed to stand upon the spot where the goddess of rice first appeared in this vicinity. She was met by an old man carrying a sheaf of this grain on his back, and this symbol was accepted as the deity of the shrine. Like all sacred resorts of this ancient faith, the entrance is made under a great red torii standing on the main road, and then through a massive gate flanked by stone foxes. Reaching the *haiden*, or court, one comes to the principal chapel, with plain portals, and walls painted red and white. As well as being a shrine to this goddess, this place is the memorial of many followers of this religion, their monuments being parallel colonnades of red wooden torii, aggregating nearly five hundred in number but varying in size.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, with its semi-Oriental and picturesque native grandeur, is to the Russians what Jerusalem is to the Jews, what Mecca is to the Mohammedans; and Kyoto is all to Japan that the first is to the White Empire. Here Shintoism found its strongest adherents, and here it knew its greatest power. In later years it has become the headquarters of Buddhism, and the sects which have sprung from this religion.

The former is called by the Japanese *Kami no michi*, which means "the way of the gods." The word Shinto comes from the Chinese, and is the form adopted by all foreigners. Shintoism treats of the universe as simply Japan. It knows no other land, and its legends belong solely to the people of that narrow range of country. The religion is a mystery in itself. Its most devout followers do not appear to understand it. It appeals to the people from its very simplicity. It has no written doctrine, proclaims no moral code, pretends but vaguely to immortality, and knows no heaven nor hell. Its gods are nature's attributes personified, or national heroes deified. The first are the glorious sun, the mysterious sea, the swift-flowing river, the gray rock, the deep forest, the mighty mountain, and other forms and sounds, with their accompanying hosts of lesser powers. The majority of its deities however are historical personages, with the main principle ever in sight, that the emperor is the descendant of the gods who created the world, as Shintoism knows it. Thus,

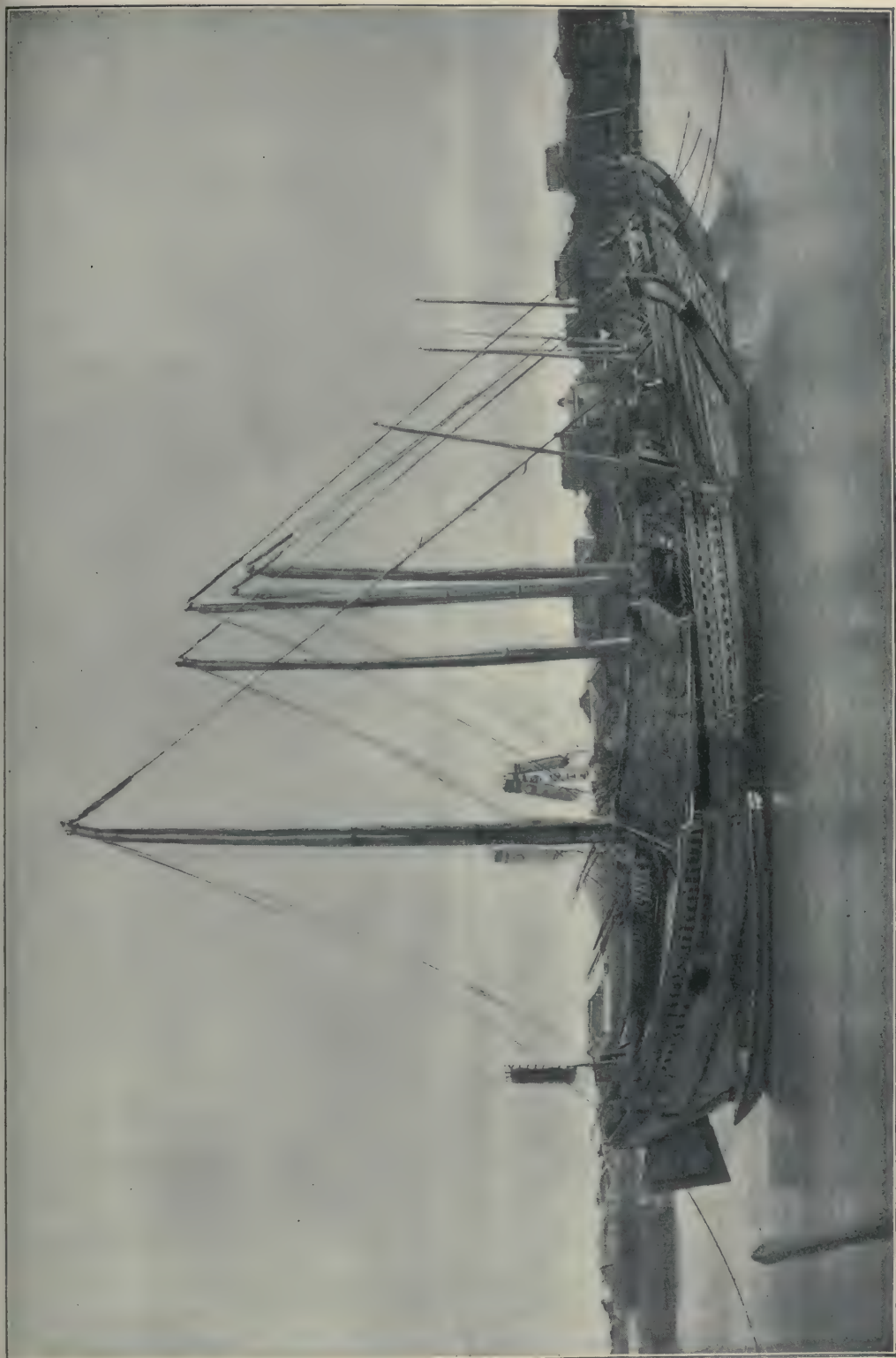
the one great object of the religion is to obey the royal representative in all things. This religion is the natural product of the country, but it is not uncommon to find a person born under that faith who dies under that of Buddha.

As has been said, the Shinto shrines are severely plain, and alike at all places, illuminated by stone lanterns, and reached under massive stone or wooden torii. They are classified under four official grades: state, prov-



KIYOMIZU AT KYOTO.

ince, prefecture, and district. The first are mostly dedicated to "divine ancestors," the exception being where deified rulers or subjects have won especial distinction that gave them this honour. This list embraces two sovereigns, Ojin and Kwammu. Between these shrines and those of the district, the difference is not so much in the deities worshipped, but in the manner under which they are sought. The latter of necessity must be simpler, poorer, and less respectful. This comparison is illustrated by the shrine of Isé dedicated to *Daijin-gu*, the goddess of the sun, which is



JUNKS.



Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan



the highest in rank of all, and the *Myo-jin*, an inferior form of the same image, to be found in almost every hamlet.

Few of these shrines receive more than a paltry support, say a couple of hundred yen a year, while others are more highly favoured. There are in the vicinity of one hundred and ninety-five thousand Shinto shrines in Japan, over which fifteen thousand *shinkwans*, Shinto officials, or priests as we should call them, perform the rites. The explanation, as to how so many shrines can be officiated at by so few priests, is explained by the fact that at many of them only one service is held during a year. The rest of the time the structure may stand open, but empty of visitors, save that at irregular intervals a straggler may enter in solemn silence, sound the gong by pulling upon a hempen cord dangling conveniently near, and thus summoning the desired deity, to whom he mutters his supplication, pay his small fee, and leave with a hopeful heart. The salary of the priest is a mere pittance—perhaps thirty yen; or he may, however, receive as high as one hundred yen, which would mean a hundred dollars a month, providing a yen were worth par value. Unfortunately for him it is not. The lives of these religious men are simple in the extreme, but they are allowed to marry.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLOWER OF RELIGION.

OUR Japanese associate and companion must have been under the influence of the spell of Shintoism, when he guided us with becoming gravity to that sacred spot, Yomega-shima, "the island of the Young Wife." Tradition claims that except at bright noonday, or under a bright moon, this holy retreat consecrated to Benten, the goddess of beauty and eloquence, lies swathed in vapours. It was neither noon nor night when we reached the hallowed place, but we never gazed on clearer waters or a more entrancing landscape. We cheerfully forgive the gods for any omission they may have been guilty of on that particular occasion. What tradition lost we gained. Our companion, whose fund of legends touched with history, and tradition tinged with romance, never seems exhausted, quickly breaks in upon our revery of other days. We cannot well imagine where fact blends into fancy, but it is all very pretty.

Sometime, no matter when, so long as it is over, a beautiful young woman disappeared from her home. Everybody believed that she had been treated ill, though very pious and good. The river was searched in vain by those who sought for her body, and the people despaired of ever solving the mystery of her fate. Then, at the still hour of midnight, this island was lifted noiselessly from the bed of the stream. When it was discovered in the morning by the amazed people, the drenched form of the beautiful but unhappy woman was seen lying prone on its bosom. This was accepted as an omen from high heaven that she was well in her new sphere. Her body was buried on the island, and the islet consecrated to Benten. A torii was then set up, surrounded by huge stones of marvellous shapes. The torii, with its stone lions, and the shrine stand yet, while overhead towering pines, grown gnarled, knotty, tortuous, with the years, fling their long, twisted arms over the place. We see all this, and we take our last look at the rugged trees, which remind us of so many Druids standing guard at this hallowed ground, in silent acceptance of the story.



PLUM BLOSSOMS.

On our way home we are reminded of another religion, that has tried for twelve hundred years to master this simple faith of Shinto, by a visit to the temple of San-ju-san-gen-do, first built in 1132, and rebuilt in 1266 by the Emperor Kameyama. This is noted as being the depository of the 33,333 images of Kwannon, the thousand-handed goddess of mercy so often seen in Japan. Outside, the building has little to attract the eye,



TEMPLE OF SHIBA.

but, once inside, the sight is dazzled by the vast collection of gilded deities. The central figure in the big hall of nearly four hundred feet in length is the large image of Kwannon, resting upon an enormous lotus-leaf. The goddess is attended by twenty-eight followers. The altar is decked with numerous symbols of Buddhism, while rows of the images of this particular goddess, cut five feet in height from solid wood, and gilded, are placed one above another on either side of the throne. In the mock halo encircling the forehead, and in the hand of each figure, are smaller images.

There are a thousand large figures, and the rest made up of smaller ones, all representing the same original, but with no pair exactly alike. Glittering in their gilded vestments, they make a bewildering array. The gallery behind this strange display was formerly taken as a shooting-ground, and there are many arrows yet left sticking in the woodwork, that were sent hither by archers long since gathered to the dust of their fathers.

Like the creed of Shinto, Buddhism was at first given to the inhabi-



STEPS TO THE SACRED GATE.

tants in a simple manner. In its simplicity lay its invading power. Its teachers must have foreseen this. A people that had lived longer than history, and in the dreamy atmosphere of an Oriental clime, under Shintoism, were not prepared to receive a radical change. This new creed from the West, by the way of Corea, simply sought to teach that it was evil to take life, to steal, to be an enemy to woman, or to partake of stimulants. The cardinal virtues, which might have been expected to complete such a discipline, were to be gentle to all dumb creatures, pure in mind, truthful, moral, patient, charitable, peaceful. It is easy to see that these precepts carried out would make a person a model moral being.

It is not difficult to understand that a race raised upon the code of Shintoism could not be expected to take at a single draught even this simple remedy for their salvation.

It will be seen that no revelation was attempted. While the old creed was silent in regard to the future, this new doctrine dared not venture at first into the mysteries of the unknown. The patrician, who had been given to believe, under the ancient plan, that he might eventually reach the dignity of becoming a deity, failed to accept to any particular degree the first tenets of Buddhism, which did not hold out to him this possible reward. Even the plebeian desired some more certain promise of promotion after death than he could see in this. So the high priests of Buddha went to work and gave to the religion its first touch of Japanese spirit. One Dengyo Daishi, in 805 A. D., under imperial sanction, if not encouragement of the *Tendai*, that is, "the heavenly command," taught the beatitude which declared the "Lotus Law," or that the covenant of the Buddha was the manifestation of the ancient deities Japan had been worshipping under the old creed. With this innovation, which restored to the patrician all of his old dreams, with pleasant surroundings, and gave to the plebeian what he had looked in vain for before, Buddhism became a naturalised subject, and immediately won favours and followers.

Yet the new religion met with opposition from many sources on account of the deep mysteries about it, which even its teachers dared not or could not interpret, and because it required an absolute separation from worldly duties on the part of its disciples. It was commanded that the faithful follower should neither tarry by the way to admire the beautiful, covet the treasures about him, give any thought to business, or application to work. The average Japanese might readily accept the primary precepts of morality, abstemiousness, and care for his family that it taught, but he could not deny himself the busy world. Singularly enough, the cloister from whence emanated this doctrine was yet alive with the noise and tumult of strife not fairly over, for the monastery of Hiyei-zan, where these overzealous priests had their headquarters, had often echoed with resonant ring of arms and the tread of marching soldiery.

So another, one of the greatest of Japanese religious teachers, Kobo Daishi, came forward, in 816 A. D., with the doctrine of the "True Word," which eliminated the objectionable features. The creed now consisted of

a central saving spirit, a band of pleading angels in heaven, and an endless day of happiness for those who followed the divine law, and an enduring punishment for those who had broken the religious precepts. It also held to the incarnations of the Supreme Being, whose mission was to enlighten men, and lead them toward the better life.

The Japanese were so well satisfied with this plan of Buddhism, that it received no modifications for 360 years. Then a change in the condi-



TYPICAL VIEW IN A MONASTERY GARDEN.

tion of worldly affairs called for different religious teachings. Strife and contention had run such a wild riot over the land, that the country was deluged in blood, and sorrow bound the hearts of the people in such distressing bonds that a brighter prospect for future salvation was desired. In the midst of this hopeless plight, Honen Shonin, in 1174, relieved the spiritual despair in a large measure by the foundation of the sect of Pure Land, *Jodo*, the underlying principle of which was faith. We have seen the temple of this sect at Kyoto. The beguiling tenet, that trust in Amida, the Buddha of endless life and happiness, gained for the disciple

admission to the garden of peace and perpetual joy, found many followers.

Half a century later, this system was enlarged to accept love as an abiding element, and the new sect, which really became a supplement to that of the Pure Land, strengthened and beautified the whole. It was now taught that not only did Amida stand waiting at the golden gate to admit his disciples into paradise, but that he actually took up his abode in



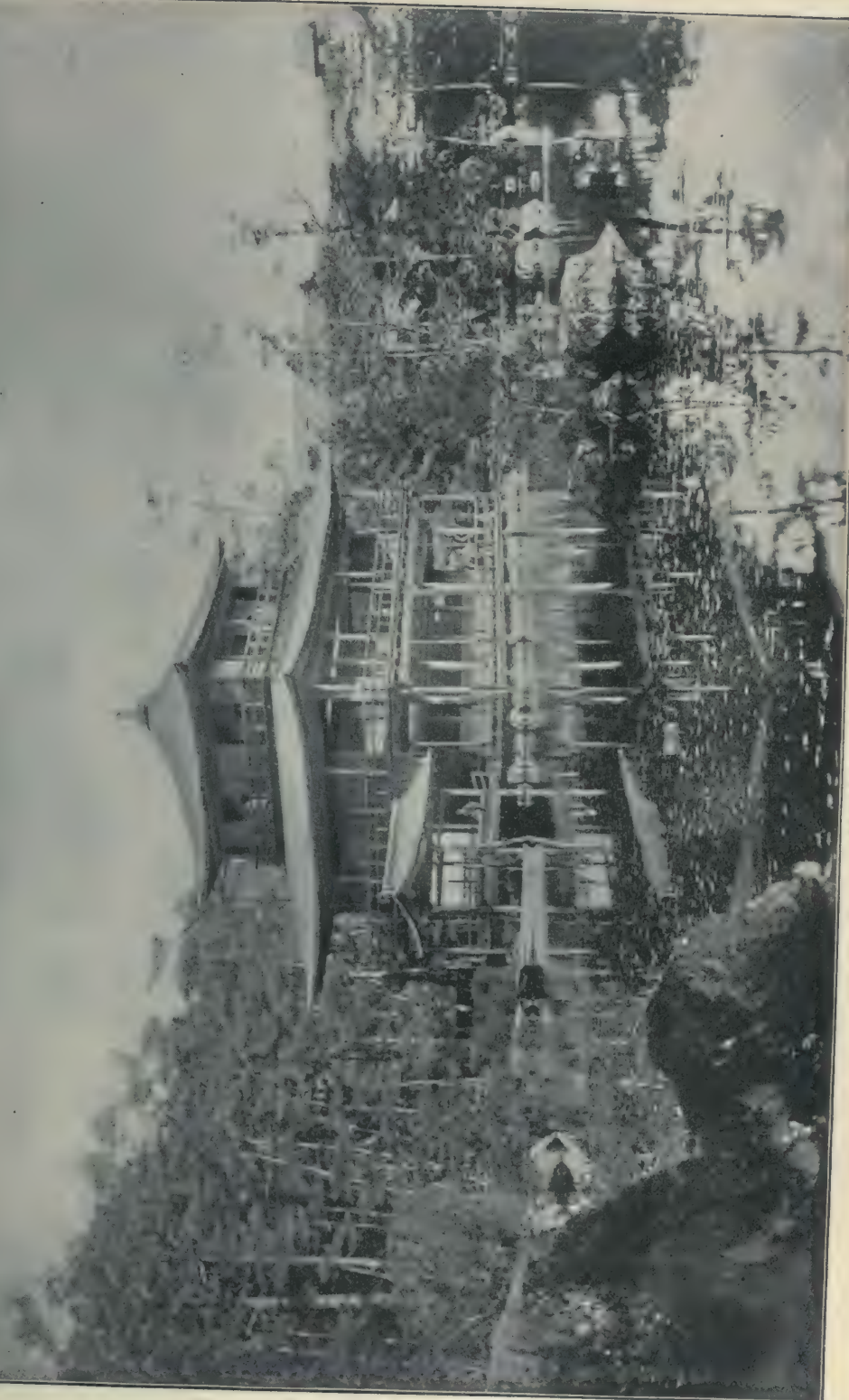
SHIRANUI TEMPLE.

the heart of his worshipper during his mortal life. Many of the priests now married, ate meat, and learned in the home what they could never acquire under the old régime. Much of the superstition which had previously entered into the forms of worship was abolished. This became the "Spirit Sect," and is to-day, beyond question, taken in conjunction with its parent, the Pure Land denomination, the most numerous religious order in Japan. One-third of all the temples in the empire belong to it.

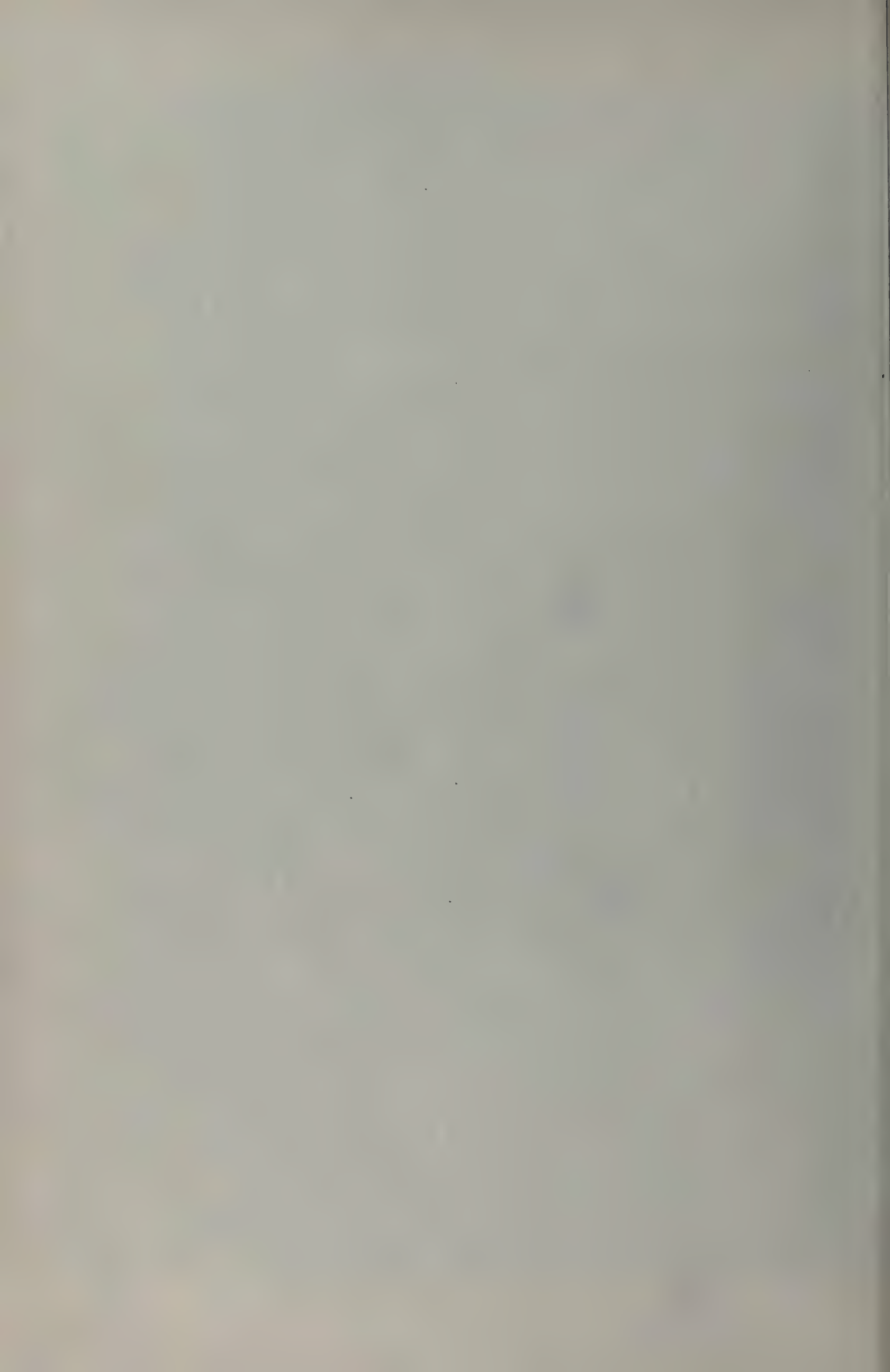
Still it was left for another, Nichiren, "the Lotus of Light," to

approach nearer yet to Christianity by founding the sect known as the *Ho-Hokke-shu*, or "Flower of the Law." The essential difference between the idea advanced by this deep thinker, and the doctrine already adopted by the people, was that he held to the principle of a god who was supreme, the beginning and the end. All others had taught the result without trying to explain the origin. Nichiren's god was an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient deity, to whom was due all the attributes, mental and physical. It held that common men failed to grasp the great principle that man was not of various natures, but with one; that the earthly house in which he lived was not materially different from the heavenly abode, except as he saw things through eyes worldly and not divine. The mission of the sect of Nichiren, then, was to announce the close relationship of this life with that immortal. Under these teachings "death ceased to be a passage to a mere non-existence, and became the entrance to actual beatitude. The ascetic selfishness of the contemplative disciple was exchanged for a career of active charity. The endless chain of cause and effect was shortened to a single link. The conception of one supreme all-merciful being forced itself into prominence. The gulf of social and political distinctions that yawned so widely between the patrician and the plebeian, separating them by a chasm which seemed well-nigh impassable, and all the unsightliness of the world, became *eidola*, destined to disappear at the first touch of the moral light. The Buddha and the people were identified."

At this point it may be aptly inquired as to whether the influence upon the two classes of people in Japan was potential, and on which it fell with the greater power and good. Appealing at once to a large number, among which were the most far-seeing of the people, it fostered a literature of high rank, and a philosophy of broad scope. It led to a search into the mysteries and profoundness of the Chinese life and learning, hitherto unknown to them. It reared temples grander, nobler, and richer than anything they had dared to imagine, while the ritualistic work was imposing and impressive beyond description. Not only did it afford a development of the morals, intellects, and ceremonials that had already subjugated Asia, but it showed to its latest disciples causes and results of which hitherto they had been in the densest ignorance; it taught them the sanctions of worship, the penalties of wrong-doing, and an order of



KINKAKU TEMPLE, KIOTO.



reasoning which was capable of enlarging and improving the inner nature of man. The patricians received through it newer and broader ideals of laws and government, higher estimates of personal worth, and nobler conceptions of the household. The plebeians acquired through it improved methods of husbandry, loftier motives for toil, stronger ties of brotherhood, and a deeper valuation of home and its environments. In short, the religious immigrant from Asia brought a new era of civilisation,



GROVE SURROUNDING A SHINTO-BUDDHIST SHRINE.

and where before had been chaos, a blank space in the passage of time, so far as written history is concerned, gave them a record, and existence among the nations.

It need not be supposed that all of the ceremonials and sanctity of worship at the Buddhist shrine are made with the actual solemnity that appears on the surface. Many come here with their offerings, for the opportunity to enjoy a rest from daily toil. It is true there are certain features about the forms he adopts that seem to an Occidental severe; but to him who looks deeper into the matter little of this is apparent.

Then, too, there are features connected with these exhibitions, — for they seem such to a stranger, — that appear oddly out of place in the presence of a worshipful throng. But the sight of some trivial, it may be vulgar, act, as we should rank it, in the sacred resort, does not shock the devout follower of Buddha. The female rope-dancer plies here what seems a proper calling, as her performances tend to enliven the solemn scene, and what lightens the cares of life must be right and pure in sight of Buddha. It should also be said that here the female gymnast performs her part in a manner quite unknown in the Occidental world. She dresses to conceal rather than to reveal any hint of her sex, and her acts are in keeping with this purpose. It is her skill in doing some difficult feat that attracts the audience, and not any bold or untoward conduct. Again, a trained bird may be the object of interest, and surely there is no harm in this manner of entertainment. Meanwhile, inside the temple, the clicking of the coin dropped into the treasury, the sputtering of the burning incense, and the monotonous tone of the priests at prayers, mingle with softening influence on the ripple of laughter rising from the light-hearted crowd surging to and fro, the chatter of monkeys, the cries of showmen, the song of birds, and the witty sayings of pretty girls. The whole creates a peculiar and not unhappy medley where the followers of religious faith do so with open hearts, and attempt no vain show of pretence of understanding what of necessity they cannot know, laying their very souls, and not the mockery of a form, at the feet of a deity before which they bow in honest if in blind adoration.

So far, Buddhism has met with no distressing opposition; but now we come to its first great reverse. Until the capital was established at Kyoto, Shinto had absolute sway at the court of the ruling power. At this time Buddhism established a foothold, which made it a growing, if not a dangerous, rival. Still it was not recognised by the state, and its patrons were given no special privileges, until the triumph of Iyeyasu led the shoguns to look with increasing favour on the new faith. Under Iemitsu, the third of the Tokugawa dynasty, the state stepped in to exercise control over religious affairs, and the priests of Buddha were compelled to yield, and the teacher and scholar became neither. Once noted for his zeal the priest seemed to have lost all ambition and character. He did little, if anything, toward advancing the cause he represented, not even consid-

ering it a part of his duty to administer solace to the ill and suffering; nor did he offer any hopeful message to the dying. Once a year, at the great *Bon* festival, when the spirits of the dead were supposed to return for a short time to their former homes on earth, he was aroused from his lethargy enough to minister to his subjects, spurred on then by the thought of the recompense coming to him at this time, when a large percentage of his revenue was paid him. In view of this state of mind on the part of the leader, it can be no wonder if the spirit of religion waned.

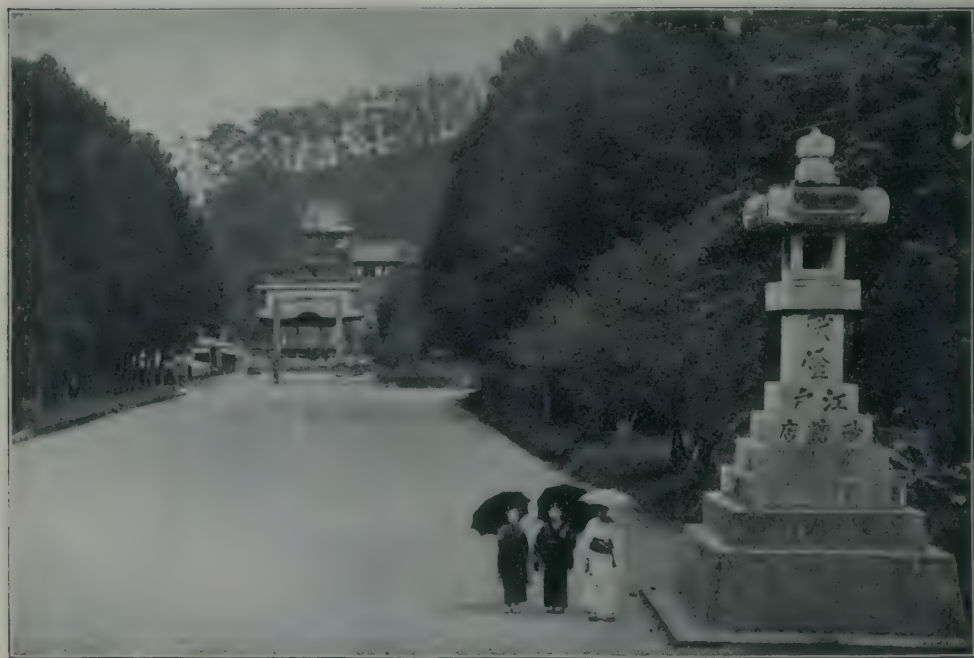
In the midst of this slow decline, when the doom of Buddhism seemed foreordained, the missionary from the Western world came to crush out this lotus plant. But antagonism proved the means of awakening Buddhism from its benumbing sleep. New life was quickly infused into the old faith,

and schools were established to educate its priests, who had too long been suffered to rest in ignorance. Thus the old religion was revived and given new life by a rival. So the supporters of this ancient faith, imported hither from India by the way of Corea about six hundred years after the birth of Christ, are making earnest efforts to give greater power to their religion. New and imposing temples are being built, where art and nature combine at their best to make them attractive. People from over the country are contributing to their support, and an example of



DANCING-GIRL, TOKYO.

their liberality is the offering of women's hair from those who are too poor to contribute money. To understand the sacrifice made by these donors, one must know the high value placed on a head of good hair in Japan, where these ornaments are none too plentiful, and where the fair sex wear no covering for their heads which might conceal their loss until the shorn tresses have grown again. It means six months of retirement; six months of seclusion. Here in Kyoto is a temple built in 1895 by the disciples of the sect of *Monto*, which cost in its construction over 8,000,000 yen.



THE SACRED ROAD.

The cables, used to draw the huge timbers, were made of women's hair, and there is a gift here by the women of one province, of a huge rope of hair nearly three hundred feet in length.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, when the tidal wave of ancient tradition swept over the country, an attempt was made to drown out the tenets of Buddhism and Confucianism. This had much to do with the political revolution of 1867. The Buddhist temples were shorn of their rich appendages, and religion suffered the loss of vast estates belonging to it. But it was too deeply engrafted into the beliefs and inspirations of the people to be uprooted by official and political

interposition. It soon began to reassert its fallen prestige, and by the Constitution of 1869 it was firmly declared that Japanese subjects should be free to enjoy religious belief according to their wishes.

Buddhism has never been more thoroughly alive in Dai Nippon than it is at the present time. It has 108,000 temples in Japan, and fifty-five thousand priests. These last, unlike the Shinto, have no official rank, neither are their temples classified. They obtain their means of sustenance from contributions paid by their parishioners, and from the income derived from lands belonging to religious organisations. This last source of revenue was greatly reduced when government took away a large portion of this landed property.



SHINTO PRIEST.

No native-born Christian has risen to the position of prelate, though there are several bishops and archdeacons belonging to the Protestant and Catholic faiths who were born in America or Europe, while there is an archbishop of European birth. The Japanese churches are represented by pastors of their own nationality, and these are in duty bound to attend the ceremonies given by the imperial direction at the Hall of Reverence.

The Christian portion of the population, as might be expected, fail to participate in the religious rites which the followers of the ancient religions hold to be important.

Of late the Shinto has made rapid strides toward the belief in one god, and Amaterasu is worshipped as that supreme divinity, while the imperial family are looked upon as her descendants, and treated as under-deities. This religion remains the creed of the royal house, based upon the following statement, which gives in unmistakable terms the standing of that line: "The imperial founder of our house, and our other imperial ancestors, by the help and support of the forefathers of our subjects, laid the foundation of our empire upon a basis which is to last for ever. That this brilliant achievement embellishes the annals of our country is due to the glorious virtues of our sacred imperial ancestors and to the loyalty and bravery of our subjects, their love of country, and public spirit." To many, it will not be a startling discovery to find that Buddhist priests assist in this Shinto worship, since it has been shown that the representatives of the former religion have declared Buddha to be a reincarnation of Amaterasu.



VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

CHAPTER XX.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.

JAPAN denies herself the rest and religious exercises of Sunday as taught by the Protestant Church, but she has many sacred observances and traditional festivals regarded by her people as acts of worship. Until recently, Church and state joined hand in hand in these ceremonies. But modern Japan has broken the rule of ancient Japan. In other respects the situation has not changed, except to modify in a slight degree the manner of observance. In all ages the people have held to the bright side of the picture, attempting to please the gods by the sunshine of light hearts rather than by the clouds of a devotion made in sackcloth and ashes.

This form of worship, however, has always contained a certain amount of evil, on account of the lack of restraint allowed by the devotees. Thus, more than a thousand years ago, official interposition had to be made in the semi-annual festivals of the North Star to hold in check the prodigal display of the lower sentiments of the religious followers, lest the very gods be offended at the low scale of morality under which their believers

The Snipped. The effect of this intervention was not lasting, for a little over a hundred years later official intervention had to be made in the very capital of the nation to moderate, if not control, the wild passions of the overzealous performers, whose ungovernable claims of the body outweighed their spiritual inspiration. To-day we discover evidence of this human weakness where we had hoped to find a stronger sentiment prevailing, and even at the sacred groves of Isé, within sight of the gods and goddesses of religious renown, stands the Temple of Temptation, with doors wide open to those who would enter.

Religious festivals are the most striking features of native life, and mirror the very soul of Japan. The most important fête of this kind is the *Gion-matsuri*, held annually in Kyoto, which it is our good fortune to see. The most important distinction of this, like many another, is the magnificence of its pageantry. The foremost *dashi*, or car, carries upon the top of a mighty upright, rising a hundred feet into the air, a glaive forged from the charmed anvil of the wonderful sword-maker, Sanjo Munechika, and credited with possessing the virtue of curing the ague at a single touch of its blade. Behind this *dashi* follow twenty-three cars, bearing the effigies of as many noted scholars and philosophers, a mock moon, a *mantis*, and a stealer of flowers. One of the most prominent personages of this elaborate procession is a dancing-girl, who postures in the centre of the dais on the foremost *dashi*. Upon her the city has lavished its richest and finest display of clothing, nothing considered too good or beautiful. She is accompanied by a maid of honour on either side, though they reap small share of the glory showered upon the car. Upon reaching the portals of the temple of Gion, the "little goddess" is given a glass of holy wine, and an amulet supposed to have been blessed by the god, whereupon she at once becomes a "sacred child."

Each special district, at the time of its matsuri, or festival, given in honour of some particular deity whose shrine has been reared in that place, feels at liberty to worship as many other deities as it likes. Thus these fêtes are often marked with a singular mixture or combination of divinities, summoned at the will of the people from the mystic fountains of the material and spiritual world.

Each of these deities is allowed a separate palanquin, a shrine on wheels, the principal god being given the place of honour at the head of



the sacred van. The carriage is lacquered a deep black, relieved by golden ornaments. On the roof a golden phenix perches with wings outspread, while a roof-tree glistens in decorations of copper. Inside this shrine is placed the effigy of the god who calls forth this train, a torii in front and one behind, made conspicuous by their red lacquer. The other deities are not placed inside the car, but mounted in gorgeous panoply high over the heads of the crowd riding upon it. The first car is not decorated, but this one, called the dashi, "a car of gentle motion," can be



KOTA AND SAMSEN PLAYERS.

described as a wooden house on four wheels, but having a mass of carving, decoration, and elaboration that defies description. An attempt of this kind would be useless, as far as concerned its representation of a class, for no two of these strange cars are ever made alike. The carvings on this one represent, in part, flights of phenixes rising on wide-spreading wings, trains of tortoises, and columns of marching dragons. Among the deities included are to be seen the zodiacal conceptions, the goddess of matrimony, the goddess of the sea, the seven gods of fortune, the conquering empress; in fact, the deities supposed to govern every trade and craft which most affects that particular locality. On a platform raised from twelve to

twenty feet above the ground, encircled and entangled amid the drapery of silk and brilliant brocades, snow-white gohei, and wreaths of gold and silver flowers, stand half a hundred people, while over their heads rises, on a high pillar, the carved head of the sacred object to which the car has been dedicated.

The host of images, and the dashi on which they are transported, are kept in the dwellings of chosen citizens and it is, perhaps, needless to say that they are watched over with zealous care. Not one of these objects is without its special interest as well as personality, and every bit of history connected with it is known to its guardian, who relates it with great pride and piety. As may be imagined, these festivals scintillate with romance and tradition. Not one is barren of some wonder tale, some strange and interesting incident connected with its career, and the occasion of the fête is regarded as a day of uncommon importance in the annals of the place. But along with the crumbling of the institutions of old Japan, the glory of these festivals is gradually wearing away, and in the light of modern thought and enterprise will soon live only in memory.

Perhaps our Japanese companion is thinking of this, and vividly contrasting the old way with the new, for he suddenly bursts forth into a strain of eloquence over a description of one of the famous Sano trains as it wound through the one hundred and sixty streets constituting that parish not so very long ago. Preparations were begun for the festival by the citizens two days before the grand event came off, when the dwellings were made as gay and attractive as possible by many-coloured mats thrown over corner, lattice, and lintel; in fact, every spot where a show could be made. The tops of the buildings were made as good sites for watching the procession as possible. The rooms of the houses that fronted upon the street were fitted up with screens of gold-foil for a background, and from poles hung up, and from the eaves of the buildings, were hung paper lanterns of bright hues and fantastic paintings. Everywhere no pains were spared to enliven the coming event with the grandest display that could be made.

The dashi was drawn by six black oxen decorated in red and white, and moving with becoming slowness, stopping at frequent intervals. At these pauses the music of flutes and drums filled the air, while the merry

spectators applauded roundly. When moving, the chant of the dashi drivers kept time in a sort of rhythmical order in keeping with the decorous advance of the train.

The procession was led by two small and two large banners, or *hata*, made of strips of white cotton cloth strung from bamboo poles, and bearing the names of the tutelary deities. The carriers of these were followed by a spearman, a dozen men carrying a big drum, two men with wooden blocks, which they smote together at regular intervals, two men with



A PALANQUIN.

flutes, twenty-four men bearing above their heads the image of the sacred *Shishi-no Kashira*, or Dog of Fo, a mounted Shinto priest, thirty-two men carrying three heavy spears, another priest on horseback, the sacred steeds of the gods, a sacred sword, three mounted Shinto priests, the guards of the shrine, a couple of musicians disguised with masks of the Tengu, or forest genii, fifty men bearing the sacred palanquin, two men with the rice-box of the principal deity, six men bearing the banquet table of the deity, half a dozen attendants on the shrine, body of prominent citizens in costumes befitting the occasion, thirty inferior Shinto priests in sacerdotal costume, two men carrying the gohei (an emblem of Shintoism used

in the temples), a young girl attired in attractive costume and riding in a richly decorated palanquin, two men with hyoshigi, a second palanquin borne by fifty men, followed by the same retinue as the first; a third palanquin carried by fifty men, and succeeded by attendants with rice-box of the deity, table of the deity borne by six men, mounted Shinto priest, ten Buddhist priests in armour and riding war-steeds, the Lord High Abbot in canonicals, riding in a palanquin, the four-doored palanquin of the deity, ox-carriage of the god, spearsmen, and glaivesmen, followed by vast crowds of people ready to pull or push on any of the carriages, to shout or sing, as the occasion might demand.

Alternating with the Sano festival is that of the Kanda, which occupies the attention of the capital city for nearly a month. This is considered of greater consequence than the other, and greater preparations are made for it. With the gorgeous display, a generous amount of food and drink is furnished, the national beverage, saké, being freely offered. But the main feature is the dress. The young daughters of the city are decked out in most elaborate manner, without regard to cost, the one object in view being to outshine any previous attempt of that kind. A prominent feature of the Kanda matsura is a bevy of *geisha*, dancers, who follow the procession and exhibit from time to time examples of their art in ancient dances, which consists principally of waving the hands in a most graceful manner. It must seem strange to the foreign observer to see these dainty, pretty little maids dressed, not in the bright costumes that it would be natural to expect on this festive occasion, but in the sombre hued, and unbecoming garments of the common labourer, the tight-legged trousers and small-sleeved tunic. The dancing-girl has sacrificed her glossy raven hair, imitating in this part the fashion of her brother. But here she stops, and the plainness and darkness of her garb is concealed beneath fairy grounds of embroidered blossoms and foliage, in the brightest colours of nature. So while she sacrifices something for her religion, she gains much in display, and a surfeit of applause from her admirers. And somewhere in that vast crowd of seekers after pleasure and religion is one who has perhaps spent half of his year's earnings that she may win the honours of this fête. He is, moreover, willing to spend another six months' wages that she may remain in indolence until

those sacrificed tresses shall again become a respectful adornment for her shapely head.

The more prominent deity worshipped in this festival is a descendant of the sun-goddess, but there is another who shares its glory whose name, according to the moral code of any other country, would seem to invite oblivion and obloquy rather than this respectable prominence. He was an arch-traitor to a ruling sovereign of Japan in the sixth century, the only man in the history of the country to undertake a rebellion against



TOILET.

his ruler. He paid for his rebellious ambition with his life on the plains of Smimosa, dying in the midst of battle, and his head was taken in wild exultation to Kanda for interment. Later, the stigma belonging to his memory was supplanted by loud praises, and his effigy was borne with divine honours at the festival of Kanda. Why was this done? Do the Japanese love treachery, that they would deify such a man, and hold him up as an object of divine adoration? No. It is not because of this; but it is done as an expression for their love of heroism. If Massakado, the rebel, died as a traitor, he fell fighting like a hero. It is the bravery of that undaunted spirit, which dared defy his very sovereign, that afforded

an example of heroism which they worship; not Massakado, whose name is abhorred and detested.

There is another example of this kind at Sano, where a deity is held up for admiration and honour, whose very name is covered with shame and ignominy. This is Kumassaka Chohan, burglar of ancient times, but a man of such audacious recklessness that his effigy is held in religious veneration, and his bravery extolled in song and story and religious rites. It will thus be seen that the Japanese possess such a high sense of



A SACRED RETREAT.

courage—an attribute we are not prepared really to understand—that they can overlook the low-born nature of the hero while they worship that divine spark of heroism inherent in him.

A case of this kind has had a more recent origin. In 1889 the Viscount Mori, minister of education, and one of Japan's most enlightened statesmen, was stabbed by a young man on the steps of his home, in sight of a crowd of people, just as he was starting on his way to the palace on that occasion which was to witness the acceptance of the nation's first Constitution. Scarcely had the assassin struck his terrible blow before he fell, pierced by the swords of half a dozen of the minister's attendants. The

body of the murderer was buried without ceremony, and it seemed that his memory would be speedily relegated to the caverns of obloquy. But soon after, in reply to the inquiry set afoot as to what had led the rash youth to commit such a flagrant crime, under such daring circumstances, and at a time of such approaching honours, it was said he had been prompted to the act under the fanatical belief that he was the chosen agent to avenge what he considered an insult committed at the great shrine of



GREAT STONE LANTERN, YOKOHAMA.

Isé by the prominent statesman. The irreverence of the minister may have been only the wild imagination of the overzealous murderer, but the circumstances under which he dared to strike his blow of vengeance, the time, the vast number of witnesses, and the certainty that he must pay for it with his life, fired the Japanese with a religious veneration for the heroic deed of the avenger. His burial-place was disclosed, and his grave no longer remained a secret corner; the crowds flocked to it as a sacred spot, the smoke of incense floated over it, and the hallowed place became a garden of flowers. Hither flocked the high and low, the artisan

and the actor, the farmer and the merchant, the geisha and the wrestler, the fencing-master and the warrior, the priest and the politician, one and all. By this it must not be understood that the masses were ignorant of the real signification that might be given to this. A word from the emperor would have instantly stopped it all, and the mob would have as quickly turned upon him who dared to render further homage to the dead. It was not hero-worship, as we bestow it; it was the valour of the doer, the picturesque daring which had caused an educated youth, with bright prospects in life, to ignore them all, and, under the unselfish motives of religious duty, to seek his victim in broad daylight, at his very home, surrounded by his armed retainers, and in the presence of soldiery and police and citizens to deal the most influential man in the empire, next to the emperor, his death-blow, which placed him among the deities. Had he struck that blow in the dark, as a coward strikes, or sought to cover himself from death by flight, it would have been different, and the name of Nishino Buntaro would have lived only in the calendar of crime.

Speaking of the shrine of Isé, we are reminded here of the perpetual fire of Hestia kept burning two thousand years in the Grecian prytaneum, and find that the stone lanterns of this place have been sending forth their continuous flames of light since the early days of the gods, a period of nearly three thousand years. Another shrine that outrivals the record of Greece in this respect is that in Izumo.



A TEA-HOUSE GIRL.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PINE OF THE LOVERS.

A WAY from the centres of population the religious festivals often partake of singular features, and common objects are frequently made the subject of desire or adoration. In the province of Omi is a form of worship intended to encourage fidelity in married women. This takes place in the month of April, on "the first day of the horse." In Japan the faithful wife is a person of high esteem, and it is the aim of the truly conscientious woman not only to be true to the marital bonds, but to keep the memory of her husband after his death by remaining in the single state. By being faithful in the marital bonds it is not to be understood to be merely faithful in outward appearances, but for her to adapt herself to the whims, caprices, and temper of her husband, though he is not expected to do as much on his part. When it is taken into consideration that the wife assumes these vows without any previous acquaintance with her future master, something of the responsibility she takes upon herself may be imagined. It might be thought that many of them would shirk this exacting and trying part, but it belongs to woman's glory to be married once, and to show to the world her faithfulness in conjugal life. On these festivals mentioned, the wives and widows are expected to parade themselves before the public, carrying upon their heads as many earthenware pots as they have had husbands, the fewer the greater the honour. One might conclude that they would hesitate in thus publicly proclaiming their record, for in Japan marriage and divorce are close companions, but they have another motive in view. This is the belief, that the goddess of matrimony will punish any insincerity, which prompts them to carry the full number of pots, let the tongues of the gossipers wag as they may. There is a legend that one woman, more crafty than wise, managed to have her pots graduated in size, so that, while their number was not small, she presented the appearance of carrying but one. As is often the case with such triflers, she was overtaken in

her deception, for she tripped and fell, when her true character was shown, to her lasting disgrace.

In the province of Kishu there has been and is to-day, among the more superstitious, the belief that all the deities repair every year in the tenth

month to hold a festival of rejoicing, which is called the "laughing festival." This takes place at the great shrine of Izumo, and the period is known elsewhere, on account of the fact that all the gods gather here to the neglect of their usual duties, as "the month of the godless moon." Here and then, amid a scene of uncommon mirth, are arranged the nuptial plans for the coming year. The name and peculiar signification of this festival originated with the incident



OIREAN GIRL.

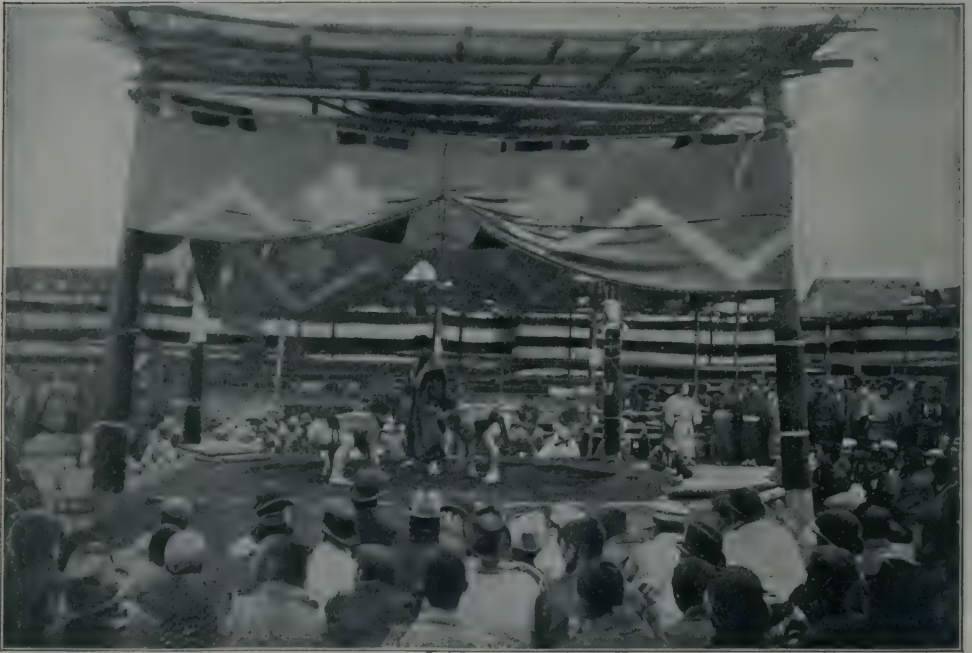
of a belated god. One of those who was to meet there, in the days of yore, started in season, but, mistaking the date, and thinking he had more than ample time to reach the sacred place, dallied by the way, so he did not arrive until the last debate was over and the exercises closed. It is supposed the other deities laughed long and heartily over the discomfiture of their comrade, and thus the fashion of the festival was set for all time.

The manner of observing this divine parliament is quaint. As the time draws near, old and young collect, the latter forming in front of the procession, the others falling into line in the order of their ages, each one, from the first to the last, carrying two boxes of oranges and persimmons held aloft on bamboo sticks. Upon reaching the shrine, the march having been made with proper solemnity, the children are commanded by the eldest man to laugh. No sooner has the first child started the glee than others catch up the merriment, the men following the example, until, the entire train keeping up the merrymaking, the whole district rings with the laughter of the occasion. In this way it is believed the gods like to have their people meet and make merry, as well as to bear cheerfully the heavy cares of life.

Other festivals follow various methods of proceeding, and among these athletic competition is held in high favour. Here in Kyoto we have seen the annual wrestling tournament, which decides the national championship as to muscular strength and skill. In the Ugo Province stands a shrine of this nature, where regularly, on the fifth day of the first month, the athletes of the province, often to the number of thousands, used to gather to decide the mettle of their arms and bodies. As this spot was situated at the top of the mountain of Kimpo-zan, where at that season the snow lay to the depth of a dozen feet, and often deeper, it was no small part of the undertaking to reach the scene of the trial. It was expected that the rivals should all repair to a snow-cave a quarter of a mile distant the night before the trial. At the break of dawn, stripped to their loin-cloths, they were expected to rush from the rendezvous to see who could reach the shrine first. This victor, who won only after a stern race up the snowbound cliffs, was supposed to be favoured with the protection of the god throughout the year. Following this race, the whole party got as near to the shrine as possible, when the great wrestling trial began. The object was really not to see who should remain the longest on his feet, but rather to oust one after another out of the enclosure. As fast as the space was partly cleared, newcomers, who had been behind in the race to the summit, joined in, it being the rule for the strongest to aid the weakest. The excitement and confusion of this wild sport, in which several thousands joined, may be well imagined, but according to legend no one was ever seriously injured in the mêlées. This is

accounted for mainly by the utmost good-feeling which prevailed throughout the whole affair, until the last man, the champion of the year, was left alone on the sacred ground. Then he was caught up on the shoulders of his companions, and bearing him thus the entire crowd marched down the mountain in good order, singing and shouting as they moved along.

A festival is given at Ono-machi in honour of the Susa-no-o, that high-tempered god who drove his sister into one of the caverns of the earth.



A WRESTLING MATCH.

This ceremony does not call for any regal processions, any elaborately carved and decorated dashi, or artistically dressed dancing-maidens, but is performed by a band of lusty men dragging the chariot along the road at a furious pace. Upon reaching the seashore, they plunge in breast-deep, holding above the briny tide their burden; then they rush back to the shrine at the top of their speed. Should any one fall by the way, there is another to take his place, every one running and striving as if his life depended on his activity. Once the shrine is reached, all this wild tumult instantly ceases; the horde that a moment before seemed so anxious to rend each other to pieces in the mad struggle

now chat and drink as if dull care and strife were unknown to them.

Other objects at other shrines are as zealously catered to in the wild fashion of the people. At Hakozaiki is the shrine of the "god of war," where it is believed the bountiful offerings made in the thirteenth century caused that god to raise a storm on the sea, which destroyed the power-



BRONZE HORSE.

ful armada of the Monguls, then on its way to conquer the country of Dai Nippon.

At the temple of Kwannon a scrabble for pieces of wood thrown to the multitude by the priests is made in commemoration of the "goddess of mercy." This is at Saidai-ji, in the province of Bizen. These blocks are not credited with any supernatural attributes, but are emblematical of the benevolence of the giver. As it is considered of importance to get one of these amulets, the rush for them grew from year to year, until it became necessary to limit the number of the rivals. Again athletic exercises were resorted to in order to regulate the matter. So everything is arranged to open at a specified time.

At ten o'clock at night, on the fourteenth day of the first month, the

8th of February corresponding to the calendar now, the competitors having taken their places, at the beat of a drum they dash madly through the grounds of the temple, and running at breakneck speed, reach the river flowing through the town. Here a swift bath is taken to purify themselves, and they enter the sacred enclosure by a way hitherto untrod by them. A second tap of the drum at midnight warns another body of contestants to follow in the track of the first. Two hours later the drum sends forth its deep-toned note, as a signal that the first part of the contest is over. During the four hours a steady stream of rushing men has been passing through the court, the constant tread of so many feet, rising and swelling in volume, making a roar similar to the breaking of waves on the seashore, so that the echo of these footsteps can be heard twenty miles away.

The last drum-beat has not died away before the *shingi*, a round stick of pine wood, consecrated by the prayers of the priests, is flung from a temple window into the midst of the crowd. At the same time a hundred lesser tokens, called *kushigo*, are made to accompany the other, and the mad struggle of the mob begins. As the main prize is the *shingi*, every one bends all his energies toward capturing that as long as he has any reason for hoping to obtain it. The second scramble comes for the smaller prizes, and fortunate is he who gets one of these in a crowd of tens of thousands, of whom only a hundred can win. That the contest is a furious one goes without saying, and the noisy battle of the naked men striving there in the temple grounds is a sight to be long remembered by the witness. In all these religious festivals, and we have only mentioned a small part, it will be seen that the more educated class has little to do, it being left for the more ignorant and superstitious to keep alive the spirit of their existence.

Wherever one goes in Japan he is unpleasantly reminded of the practice of burning the body and limbs by doctors to cure the ills of the flesh, or by the person himself, if he belongs to the athletic class, to produce muscles where strength is desired, or else by officials as a way of punishing criminals. The result is many ugly, repulsive scars on men, women, and even children. In Kyoto are many specialists of this sort, who, for a trivial sum, practice this ancient method of treatment on their patients. In the offices of these physicians hang life-size charts of the human form,

with dots and dashes showing where certain diseases must be treated. Their outfit consists of two large iron pots containing slumbering fires, over which are placed sticks of red-hot charcoal. Over the spot to be treated on the patient, a small piece of combustible substance like punk or sponge is laid, and the fiery end of the stick of charcoal is held on it until the object begins to burn. The fire thus fed is allowed to eat into the flesh a sufficient depth, when the burning mass is removed. The odour of burning flesh is apparent, and sometimes these wounds are as



JAPANESE DOCTOR.

large as a silver dollar. Jinrikisha men, whose limbs require strength, often resort to this method of gaining the required muscle, until their limbs are covered with these hideous scars along the sinews and ligaments.

We have been on a trip to the shore of the Inland Sea, and a royally good time we have had, too. Among the places of interest that we visited was that hallowed tree on the bank of the Takasago, known in romance as the "Pine of the Lovers." Whoever passes that way on a moonlit night can see the shadowy forms of the ancient lovers step forth from the heart of the pine, and hear in the whispering coast wind their renewed pledges of love and fidelity. If the fortunate comer looks closer, he will soon see

the maid and her lover, with bamboo rakes in their hands, draw together the fallen needles of the ancient tree.

If the time was not auspicious for us to behold this pretty sight and listen to the oft-repeated murmurings of love, this was partly made up for by

the mellow voice of our dreamy companion as he told in language that bore unmistakable impressions of other days the legend of the tree, which was planted in the last days of the god of sacred trust. No man was living in this country then, but later a humble fisherman and his wife took up their abode on the sandy shore not far from the Great Pine. In time there was



TYPES.

born to them one child, a beautiful daughter, whose eyes were as clear as the silvery pools of the Inland Sea, and whose countenance shone as brightly as the sunshine on Lake Biwa.

O-Matsu, for that was the name given her by her parents, having no playmates, loved to sit by the hour under the pine, knitting the fallen needles into strange and fanciful shapes. At one time she wove herself a



JAPANESE MONKEY TRAINER.

mantle of such beauty that her father and mother marvelled much. Again she braided a fantastic sash, which they called obi, and this she declared she would not wear until her wedding-day came. Thereupon the faces of her parents grew anxious, for they knew of no eligible young man to seek her for a bride.

But it was not for poor mortals to peer into the future. Even as O-Matsu had been plying her shuttle, a youth across the bay was watching



LAKE - SHORE AND FOLIAGE.

the flight of the far-flying heron, and wondering what land lay beyond the broad sea plain. The more he thought about it the stronger became his determination to visit the unknown country ; so one day he started to swim the long distance. Well was it for him that he was a stalwart swimmer, else had he never been cast up by the waves at the very feet of O-Matsu, as she wove her fancy work and dreamed her dreams.

If she was at first startled by this unexpected stranger, coming in this strange manner, she soon recovered herself. She saw that he was both

young and good looking, and she dragged him to where she had raked together a goodly layer of pine-needles. Lying on this soft couch, the newcomer speedily returned to consciousness. His joy upon awakening and seeing who was watching him need not be told; neither need it be repeated how the twain immediately felt for each other that love which is as changeless as the pine.

The lovers hailed it as a good omen that they exchanged their vows of constancy beneath the old sacred tree, and the parents of O-Matsu were very much pleased, for they looked on Teoyo, as the lover gave his name, as a model youth. So the happy couple were wed, and Teoyo, having no desire to recross the sea, remained to help his new father, who was becoming aged now. O-Matsu never had reason to regret her marriage, and the happy pair, when the day's toil was done, used to seek the old pine, bamboo rake in hand, and while they repeated their pledges of love, raked together the pine-needles.

The passing years took away their aged parents, and changed many conditions of the country; but three things remained unchangeable, — the Inland Sea, the noble pine, and their love. A crane came and built her nest in the old tree, and reared her young there, while a tortoise came and dwelt close by its foot. These two and the pine gave the lovers promise of long life and endurance. But the longest span must have an end, and there came a season when both tottered under the weight laid on them by many years. Still they did not fail to visit often the friendly pine, and, seated on its soft needle carpet, they would tell over, as they had done in their youth, the sweet story of love, sweeter far now under the constancy of years. And never did they forget to rake together a pile of needles with their bamboo rakes before they went away, that there might be a couch for them when they should return. At last a day came when the sunset played at hide and seek in the top of the lofty pine, and the bamboo rakes lay undisturbed for the first time during many years. This was not because their owners had at last been unfaithful to their trusts, but because they rested on a couch made by hands eternal on the farther shore of the River of Souls. And this simple story explains why the two lovers are seen at bright moonlight beneath the old pine.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MARKET OF MIRTH.

LIVING the existence of a secluded people for over two thousand years, — what has been aptly called a Crusoe life, — Japan affords, in the study of any part of her history, rare interest to the scholar, philosopher, and antiquarian, while the general reader cannot fail to be instructed and amused. Closely allied to the religious festivals of the inhabitants have been their fêtes of seasons and flowers, their pastimes, and the celebration of important events, which have marked the long highway of centuries like so many mile-stones. One by one these observances have been added to the growing list, coming with steady and unannounced heraldry through all the generations, until such a strong bond of custom and conventionality has been fastened upon the people as they hardly realise. Thus the island empire is environed and interwoven with such a strict system of religious and fraternal associations as no other country on the globe can equal. At the same time, no other race is capable of showing a finer appreciation of these pleasant, graceful, appropriate, and harmonious observances.

The year in Dai Nippon, during the old régime, began under a movable calendar, and in the winter season it was from two to six weeks later than under the Gregorian reckoning. But even then it came in what was really a winter month, though it was looked upon as the awakening of spring, and was called *ris-shun*, “springtime,” notwithstanding the fact that the plum and the *yuki-wari-so*, “snow-parting plant,” did not open a bud for weeks to come.

New-year's is among the most scrupulously observed days in the year, and no work of any kind is supposed to be done. This does not mean that any one is left in idleness, for there are the preparations for calling on friends and acquaintances, and as on this occasion all don their best clothes, no little care and time is spent in this part of the celebration. The calls on those in the higher class by those in the lower are of the most

formal nature, but those between friends are generally visits of pleasure, where small presents are given and the gossip of the season is exchanged in a confidential manner. Every countenance is wreathed in smiles, and peals of laughter are heard on every hand. Each person is dressed in his



LANTERN SELLER.

or her best, which means that bright colours have been given an outing, for the Japanese love best the hues that set the example of cheerfulness in this market of mirth.

In some respects New-year's Day is a serious affair to the head of the family, though its duties are performed to the minutest particular with a grace and lightness of spirit in keeping with the general brightness of the glad occasion. First donning his holiday attire, he makes his offerings to the deities, both

spiritual and terrestrial, proffers his remembrance to the shades of his fathers, offers his salutations of good-will to his living kin and friends, and then partakes of a morning meal intended to be in keeping with the association of the day.

No householder is in such humble circumstances that he does not have to prepare a "heavenly table,"—a tray lacquered in bright colours and decorated with the foliage of the evergreen *yuzuriha*. This is considered

the only fitting receptacle for those seven dishes of allegorical origin, "a feast of fortune," of which the following is a list, with accompanying significations: A rice cake, or "mirror dumpling," because it is made in the shape of the sacred mirror of the Shinto rites, and supposed to contain what is good for the digestive organs; oranges laid on green leaves, meaning a "bequest from one to another;" chestnuts dried and crushed, signifying victory; persimmons, considered to possess medicinal value; dried sardines, denoting conjugal fidelity, as the little fish never swim singly; the *ebi*, a lobster, its long tentacles and curved back suggesting life so extended that the shoulders become bowed and the beard grows long and heavy; last, a herring roe, that creature of the sea which is supposed to be the most prolific. This "table of elysium" is also emblematical of the three islands of youth located somewhere in the extreme corner of the sea-world, according to a Chinese legend, where all creatures retain perpetual youth, the birds and animals are of a pure white, and the palaces of the people are of gold and silver.

"Young water," that is, water drawn from the well under the first rays of the light ushering in the new day and the new year, is used in preparing the tea, and the principal edibles are a special compound of six articles of diet, none of these being ever omitted, though they may be changed in the proportion of their amount, to suit the tastes of those at the meal. These foods are the *mochi*, rice cake; *imo*, potato; daikon, Japanese turnip; *awabi*, haliotis; *gobo*, a sort of burdock; *kombu*, a kind of seaweed. In order to ensure good health during the twelve months to follow, it is deemed necessary that a goodly measure of saké should be quaffed from a bright-lacquered cup. This part of the custom is said to have been introduced from China centuries ago, and to have originated there with an old hermit, who made it a practice to distribute among the villagers on each returning New-year's Day portions of physic, with the injunction that if it was drunk with saké it would secure for the drinker a hale and hearty body.

The most prominent feature of the decoration is the "pine of the doorway," festooned with the *shime-nawa*, or rope of rice-straw. The first consists of small pines and bamboos placed on either side of the vestibule, the trees supposed to typify by their evergreen foliage long life. The pine became a part of the decoration about a thousand years ago, while the

bamboo is a later addition by some five hundred years. The straw rope is of greater antiquity, and is emblematical of spring, and refers to the ancient morning when the goddess of sunlight was enticed from her cavern of darkness by the discontented gods of darkness, then overruling the earth, and the rope was placed across the entrance to the cave so she could not return to her underground abode. These ropes are the most important of the decorations, and are stretched not only across the entrance to the house, but before every other spot which the sunlight is supposed to



A WINE CELLAR.

benefit, such as the well, bathroom, sacred shelf, and inner court. Sometimes a piece of charcoal is suspended from the rope, it being considered efficacious in warding off evils; and a lobster, decorated with fern fronds, and indicating hardiness, is attached to the line.

It is not held to be necessary to resort to the temples that the deities may be propitiated, though a few do it. The majority prefer to ascend the most convenient eminence in their neighborhood, and the entire party, joining hands, watch and sing as the new sun sends its virgin beams over the landscape. Later in the day small bodies of both sexes parade the streets, dancing and playing before the homes of the inhabitants. Besides

these are parties called "bird-chasers," which are made up of maidens going about with wide coverings nearly concealing their features, while they play on the samisen, under the belief that this will drive away birds of ill-omen that are supposed to be fluttering on wing over the homes of the rich and poor.

Among the pastimes held in high estimation at this time is the game of shuttlecock and battle-board, which found its way into Japan from China. Tradition gave the shuttlecock the shape of a dragon-fly, and attributed



CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

to it the power to drive away mosquitoes. It lacked the battle-board, and the Japanese added that, — a thin, flat board of pine lacquered in red and gold on the back, and since adorned with pretty pictures. This game is played by the young of both sexes, and the Japanese maiden cherishes her battle-board next to her dolls, though she is very fond of the latter.

On the day following New-year's there is a sort of semblance of resuming work and business, though this can be scarcely called more than a pretence. Three days later the men-of-arms resorted, in other years, to the practice of marksmanship, being careful to have the target large enough so that there could be no failure in hitting it, lest their records for the

coming year should be unfavourable. Still three days more are allowed to pass, when the pine and bamboo decorations are torn down and burned, willow wands twisted and braided into artistic forms being hung from the eaves of the dwellings. With the burning of the decorations the observances are practically ended, but it is considered a part of the same to allow the servants, male and female, on the fifteenth day the privilege of visiting their homes. On the twentieth day the closing scene is performed by the housewives, who offer rice dumplings to their toilet mirrors as an evidence of their culinary skill.

For many centuries the "five festivals of the seasons" have been prominent and favoured fêtes. These are observed on the 7th day of the first month, the 3d day of the third month, the 5th day of the fifth month, the 7th day of the seventh month, and the 9th day of the ninth month. It will be seen that they occur with a numerical regularity which is striking. The Japanese seem to have a peculiar pleasure in such arrangements.

The first of these festivals refers more especially to the domestic arts, and is largely a combination of stewing, brewing, and divination, called the "chopping of the seven herbs." The women are mostly concerned in its performance, which lasts through the earlier hours of the day.

The second is a child's festival, during which dolls representing every trade, craft, and calling, civil and military, historical and legendary, are made. Each feature of these dummies is shown with an exacting fidelity to the original. The setting forth in display of these figures, often numbering a thousand, is both interesting and educating to its participants. This month, March, with its toys and opening blossoms of spring, is primarily the month for the girls, and the little Japanese maids queen it right royally both at home and among their friends.

The festival of the 5th day of the fifth month is especially a boy's fête. This is given in honour of the birth of a male child within the past twelve months. The happy event is proclaimed by flying a paper or silk imitation of a carp from the top of a staff. Made of light material, and subject to every passing breeze, these banner-like objects can be seen streaming from hundreds and thousands of houses, until it looks to the beholder as if a flood of fish had been sent down upon the towns from the sky. The big eyes of the carp are considered to be typical of a persevering will, as

well as the indomitable spirit the fish displays in swimming up the streams against strong currents and cataracts. It being now the season of the iris and the sweet-flag, bouquets of the latter are conspicuous, while the saké drank on this occasion is seasoned with the petals of the former. Once warriors and battle-steeds figured prominently in these festivals, and displays of feats with the sword and mimic battles took place, but these warlike scenes have passed away with the new order of things. The *tango*, as this is called, is of very ancient origin, and many legends of its



TOY DEALER.

association still live, though none explain definitely its rise and growth. One of the customs is to extinguish all the lights in the temples at the hour of the hare, so that the frightened animals may seek their homes without fear.

May is the month of flowers. It is then that the cherry blossoms, which are the embodiment of all that is pretty, refined, and invigorating, according to Japanese ideals, are in the full flush of their glory. It is true that a single blossom has no special claim for admiration, and even a tree loaded with its gems is worthy of but a passing glance, but it is when many of these gigantic flowering plants are massed and their foliage

trained according to the taste of the artists that the grand effect is obtained. Broad avenues along river-banks are rendered transcendently inviting by them; or a framework is made an enticing retreat by a network of these smiling messengers of summer and harvest. Cherry groves are the pleasure-grounds both of the young and beautiful, with no



A FLOWER GIRL.

further care in life than the seeking after the many-hued bauble of love, and also of the gray-headed philosopher, who looks deeper into the mysteries of life, as well as of the poet, the artist, the labourer, and the noble.

The purpose of the Japanese is to celebrate each season with appropriate floral emblems, from which come the picnics of the wistaria, azalea, iris, lotus, peony, chrysanthemum, orchid, and the forests in their gorgeous autumnal tints. The ideal observance is that of the simplest nature. An expression of some tender senti-

ment made in a couplet, the paper upon which the verse is written suspended from the branch of a tree of especial interest, or from a blooming plant, is an example, the act being accompanied with outbursts of song more voiceful than melodious, and strains on that most unmusical of instruments, the samisen. These are all outdoor fêtes.

The ceremonies of the sixth month are of a religious nature, and are

performed on the river-banks at twilight, where one of the Shinto priests sets up a rude cross, and prays for the peace of the households of that vicinity. As will be seen, this is a relic of Shintoism.

At Kameido is celebrated a feast called the "First Rabbit of Japan," which is given in memory of the great scholar, Sugawara Michizane, who lived in the sixteenth century. On account of the interest he took in literature the poetical youths write long poems (so considered by them), and burn them as offerings on his tomb during these fêtes. If the cinders from the flames float high in the air, or are wafted to a considerable distance, the author turns away with high hopes for his future success.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STAR LOVERS.

IN early summer occurs a picnic which combines pleasure and business in a happy manner. It consists in seeking, as the tide ebbs, the shell-fish which are to be found buried in the sand under the water a few inches deep. Both sexes, old and young, find relaxation and satisfaction in this sport. The pleasure-seekers float out with the tide in a sort of flat-bottom boat, making the scene merry with snatches of song and music from the tinkling samisen. At the proper distance the boat is stopped, and the enlivening rout begins. In the midst of the active scene the light-hearted damsels soon lead their sterner rivals a lively competition. To overcome the disadvantage they might seem to have in the matter of dress, the wide sleeves of their loose-fitting waists are fastened up by bright cords crossing over the bosom, so as to give each owner of a white, well-rounded arm ample chance to plunge it into the water without wetting the garment. The bright-coloured underskirt is dexterously tucked up under a concealed girdle, and the fair water-nymph is alive for work or sport. If there is a generous display of pretty ankles, it must not be supposed that it is made at the sacrifice of good taste or modesty. The Japanese see nothing wrong or imprudent in that which of necessity must be done.

In the month of August, according to the present calendar, is a festival called most commonly Bon, which is dedicated to the ghosts of the departed friends, who are supposed to revisit the scenes of their earthly career at this season. Five days are given over to this fête, but the ceremonies are not elaborate. An altar of straw is raised on bamboo pillars, between which is hung the "sweet air rope" for the spirits to ascend. The floor is strewn with the leaves of the coxcomb and lespedeza, while imitations of horses and oxen are cut from melons, and a band of cedar-leaves is bound about the whole. Each dwelling has lanterns hung before its door to guide the visiting spirit, and at eventide of the second day little hemp



Wrestlers



fires are kindled to show them with greater plainness the way within. On the sixteenth, the last evening, these tiny lamps are set to light the path of the departing spirit, and the festival is then over.

During the ceremonies *omukae-dango*, "cakes of welcome," and *okuri-dango*, "cakes of farewell," are eaten, with other viands in keeping with the means of the householder. Throughout the entire reception of the departed friends making this annual visit a decorous demeanour is maintained, and no effort is made to win their favour. The whole purpose is to receive them as if they came in flesh and blood, kindly, courteously, and generously.

The festival of the 7th day of the seventh month has nearly lost favour, even in the remote districts where such

customs linger longest. This consisted of cake offerings to the stars, based upon the legend of the herd-boy prince crossing the Heavenly River, the Milky Way, in order to keep his tryst with his beloved, the Weaver Princess. This was illustrated by vessels of water placed between rows of smoking incense set up in sticks. The object of this festival is explained by the story of the star lovers.



CATCHING SHELL-FISH.

It all happened a long time ago, when the Sun, ruler of the universe, dwelt in his spacious mansion on the near bank of Silver River, which flows across the heavenly plain and is known to mortals now as the Milky Way. The Sun had a daughter named Ame-kujo, who was very beautiful and gifted. She was an exceedingly industrious maid, and worked so constantly at her loom, weaving fairy-like fancies, that she became known far and wide as the Weaver Princess. The father was very proud of his lovely daughter, and he was greatly pleased over her industry, until at last



A COUNTRY SEAT.

he saw that she was growing moody and silent at her work. This troubled him sorely, for her vivacious spirit had been the light and song of the palace, when her speech had sparkled with witty sayings, and her countenance beamed with the cheer of a youthful heart.

She had had many lovers, and her troubles were readily traced to these. Among her suitors was a noted warrior, grown gray in the service of his king. While he talked much of war and little of love, — which is not the way to win a maiden's heart, — her father favoured his suit, and frankly said as much to Ame-kujo. Then she confessed that she had plighted her troth to a herd-boy named Kinrin, who tended his father's flocks on the

bank of the Heavenly River. Thereupon the Sun was so angry that, for a whole week, he kept his face veiled from the world behind black clouds. From that time the princess became very sad, and a great gloom gathered over the household.

The warrior suitor saw this change, and wondered what it foreboded; the herd-boy lover saw it, and knew it portended evil to him and his maid. When he found opportunity to speak to her, he bade her be of good cheer,



A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF TOKYO.

and hope for a happy fulfilment of their dreams. But the Sun would not listen to the pleadings of his daughter, and the grizzled warrior repeated his offers of matrimony frequently and stubbornly, though her only response was to ply the shuttles of her loom faster than ever. No more was she the merry, vivacious maid of yore.

Finally the Sun decreed that Kinrin, on the 7th day of the seventh month, should be banished to the farther bank of the wide Silver River, and should remain there an exile for ever. Hearing of her lover's unhappy

fate, Ame-kujo stole down to the place of his starting, and there the unfortunate couple met and parted, as they believed, for the last time.

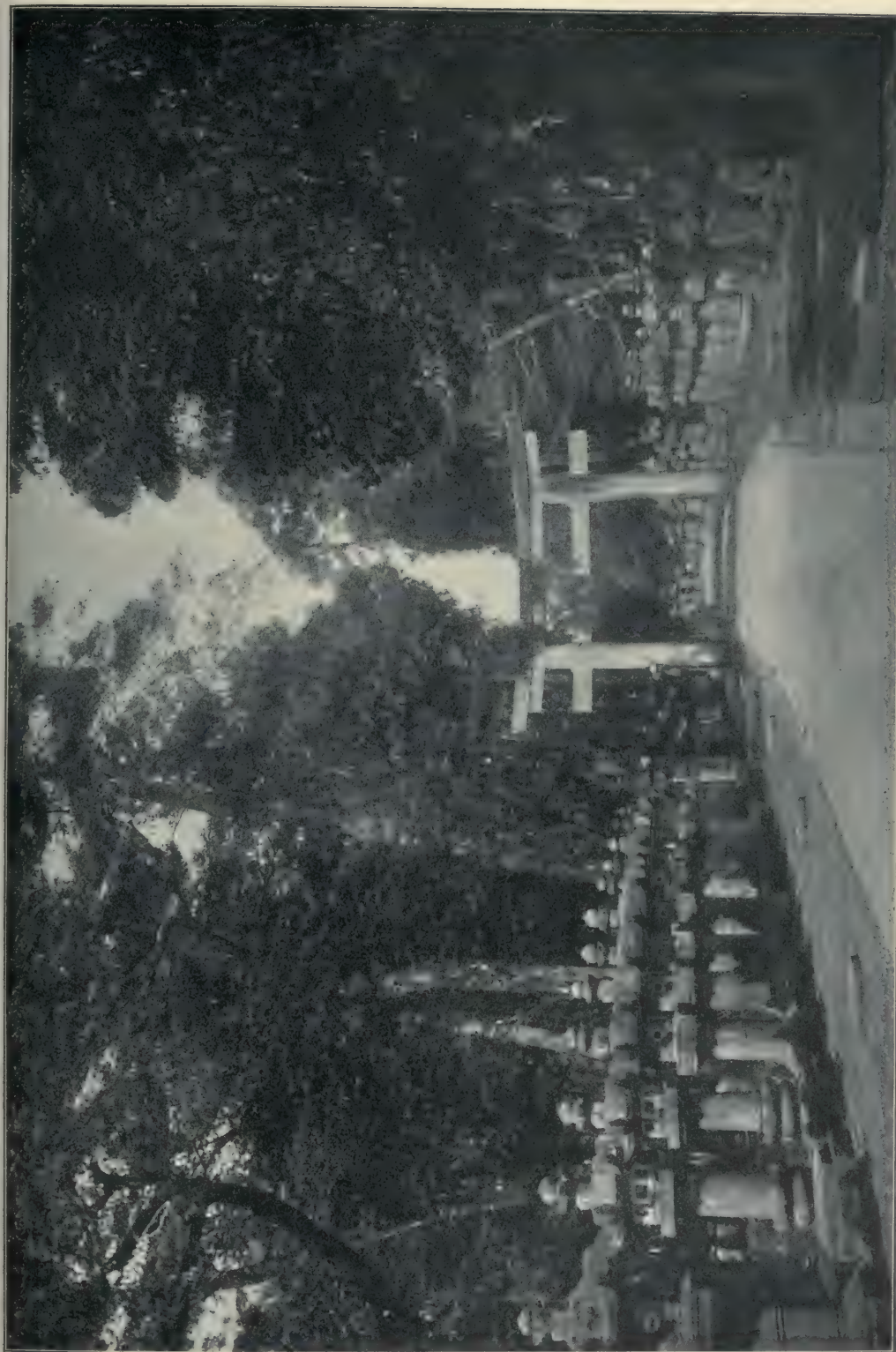
The Sun had commanded all the magpies in the kingdom to gather with outspread wings, and thus make a bridge for the exiled youth to pass over the river to his future abiding-place. Kinrin saw through his tears the weeping princess, as she watched him out of sight. On the distant bank of the River of Heaven the magpies dispersed, leaving the disconsolate lover alone in his despair.

The sadness of the days to Kinrin, as he followed his herd in the remote land, and that of Ame-kujo, while she plied her shuttles in her desolate home, cannot be pictured by a mortal. The warrior who had wooed her with such fiery words, now that he saw the change in her once lovely countenance, refused to wed such a disconsolate bride.

When he found that his daughter grew more and more dejected, and that she was going to die unless the burden of her sorrow was lightened, the Sun relented so far that he declared she and her exiled lover might meet on the 7th night of the seventh month of the coming year. She at once dried her tears, and something of her old-time lightness of heart returned, her spirits growing happier as the day she was to go to Kinrin drew nearer. The only fear was that the day might bring rain, when the river would be so swollen that she could not cross.

But the very elements were her friends. The day came and departed without a shadow. At evenfall the stars set their bright watch in the sky, and joy reigned triumphant throughout all the heavens. The magpies came as they had the year before for the exiled herd-boy, and spreading wide their wings made a safe bridge for Ame-kujo to cross over the broad river to her lover. His surprise was more than equalled by his joy, and with such happiness as only the pure and faithful know, the two lived those happy hours of the stars. She must leave him before the Sun should return from his nightly pilgrimage, and with sorrowful hearts the lovers separated, their only solace being the hope that they might be permitted to meet again another year.

In all the years that have fled since then, unless it be very stormy, on the 7th day of the seventh month, the faithful star lovers have met



NARRA TEMPLE GATE AND STONE LANTERNS.

in that far-off country of the sky, the great joy of their meeting made brighter by the hope that some time the banishment of Kinrin will be over, and that they will know no further separation.

On the 1st day of the eighth month it was expected that a grand annual festival would be held at Yedo, now Tokyo, in commemoration of the entrance of Iyeyasu, the founder of the shogunate, into that city. But modern Tokyo ignores all this show of military glory, and is happier in paying homage to the moon in the month which, according to the new



LANTERN MAKERS.

calendar, is fair September. There is an old saying in Japan that the moon of the springtime loses her brightest beams among the blossoms of the flowers; in the summertime the water reflects her image in purer tints than her own light; in the winter the north wind robs her rays of much of their lustre; but in the autumn all nature is her friend, and rejoices to see her at her best. Thus the harvest moon of Japan is the moon of festivities. Especially is this a poetic and romantic festival in the more thinly populated districts, where the old-time spirit still lingers, the laughing waterfall vies with the moon in her transcendent beauty, and the noisy cataract seeks to attract by its tumultuous forces what it loses in other

respects. Man, nature, and moon combine to make this the happiest event of a happy season.

Three things are wanted to make this festival a success: the time, the moon, and water. Tokyo is well favoured in respect to the last by the river Sumida; Osaka, by the noble Yodo, coming fresh from Lake Biwa; and if Kyoto is less fortunate in this respect her people do not know it, so the result is the same. While this festival has lost much of its ancient



BRACKET BRIDGE, FUKAGAWA.

glory, it has gained in the new order of things. Generous display of fireworks, hosts of bright flying pennons, pretty, vivacious geishas, decked in their daintiest costumes, their most fascinating grace of manner, their gentle refinement of womanhood, all aid in making this the happy fête it is.

A favourite place of holding one of these festivals was a bridge spanning one of the streams which drained the Fujiyama district. Upon building this bridge, in order to bring about the most good to the public, it was considered necessary to have the two happiest men in the province first

pass over the new structure. In looking around for proper persons, the officials were exceedingly fortunate in finding two men who had each been masters of homes for threescore years, and whose wives and children, twelve in each family, were all living. Therefore these gray-headed patriarchs were chosen to lead the way across the bridge, which had been painted a bright red as an emblem of a light heart. The venerable twain were accompanied by their faithful wives, while behind these couples marched, two and two, according to their ages, their grown-up children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, making a long procession. A vast crowd of spectators watched the train, laughing and shouting for joy, while showers of fireworks illuminated the night air, and the thunder of cannon shook the distant mountains. As was foretold then, the bridge has stood long and firm as proof of its happy beginning.

This was better fortune than that which befell another structure of this kind, which a powerful daimio in the Keicho era decided to rear across the river that had witnessed one of his victories, as a monument of his prowess. But when he came to build the bridge there seemed to be no solid bottom to the stream upon which to raise pillars to support the long structure, with its picturesque curves and multitudinous feet like the centipede. Thousands upon thousands of stones were thrown into the river, but as often as the bridge was constructed it would sink into the bed of the river out of sight. In his despair and disappointment at being defeated in what had seemed so slight a matter, when compared to his triumph over armies of men, Horio Yoshiharu swore by his beard that he would ultimately succeed.

Now it had been a heaven-ordained rule among men that no person should cross a bridge without having a *machi* in the back of his *hakama*; that is, a piece of stiff cardboard sewn into the garment to keep it smooth and in good shape. So when it was found that one named Gensuke had been accustomed to pass over this bridge as soon as it was reared without regard for this custom, the cause of the evil was quickly thought to have been found. Gensuke was instantly seized, and in order to appease the anger of the gods whom he had offended, he was buried alive in the bed of the river, where he sleeps to this day. The result was all that had been devoutly expected. The foundation for the pillars became as solid as the rock-ribbed hills; so the bridge was completed with what speed was

possible. There it stood firm and faithful for over three hundred years. The truth of this story was shown by the fact that the middle pier bore the name of the foolhardy man, and was known as the *Gensuke-bashira*. It was claimed by the believers that on moonless nights, at the dead watch between two and three o'clock, the pillar would be enveloped in a ghostly red light.

In the idyllic season of early autumn the festival of the chrysanthemum



MIYANOSHITA RIVER.

holds high place, and once Japan could justly claim the peerage of the world in this flower. If nature has been chary of her floral gifts to Dai Nippon, she somewhat atoned for this niggardliness by bestowing upon it the *kiku*, or world-famous chrysanthemum. The gardener, whose arts and skill in arranging beautiful parks abounding with artificial waterfalls, fountains, lakelets, rockworks, tiny bridges, and dwarf trees seem without limit, gives his best attention to this flowering plant. Sometimes he trains a number of these plants upon frames to represent scenes of national interest, and shows his love and adeptness in hundreds of ways. The

emperor's gardens at Akasaka afford a fine display of the chrysanthemum in its natural state.

Formerly a royal banquet was held annually in honour of this flower at the imperial court at Yedo. Then the women in higher walks of life engaged in rivalry to see who should be the fortunate one to send a blossom which should be accepted by the consort of the reigning shogun. Sometimes great enthusiasm and excitement ruled. If this has all passed away under the new order of government, the love of the chrysanthemum still remains with the Japanese, and they do not cease to praise its fitness for decorative work, its prolificness of blossom, the ease with which it can be massed so as to portray historic and legendary and mythological pictures. To them it is, in its many varieties, "the moon-touched flower," "the pearl of hearts," "crystal court," "the sleep of the gray tiger," "frost beam," "the jewel of the inner court," "the snow of the five lakes," and so forth. The festivals of the cherry blossoms and the chrysanthemums are the two fêtes of the year when the climate and the hearts of the people join in unison to make the very most of a gala season. A garden of a type foreign to the country, as many other things have usurped the old ideas and fancies in Japan, is now opened in the golden month of October in Tokyo, when the aristocratic and official classes help to swell the vast crowd visiting the magnificent display.

A prominent feature at the fairs which come late in the summer are great numbers of fireflies, imprisoned in horsehair cages, and for sale at a rin each. A rin, it should be remembered, compares to our mill. The Japanese have a sort of reverential respect for these little "earth stars," and among the pretty conceits related of them is the following :

Once upon a time an old woodsman saw a little moon-child on the branch of a bamboo, and he captured the tiny creature and took her home. His wife was delighted with the newcomer, who lived with them for twenty years. As she grew older a brilliant light overspread her body, so that the forester's humble dwelling was filled with the sweet smile of her presence by day, and by night she moved about his home like a lamp of gold. The stars paled to dimness when she went abroad, and the moon became dark and angry with jealousy.

Of course so fair a maid had many lovers, and among the others the emperor was so charmed with her beauty and sweetness that he wanted

to make her his bride. But a fairy had told her that twenty years would end her earthly existence, so she refused her lovers with kindly firmness, though without telling even the emperor her real reason. He became very angry, and threatened to take her a prisoner to his castle. But when he came to carry out his threat, lo! she took flight on a moonbeam, in her fright crying tears of silver. Then Mother Moon relented, and far away from the pursuit of the distracted emperor took the fugitive in her warm arms. Not having told the emperor her reason for refusing him, the tiny maid did not feel that she had done right, so her tears took wings, and on summer nights can be seen flying about everywhere searching for the disappointed emperor. He died many, many years ago, an old man, keeping in his heart a love for the proud little princess who dared to refuse an emperor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PASTIMES OF A PEOPLE.

AMONG the native methods of sport and amusement are feats of acrobatic skill, running, jumping, wrestling, juggling, living statues, trick monkeys, deformed animals, and shooting alleys, to say nothing of trials at archery, with bows eight or ten feet long and arrows of corresponding length.

The oldest of all the sports and pastimes is that of wrestling, supposed to have had its origin over nineteen centuries ago, and to have held its popularity through all the changes and vicissitudes, rise and fall of power, during that long period. Tradition, which is ever ready to nurture history, declares that as long ago as twenty-five years before Christ the peace of the island empire was disturbed by the boasts of one Kehaya, a member of the emperor's body-guard. As this gigantic wrestler grew more and more arrogant in his manner, it was finally proclaimed that whoever should be able to throw him should receive high reward. Accordingly some of the strongest men began to practise for a trial with him, but when they came to meet him he overpowered them all. This made him more overbearing than ever, and he loudly boasted that no two men in the empire could master him. This called forth a challenge from a certain soldier who had never been credited with any skill in that direction, and the bully quickly accepted. The venturesome soldier's name was Sukune, and everybody pitied him, believing he would meet the same fate as the others. But in this they were mistaken. Sukune had been preparing in secret for such a match for over a year, and when he came to contend with the mighty Kehaya he speedily overcame him, crushing him to the earth. Great was the rejoicing, and the victor was rewarded with a large estate in the Yamato province. He has the credit of fixing the code of scientific wrestling.

Be this legend or history, in 720 A. D. wrestling was given its first royal sanction, when Emperor Shomo and his imperial court extended public

patronage to it. One Shiga Seirin, of Omi, was master of the arts and artifices connected with it. He understood the forty-eight kinds of clutches and holds, having been the originator of many of them, and knew the gradations belonging to the game. He improved upon many



WRESTLERS.

of the grips, and established himself so well as master of the pastime that his successive descendants held the important and honourable position of chief umpire at court until the extinction of the family line in 1187, after 450 years of creditable rule.

The honour next fell on Yoshida Oikase, of Echizen, one of whose lineal descendants is the present chief, and who

is alone empowered to bestow upon the champion wrestler that badge of distinction which every ambitious follower of the order seeks as the ultimate reward of all his training and skill in overcoming his rivals, the *yokozuna*, a belt braided of two strands of white silk.

Tradition delights in attributing great size to the champions of this pastime, picturing some of them as tall as seven feet, and weighing between four and five hundred pounds. Such athletes among the slight-



Japanese Actors

pastime, picturing some of them as tall as seven feet, and weighing between four and five hundred pounds. Such athletes among the slight-



figured men of the race must have appeared like giants. It is needless to say that wrestlers of such wonderful size are not found to-day, though the contrast between their size and that of their countrymen is striking. It is nothing unusual to find those among them who stand six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds. This fact is accounted for by the custom of selecting only youths of uncommon size for this calling, and these come principally from the labouring class, which, as we have said, possesses greater stature and muscle than the nobility. From the time of having



ACROBATS.

accepted this calling, the follower diets for the purpose, eating only the most wholesome food, and abstaining from all intoxicating drinks.

The wrestlers of the country are divided into "camps" or factions, the Western and Eastern Camp. These are subdivided into classes, each with its champions. These camps hold grand matches in the spring and the autumn at Kyoto, Tokyo, and Osaka, and once a year in each important centre of the interior provinces. These trials take place within a ring formed by straw sand-bags. An umpire is given position inside the ring with the contestants, to see that the rules of the game are strictly followed, and to stop the battle as soon as he sees that one side is faltering.

The rivals strip themselves of all garments that are likely to interfere with the free movements of limbs or body, and agree to obey all rules and restrictions, which are many and often look intricate to the onlooker. The umpire's duty is no slight matter, and he is often called upon to exer-



ACTOR AS AN OLD-TIME WARRIOR.

cise strong expression of purpose to keep the wrestlers within the code of grips and thrusts. He who finally succeeds in throwing his adversary outside of the circle of sand-bags is declared victor. Utmost good feeling prevails inside the ring, but the spectators often become wild with excitement. One of the methods of rewarding the rivals is for members of the audience to throw their clothes to them, and redeem them afterward with money.

The bout between the contestants is not limited to one day,

but they are allowed ten days in which to end the struggle. The wrestlers are good-natured men, who never fall into the vulgar habits of the common brawler, and receive good remuneration for the following of their rugged calling. It is very seldom one of them transgresses the law, and an arrest is of rare occurrence. The goal toward which all are striving is the exalted position of *toshi-gori-yaku*, or "elder." These distinguished mem-

bers are the organisers of matches, become referees, look after the finances of the camps, and take pupils for the profession. There are over eighty of these elders at the present time in the country, while there are several hundred wrestlers.

Football, according to Occidental methods, has supplanted the old-style *ke-mari*, introduced from China more than a thousand years ago. The object of this game was to keep the ball always in the air, kicking it as high as possible. Goals were not arranged, neither was there any organised effort in the struggle. *Te-mari*, or hand-ball, is a pastime adapted to the feminine sex, and the young girls show great skill and grace in the manner which they play this popular pastime. There are numerous fanciful figures, calling out the ease and suppleness of movement for which the Japanese dancer is noted. During the game, as the actors pirouette and bound to and fro, the entire body of players keep time with some ditty sung in unison by the entire party.

Among the youth of the opposite sex kite-flying is the favourite pastime, even the adults deeming it not beneath the dignity of their age and experience. So deeply has this sport fixed itself on the people that special seasons are set apart for the trials. In some localities the boys look forward anxiously to the New-year's Day, as a time for kite-flying. On those occasions, the sky over some of the villages is literally peopled with kites of many sizes and descriptions. In some localities, the birthday of a boy is most properly celebrated by kite-flying, and, as soon as he becomes large enough to participate in the sport, he invites his friends to join with him in the merrymaking. On the day of the birth of a boy, his parents announce the happy event by sending aloft one of the messengers of the air to announce the coming of the young heir, and also to illustrate with its lofty flight their high aims and ambition for the child. If the family belongs to the lower class, it must be content with a kite of small size, but if the parents are among the nobility, nothing short of a kite of enormous size will satisfy the soaring aspirations. Thus, those of this class are as much as thirty feet in diameter, and carry a tail of red and white, or pink and blue, in alternate folds that reach for more than three thousand feet. Soaring high among the clouds, this enormous kite, with its bright-coloured appendages, presents a most beautiful spectacle, hundreds of people turning out to watch it. The moment it begins to descend, the watchers

stand ready to seize hold of the tail, tearing off section after section, to keep as precious relics of the happy event. The affair is ended with a feast, to which all are invited.

The grown people all over the islands have their seasons for kite-flying,



JAPANESE KITE.

but none is more famous than the great picnics of Nagasaki, which are enlivened with the spirit of rivalry and contest for the supremacy in this sport. The time set for these tournaments is three days in the beautiful month of May, when the entire population turns out to witness or participate in the pastime. Kites as large as twelve square yards and as small as a foot square, with bright fringes completely surrounding them, are sent upward the length of the holding-cord, usually from two to three hundred feet.

These kites are of uniform shape, the frame being made of well-seasoned bamboo ribs, slightly convexed to the wind, and attached to the flying-cord by several lines fastened at regular intervals around the rim. The most important feature in their construction is the covering of powdered glass placed deftly the entire length of the holding-line. The purpose of this is to cut whatever string it may touch of the other kites, and the great object is thus to cut loose as many of the other kites as possible. The kite

thus sent adrift is lost to the owner, and becomes the property of whoever may be fortunate or skilful enough to capture it. In these two directions lies the interest of the occasion, and so furious becomes the rivalry that exciting scenes are sure to follow. Not only are the kite-flyers eager for the trial, but there are kite-catchers, who station themselves wherever they may imagine is good vantage-ground, those positions most elevated being considered most advantageous. Thus many of them climb into the tops of high trees, and there wait and watch for the prize. Should it happen that more than one person reaches the disabled kite at the same time, the one nearest the end of the string is considered the fortunate person. If more than one can claim an equal advan-



A TOY SELLER.

tage, the kite is cut into parts and thus divided. Women, often beautiful girls, vie with boys and men in this exciting pastime, and many a lover's fate has been decided in these tournaments. Once, at least, the fate of Nagasaki hung on a flying kite, when two factions contended for the honours with an earnestness which threatened to end with a resort to spears and glaives in place of harmless kites. Fortunately the difference was

settled by a compromise, and peace again reigned. Usually the best of good humour prevails, and the results are accepted with commendable resignation. The cost of the *shi-yen-kai*, as this picnic is called, often depletes the pocketbooks of the most wealthy, all of which is taken as a matter of course.

If Nagasaki prides herself upon the skill of her kite-flyers, and Toas holds her a good second, Suruga claims honour in the matter of size. The kites of this place are monsters of a thousand feet square, or of "two thousand sheets," as they are called. The term "sheet" refers to the number of sheets of paper of which the kite is constructed. One of these kites costs about six hundred yen, and requires a cable and twenty men to fly it.

An extreme in the matter of size is found in the province of Owari, where the smaller the kite the greater the distinction. Here tiny affairs, miniature representatives of bees and cicadas, are sent aloft, attached to gossamer silk wound on ivory spindles.

CHAPTER XXV.

INDOOR RECREATIONS.

A WHOLE volume of good size might be written on dancing and dancers without exhausting the subject. Probably no art or custom of the Japanese has been as severely criticised, and it is equally true that no part of their social life has been so little understood. In Japan the dancers know nothing of polkas, waltzes, or quadrilles, their aim being to represent some ideal picture, such as the festival of the cherry from the planting of the tree, and the bursting of the bud into blossom to the gathering of the flower, or to describe some household scene or drama of war. The figures of the geishas are beautiful, and their entire action is pervaded with a grace and charm that must be seen to be appreciated. Dancing, according to Occidental ideas, has no place in Oriental life. In the former, that which portrays a happy motion of the dancer adapted to music is demanded, sometimes with a spectacular display, which is best illustrated by the ballet. In Japan these qualities are unknown. Here the art that pleases is the art which conceals the causes leading to the minutest result. We find all the grace of the Occident in the swaying of the body and the motions of the limbs, each of which is effected with a studied symmetry which deceives the unsophisticated spectator into the belief that he is looking upon that which is commonplace, when in reality it is something beyond his comprehension. He does not at first appreciate the rhythmical motion which offers no muscular development, but portrays to the initiated some rare incident of ancient history, legendary tale, or family folk-lore. The natural ease and grace with which it is acted comes only from long training of the dancer, who, after all, must possess a hereditary gift in that direction.

Dancing is taught the girls and boys as soon as they are able to go alone, and is never relaxed in the case of those who desire to become adepts. Few, if any, are lacking in the art, and public dances in which old and young, male and female, join in hearty response are of common

occurrence. Great events are generally observed and commemorated in this manner. One of the most noted dances of old time was that which lasted for a full week at Kyoto, soon after the capital was changed from Nara to that city, near the close of the eighth century. Another Kyotoan



GEISHA.

dance is worthy of special mention on account of the wonderful varieties of costumes, and the great number of people taking part in it. This was an expression of thanksgiving for the remarkable prosperity of the country, and each district represented was noticeable for its individual colour. The South, noted for a wonderful bird of crimson hue, chose scarlet; the West, the lair of the gray tiger of legend, had white crape; the North, the seat of military power, was distinguished by a becoming dark hue;

the East, where the great dragon inhabits the dark green sea, was known for its light green silk. Upon these distinguishing grounds were woven or embroidered designs and decorations of almost every shade and shape imaginable. It is recorded that on one of the fields were to be seen such ornaments as "a nightingale perched on a spray of blossoming plum; silver trout splashing in blue streams; snowy herons roosting among pine



NAGOYA CASTLE.

boughs at the shrine of Gihon ; fiery maples glowing on Kwacho hillside ; rosy cherry petals floating over the Otowa waterfall, or the vulgar Venus embracing a mushroom on the Inari Mountain," and innumerable other figures and designs as unique and beautiful, until it appeared as if the inventive skill of the weavers was without limit. Never before or since has such a picturesque concourse of people danced through the day in a maze of graceful and grotesque figures to the music of flute and drum.

Dancing is a prominent feature of the festival of the 7th day of the seventh month, when tiny misses, in high coiffures, spangled with silver pins and pink tortoise shells, and decorated with richly embroidered satin robes, set off with a broad belt of embossed gold and purple designs, are among the leading characters.

With the various dances and their checkered fortunes, it remained for the *kanjin-no*, commonly called now by its last syllable, to be put upon the stage as a part of the prelude to the acting. This was an ancient dance, which formerly fell from grace, to be placed by a daring admirer on the boards of the theatre in 1830, at a time when amusements of this



A FLUTE PLAYER.

kind were condemned by the aristocratic class. His name was added to it, so it became known as the *sensuke-no*. This dance and its powerful auxiliaries, which may be said to have had two lives or periods of existence, is purely a Japanese affair. Many of the other dances in Japan have been affected by Chinese influence, but this has not been the fate of the *no*, which has been compared to the drama of old Greece. To no other amusement do the Japanese lend their undivided interest as they do to this, and they never seem to tire of it, though the foreigner may witness it in disgust, and leave the place bored by its tediousness.

From the dancing-child has sprung, within a little over two hundred years, a character in Japanese social life which finds no counterpart in any other country. Almost at the beginning of the reign of this singular person it was declared that she was undermining society, and the nobility excluded her from their places of amusement. So for a hundred years the dancers of this class were content to accept such adulation and encouragement as came from public resorts where the best morals were not expected. After this long interval of ostracism the dancing-girls were allowed to return to good society, and they began to play an important part in polite circles. The picture of one of these "sirens of society" is that of a pretty girl in her teens, with an exquisite figure and a refining grace in all her manner. She is so slight of form and airy of movement, in her brilliant robes and sparkling head-dress, that she appears like a butterfly hovering about a light. Her tiny feet keep perfect rhythm to the tedious humming of the samisen, her flowing sleeves and parti-coloured skirts of bewildering folds rising and falling, swelling and contracting, with each graceful curve and motion of her supple figure, the whole rendered more fairylike by the red flame of the paper lanterns. Although profusely ornamented, she is tastefully dressed, and appears both modest and demure, but with an archness which gives piquancy and winsome delight to her manner. She is not only a model dancer, but she can play and sing, and is both witty and well informed. This is a description which does scant justice to the much-talked about, long-abused, and ever-admired geisha.

The very name is against her fair reputation, for it denotes that she is not a part of a household, but an adjunct of a *geisha-ya*, a dance-house. It betrays to those knowing the meaning of the term that she is a party to a contract made by her parents or guardian to another who shall give

her employment for a certain number of years. This contract usually means for seven or ten years, a portion of the proceeds going to her, and the balance — the larger half — to him who has undertaken her charge. If she enters her service before the age of ten years, she commences as an *o-shaku*, or cup-bearer, and five years later becomes what is denominated the *ippon*. This means she has advanced far enough to be entitled to an amount of compensation, or "honorary tribute," of twenty-five yen, in payment of an entertainment lasting during the burning of one stick of incense. She is now allowed to leave her dancing to her younger companions, while she devotes her time to music. She plays accompaniments for convivial songs, sings herself, perhaps, and enlivens the whole entertainment with her vivacity and ready tongue, never lowering herself be-



HOUSE CLEANING.

low the dignity of maidenly modesty. If she is particularly bright or pretty she soon becomes in great demand, and is often the recipient of what seems a good income. Besides this, she is entitled by license to pick up without question rewards along the by-paths of her calling. If she prefers to incur the risk of being found out without proper consent, she plies her arts in secrecy. While she improves these opportunities,

either bought or stolen, she has another and culminating object in her little head. This is nothing less than to secure a lover who shall be able to promote her from this public career into a home of her own. Much has been written about the geisha, — dancer, singer, artist, and vivacious little minx, so deeply skilled in artifice as to lose sight of art, — and her cousin, the *musume*, — the dainty, plebeian, picturesque girl of the tea-house; but while the foreigner cannot help admiring and condemning both, he does not really understand either.

In connection with what has been written here, the shadow of social sin is apparent on the bright surface of society. This becomes plainer when we learn upon investigation that the life of a geisha is not always lived as her personal choice might dictate. She, as a rule, becomes such through the request of her parents. They may be in straitened circumstances, and take this method of paying off an indebtedness. Looking still deeper into the situation, we find that she is a sort of cousin to another class of unfortunates, styled *yu-jo*, who are always the direct object of a trade. Continental Europe licenses her social sin, and Japan follows her example, except that she does not parade or exonerate her vice. Although the unhappy party to this bargain has small voice in the original transaction, she has the privilege to break that contract at her own free will. If she seldom does this, who, not thoroughly conversant with the true condition, is able to pass judgment upon her? That the delicate situation is felt and appreciated is shown by the fact that the wife of a Japanese gentleman has to show a respectable record for several generations back, and this fact more than anything else works against the marriage of the geisha, or *yu-jo*. The inhabitant of the Western world is perhaps most puzzled to know how it is that parents will become the prime factors in these unholy trades. Let them answer, not the victim.

The drama was brought before the public in a somewhat romantic way, near the close of the sixteenth century. A famous dancer named O-Kuni, having danced before the Shogun Yoshiteru, pleased that monarch so much that he granted her especial favours, and she became celebrated. But falling in love with one of the ruler's retainers, and their relations being discovered, she immediately lost public approval. Both losing their positions, she suggested that they dance on the public sward for a living. In this manner, what had been a religious dance was converted into a profes-

sion of a profane character, though she made certain modifications to suit their purpose. Her part having been previously a character of historic representation, picturing the enticement of the sun-goddess from her cavern, the transition was easier. She and her husband performed for a livelihood. For

some reason, she often assumed the part of a man, while he acted that of a woman. A rude platform was raised on the dry bed of the river, and they became known as "the river-bed folks."

As might be expected, their patrons were not of the higher class, but they met with a success that enabled them to live comfortably. Soon others followed them, but it was a long time before this establishment of a theatre was received with favour by the upper class. Seeking broader fields, and it may have been



TEA - HOUSE GIRL.

with the hope of elevating their standing, O-Kuni and her husband, with a goodly company, repaired to Tokyo. But there was no river-bed for their rude theatre; the danseuses deported themselves in a manner which brought down upon them public condemnation, so that finally, in 1643, government ordered that females should no longer act in public with men. The parts of females, if acted at all, should be taken by men.

This edict brought into the field an actor who was capable of taking

the feminine part of the play with a fidelity which defied the critics, and became so perfect that many refused to believe a deception had been practised. This actor, whose name was Genzaemon, had followers who carried the art even farther than he, so that the refinements of feminine deport-



AN ACTOR.

ment, the rare qualities and grace of the womanly parts were so accurately reproduced that it seemed incredible that such lifelike playing was the work of the male sex. The restriction forbidding women to appear on the stage has been removed, but such as have attempted the histrionic art have been so low in morals that they have not received public recognition. The theatre is now patronised by the better classes, but the actors have failed so far to win their way into the good graces of society, and

they are not likely to until they have elevated the standard of their own lives.

There are no chairs in a Japanese theatre, and the spectators must sit on their knees. The parquet is a bare floor, having neither benches, chairs, nor aisles. The better portion of the crowd sit within an enclosure separated by a rail, and corresponding to our parquet circle. This is raised about two feet. Between acts children are allowed to go upon the stage, and play at their will. If the heat is oppressive, as it often is, men appear

quite naked, except for the loin-cloth, and the women do not hesitate to remove their clothing entire to the waist, no one thinking it improper to do so.

Among the more intellectual entertainments the *gundan*, or war-story, deserves to rank first. This comes nearest to our lecture of anything in Japanese life, and has served more than all else to maintain an interest in the past history of the country, and to inform the people of its secrets. Until this form of public entertainment was instituted by some Buddhist

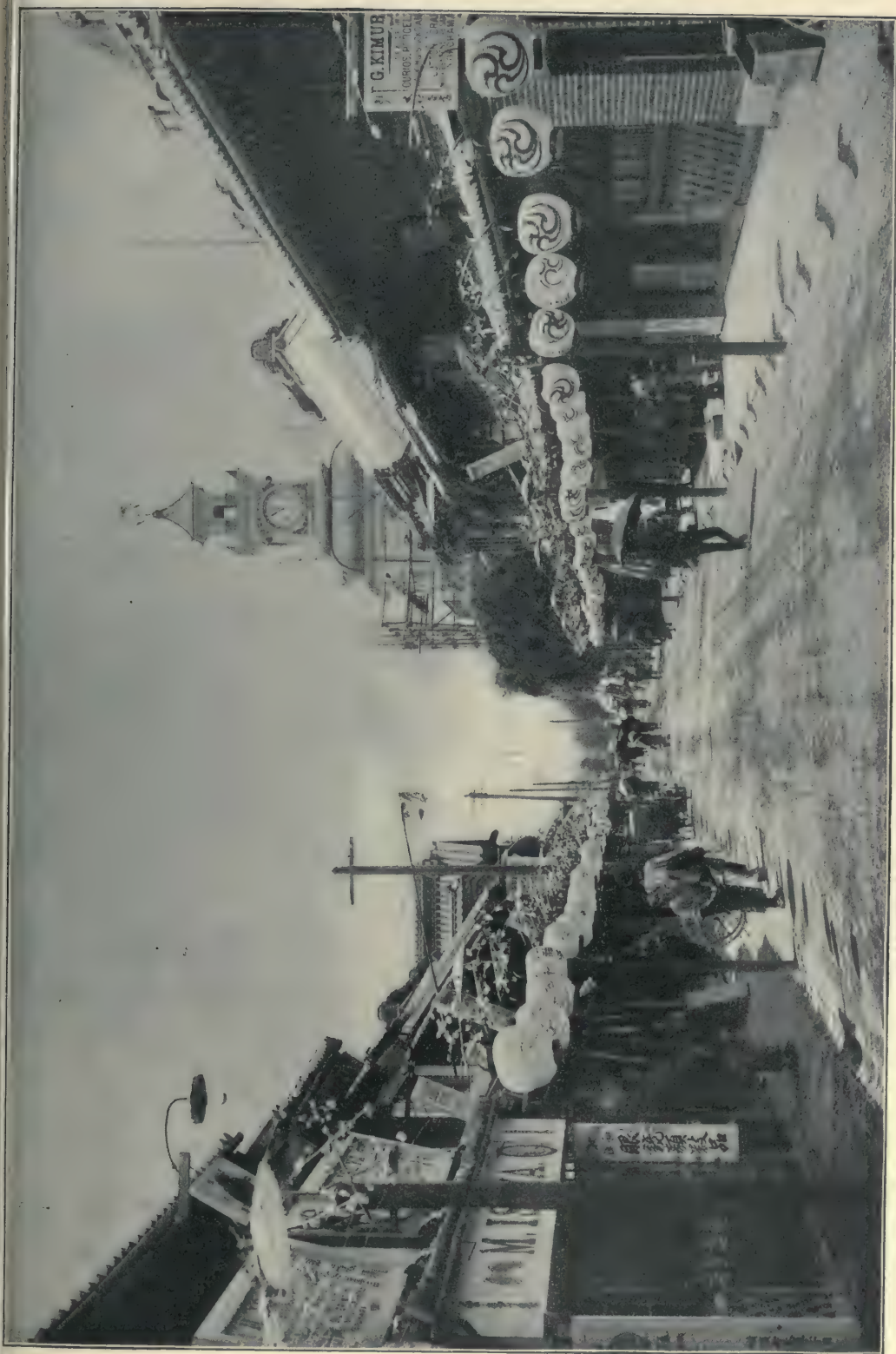


ACTORS.

priest, the common class was in woeful ignorance of the warlike aims and deeds of the patricians. In fact, such matters were not allowed to be discussed, and even the literature of the times contained nothing more than the bare mention of military events from time to time. For this reason even the patricians became densely ignorant of the history of their country. Thus, when the friars of mediæval Japan, who were possessors of this knowledge, began to give their recitals before patrician audiences, the *gundan* immediately became very popular. But it was two and a half centuries later before the lectures were given publicly, so that the common class could listen to these military classics.

This popularity came about through the misfortunes of one of the *sumarais*, who had figured prominently in the gorgeous pageants of his earlier years. As a means of making a livelihood, he stationed himself within the court of the temple of Twmma Tenjin at Kyoto, when a festival was in process, and began to relate in stirring language some of the scenes in which he had played a conspicuous part. The worshippers at the shrine soon gave him an attentive ear, and he reaped undreamed-of reward for his vivid portrayals. Others, seeing his success, and in need of such means to earn a livelihood, rather than to seek the vulgar calling of a trade, imitated his example. In this way men came to devote their whole lives to perfecting the art of oratory, so that, in time, the lecture became not only a favoured way of entertainment, but no little talent was displayed by the *raconteurs*. The narrator, or *koshaku-shi*, is no mere declaimer from some arbitrary text; what he has to tell has not been recorded in any public document. He moves through his recital with all the effectiveness of an actor, each part of his narrative being in perfect accord with the customs and environments of the period he describes. He attempts no dramatical display, but, seated on a mat before a desk, holding in one hand a fan and in the other a paper baton, he begins in a simple manner, gradually rising in earnestness and intensity, as he forcibly describes the passions that swayed the hearts of men, the gentle influence of women, the anxious prelude to battle, the clash of the contestants, — the swiftly-moving baton, as it falls sharply upon the wooden lecturn, giving a vivid idea of the shock of arms, the din of the armed combatants, the dash and surge of the wild hordes; and then the climax, the broken ranks retreating in wild disorder, and the hoarse cries of the victors, — all depicted with remarkable fidelity, until the spectators behold with their mind's eye the entire picture from beginning to end.

The amount of good done by these lecturers in imparting information to the masses can scarcely be estimated, and yet they are poorly paid, except in rare cases of the masters of the art. The followers of this profession are divided into what are considered schools, each division tracing its origin to some successful originator of that style in the past. All are devoted to particular descriptions of some feature of history, such as the treachery of some important clansman, the quarrel of some powerful chief, some critical point in the condition of the country, the rise of some obscure warrior, the



JAPANESE FESTIVE DECORATIONS, BENTENDORI, YOKOHAMA.

career of some renowned hero, the romantic love episode of an ancient gallant, and similar deeds and situations as may be easily imagined as belonging to the history of the romantic feudal age. There are over three hundred lecturers in Tokyo alone, many of them men of marked literary and oratorical ability. There are the tragedians, while there are those following a different line, who aim simply to amuse. This class take for their themes only romantic incidents, appealing to the sympathy or pleasure of their audiences.



A BROOM SELLER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS NEW.

IT was fifteen hundred years ago, under the reign of Emperor Richu, the seventeenth in descent from the first mortal sovereign, Jimmu, that an attempt was made to weave a history out of the confused mass of traditions and mysticisms enveloping the origin and rise of the Japanese people. From that date, 400 A. D., the history of the island empire may be readily divided into five periods, viz.: the first, beginning with the legends of the misty ages, and ending with the establishment at Nara of the wandering court of the Empress Jito in the early part of the eighth century; the second, comprising the early civilisation of Nara and Kyoto, ending with the twelfth century; the third, the era of civil wars, which closed with the battle of Sekigahara, 1600; the fourth, the period of the Tokugawa shogunate, closing in 1867; the fifth and last, consisting of the late years of foreign intercourse and Japanese progress under the present emperor.

It is not an easy task to trace the origin and growth of this people; to

discover amid the shadowy army of mythological beings the first ruler, Jimmu; to describe the dynasty he is said to have founded; to portray the civilisation that was built upon the ruins of tradition; the arts and literature that flourished amid such surroundings as we of the American Republic cannot understand, and at that period when the glory of this vast continent emanated from glittering temples and golden shrines, which have long since crumbled into ruins, without leaving a record of their builders. But if the blotted pages are filled with a bewildering array of rival rulers in all stages of power, a shifting rabble of worshippers at shrines dedicated to a medley of deities whom nobody professed to understand, until it is impossible to sift out the real from the unreal, and fix the actual situation in the mind, above the clashing of arms and confusion of scenes, as the image of the unsheltered Bronze Buddha remains to attest to the one-time glory of the Genji clan at Kamakura, while the dust of its castles has mingled with the sand of its plains, and the glitter of arms is drowned in the changeless sea, so here and there along the path of ages some stalwart figure, entwined with stories of heroism and nobility, stands out in bold relief. Foremost among these appears the Goddess of the Sun, who, in the traditions of a vivid-minded race, was the mother of royalty; at the head of the dusky army of the ancients rises the Empress Jingu; next on the shifting stage the invincible Hideyoshi, the Taiko, and the Caesar of the Middle Ages; Iyeyasu, the Augustus of the Golden Age; and then Keiki, the Cromwell of the Tokugawa shoguns. When we have seen these resume their places in the dazzling retinues, and noted their victorious marches, we have brought Old Japan before us, with its simplicity of common life, its gorgeous military pageants, its heroism and patriotism, its cruel ambitions, its displays of the love of life, and its remarkable indifference to death.

Whether the people now inhabiting Dai Nippon originally sprang from mixed races, and, if that were true, whether they were aliens to these islands, remains to-day a mooted problem, though the theory to be advanced here is that accepted by the majority of historians and antiquarians. As we are about to follow this trail of the races, our Japanese friend gravely reminds us that the very earliest inhabitants were descendants of the goddess that dwelt upon Tokama-no-hara, or the Plains of High Heaven. We lend a respectful attention while he relates the tradition of the gods.

In the misty past, before time, when all the world was chaos, and the stars and moon, the earth and sky, were formless and only a vapour, was the birth-time of the gods. Then only phantom shapes flitted hither and thither across the space of eternity, as clouds drift over the surface of the heavens. An immense bulrush-bud, piercing the infinite distance, gave birth to the first deity. This was followed by others, until, after three generations of created objects, and where the tip of the bulrush had pierced the space, four pairs of heavenly spirits came into being. For the



A COOPER.

first time a division was now made, and the last pair of gods were given the task of creating the earth. This couple, the source of all life, were Izanagi, the God of the Air, and Izanami, the Goddess of the Clouds. A fathomless gulf lay at that time between heaven and the chaos of region beyond, the space spanned by a floating bridge of heaven, one end securely upheld on a mountain peak and the other on the wall of distance. This pair, walking on the bridge, marked the void below, and the God of Air said to the Goddess of the Clouds: "Let us visit the kingdom beneath. There needs be a firmament there." Then he struck his jewel-tipped spear into the mass below them, and from the pearly

drops congealing on the point, an island was formed in the boundless region.

The earth-maker and his companion then descended the Heavenly Bridge to see what sort of a country had been formed. The sight of it pleased them so much that Izanagi called up a high mountain to hold the end of the floating bridge, and he and Izanami, pledging themselves to wed and remain together on the earth, set out separately to explore its distant parts. He followed the foot of the mountain toward the east, and she going toward the west, they kept on until eventually they came in sight of each other. Upon discovering him afar off, the Goddess of the Clouds exclaimed, with undisguised admiration, "How pleasant it is to meet such a noble-looking youth!" Wishing to be equally as gallant he replied, "Not so pleasant as it is to meet such a fair and lovely maiden." The couple then completed their marriage by clasping hands and began to set in order their new home.

Soon afterward their bright prospects began to darken. The new lands created by Izanagi proved barren and desolate; their first-born son was weak both in body and mind. Disappointed in each other and everything about them, they returned to the palace of the heavenly spirits, when they were told that all their misfortunes had taken place because Izanami had been the first to speak at that meeting beyond the mountain world. To recover the treasures they had lost they must woo and wed again, being careful this time to obey the divine injunction. The couple again crossed over the floating bridge, and Izanagi speaking first when they met on their journey around the mountain, great happiness came to their lot. They created all the islands of Dai Nippon, and from the foam of the rolling breakers, as they surged against the mainland, was formed China and the rest of the world. They had children born to them, the Ruler of Rivers, the Deity of Mountains, the God of Forests, and the Goddess of Flowers. Izanagi was much pleased, but as he looked around over the beautiful landscape, lonely in its glory, he said, "There should be one higher and nobler to rule and protect this fair world."

A daughter was born to this couple, and her beauty was so dazzling and her deportment so regal that nothing below a throne in high heaven would suit her station. She was Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, and the joy of Izanagi was so great that he exclaimed: "She shall rule the universe

from the Blue Plain of High Heaven. Her clear smile shall gladden the whole world. Fleecy clouds shall be her handmaidens, and glistening dewdrops her messengers of love."

After the birth of the Goddess of Light a son was born to the happy deities, and as his was a dreamlike beauty of the gentle evening, he was given a home in the far sky, and given alternate rule with his sister. His name was Tsuku-yomi, the Moon God. Izanagi and Izanami had other



A GARDEN CASCADE.

children, who were not blessed with such glory. Two may be mentioned, the God of Fire and the more to be feared Susa-no-o, who preferred shadow to light, whose smile was a blight to flowers and plants, and who was given the sovereignty of the sea. He soon became extremely jealous of his sister Amaterasu, and resigning his kingship over the ocean reigned as the Moon God, in the hope that he might better outrival her.

The Sun Goddess was loved by all, and under the benign influence of her smile the earth yielded up from its treasure-house the iris and orchid, the cherry and plum blossom, the pine and bamboo, the maple and wistaria,

the rice and hemp. The mountains were clothed in deep green vestments, the plains strewn with flowers, and the Inland Sea veiled in silvery gauze. She had but to whisper her wish and it was answered. While she plied her shuttles celestial maidens sang of the joy and peace on earth.

Susa-no-o looked on all this by night and was angry from jealousy. So he did everything in his power to make existence miserable for his siste , who finally fled to a cave to escape his persecution. The universe was then plunged into darkness, and strife and turmoil reigned supreme. The



IRIS GARDEN.

gods, becoming alarmed for the welfare of every beautiful thing, and even for their own safety, assembled to see what could be done. Knowing that the Sun Goddess alone could save them, they began to devise plans to call her forth from her retirement. But plan after plan was tried and failed, until that of the magic mirror was resorted to. Great fires were built about the entrance to the cave, and eight hundred merry maidens were told to laugh. As the merry peals of laughter made the earth tremble, Amaterasu looked shyly forth to discover that it was light, when she had supposed that darkness was reigning. Upon asking what this meant, she was told that a goddess rivalling her had come among them. She believed

this when she gazed into the mirror and saw her own matchless reflection. This caused her to step outside the cave, and, to stop her from returning, a rope of rice-straw was deftly drawn across the entrance. The eight hundred merry deities cried out, "May the Sun Goddess always stay with us." Thus darkness was driven from the world and happiness and rejoicing again held sway.

But if freed from darkness, the earth was still peopled with evil spirits,



GARDEN AT KAGOSHIMA.

and there was no peace by day or night. Then the deities decided to send some one down to quell the wild riot and prepare the people for the rule of Amaterasu's grandson, Prince Generous-Giver. But of the agents sent to do this difficult task, as many as three failed. One lost courage at the very outset; another fell a victim to the violence of the mob; and still a third was captivated by the blandishments of a beautiful maiden who met him on the seashore. He found life here so fascinating that he forgot his mission, even forgot his brother deities, and revelled in the toils of a



THE TOILET.

vulgar life. Finally the Sun Goddess sent a pheasant to inquire why her messenger tarried so long. But the delinquent deity was so angry over the appeal of the bird that he shot her with a bow and arrow. The pheasant fell, and the arrow continued its flight to the feet of the Goddess of the Sun on her throne in high heaven. Anticipating that evil had befallen her loved pheasant, from the blood on the shaft, she sent the arrow back to earth, with the injunction that it find the evil-doer.

A mighty storm arose soon after, and on its wings the dead body of



AN INLAND SEA.

the faithless prince was laid at his father's feet. Then there was weeping and wailing, for he had been dearly beloved, and a great mourning-house was raised. But in the midst of this lamentation a brother of the dead prince appeared, and was mistaken for the traitor. This so offended the former that he cut down the mourning-house with his ten-grasp sword, and scattered the ruins to the four winds of heaven.

This feat caused the others to declare that he, Taku-Mika, was the very one to subdue the evil spirits below. In answer to Amaterasu's request he started at once on his warlike mission. He was accompanied by a boon companion named Tori-bune. Upon reaching the shore of the

troubled land, in what is now the province of Idzumo, the doughty twain placed their swords on the crest of the waves, and seated themselves on the points of the weapons. In this manner they were able to defend themselves from the evil spirits of the earth until they had conquered them.

The Goddess of the Sun was greatly pleased over the exploit of her latest emissaries, and she at once instructed her grandson, Ninigi, Prince Generous-Giver, to go at once to the earth and begin his reign, which she foretold would be one of peace and plenty, and from this fact he became known as "Ruddy-Plenty, the Rice Prince." Among the treasures that she gave him was the famous mirror, which had restored light to the world.

Prince Ninigi looked on the vast pine forests, the reed plains and the mountains, the rivers and seas, and was greatly pleased with his domains. But this son of the gods was lonesome in the midst of his plenty, until he met one day on the shore of the Inland Sea a maiden of such loveliness as he had never dreamed. Falling in love with her, and learning that she was the daughter of the Spirit of the Mountains, he sought her father to ask for her hand in marriage. Now it so happened that this deity had an older daughter who he was especially anxious should wed before her sister. But she was very plain, and Ninigi would not take her in place of the beautiful Ko-no-hane, Princess Tree-Blossom. This so angered the older sister that she exclaimed in anger: "You have made a foolish choice. Had you chosen me, you and your children would have lived to a good old age; but as you have chosen my sister, all your children and children's children will perish as the blossoms of the trees." This explains why human life is not as long as that of the gods who lived on earth before the advent of man. But Prince Ninigi and his beautiful wife were very happy during their mortal life, and from them have descended the royal rulers of Dai Nippon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VIKINGS OF THE FAR EAST.

THESE legends of the early gods of Dai Nippon form a mythology wilder and more poetical than the descent of Ishtar as seen in the weird, supernatural visions of the Assyrians, and as grand and daring as the sublime entrance of Odin into the realms of Northland. The study of the traditions of these heavenly deities and their descendants is necessary to those who desire a better knowledge of the underlying motives of the Japanese decorator, who enlivens his art with living figures. It is also one of the richest fields of romance to be found in the ranges of imagination, and cannot fail to afford the antiquarian and seeker after legendary lore the highest reward.

Admitting that the Japanese have as sacred rights to their claim of a descent from the gods, as the many other races of men who have held to a divine origin, their traditions do not deny that these "heavenly comers" found at least one race of human beings already occupying the country they eventually possessed.

These early inhabitants, who, the antiquarian claims, were themselves usurpers, were the ancestors of the peculiar race already described as living on the island of Hokkaido, and known as the Ainu. The position of the islands of Japan in their close proximity to the mainland of Asia, the cradle of the races, would not only indicate, but seems to prove, that this race came from that country. If they had come hither across the narrow waterway, is it improbable to say that others came before and after them? In point of fact, the traditions of Ainu declare that an anterior tribe of pit-dwellers lived on the islands. Descendants of these are still to be found among the inhabitants of the Kuriles and Kamchatka. The Ainu were themselves of a Hyperborean race, emigrating from the cold regions of northeastern Asia to the more genial clime of Dai Nippon. They evidently drove out their predecessors, who were not numerous, on a triumphal march southward, as they in turn were headed northward

in later generations, and made to retreat over the same ground their ancestors had first taken. The Ainu were originally cave-dwellers. To-day it does not seem that they left any stronger mark upon their conquerors than the North American Indians did upon their victors.

This does not show, as it might be supposed to, that the Japanese are a pure race. There is a marked distinction between the two classes of Japan, the patricians and the plebeians. The latter have a darker skin,



COLOSSAL PICTURE ROCKS, ISHIYAMA.

coarser features, straight eyes, a forehead denoting a lower intellect, and a more robust physique. There being this difference, it is evident that we are again shown two tides of immigration, the inferior once more leading the superior, and eventually becoming their subjects. The conquerors in this case, from whom are descended the aristocratic class of to-day, were of slight build, a complexion varying from almost white to yellow, eyes set obliquely to the nose, with heavy lids and high eyebrows, small mouth, oval face, and aquiline nose. The limbs were symmetrical and the hands shapely. This race dwelt in wooden houses, kept domestic animals, such

as the dog, fowl, and cattle, wove hempen cloth, elaborated their dress with various trimmings, wore ornaments of jewels, and protected their faces with veils. The women were good cooks, and had various dishes among their household utensils, while the men forged knives, swords, and spears out of iron, and fashioned bows with feather arrows. This race, then, with superior intellect and enlightenment, was the heavenly immigrant that tradition says came to Tokama-no-hara, which has been



RIVER BANK OF MUKOJIMA, TOKYO.

identified with the more modern Yamato. If this gives romance a tremendous shock, history receives a corresponding thrill of pleasure. Before passing on to a closer consideration of the coming of this people, it may be well to say that the Japanese themselves consider this ancient body of immigrants as distinct from the Chinese, having come from the interior of India through Manchuria, northeast China, and on to Japan. Whatever closer affinity the Japanese of to-day holds to the Mongolian may have been acquired by centuries of desultory intercourse.

Allowing that Japan possesses two types of inhabitants closely intermixed, the earlier immigrants seem to have drifted hither from the Malayan coast, and must have come in large numbers, and the Ainu at that time could not have numbered less than several millions. With these Malaysians came also another stream of adventurers from the Korean peninsula by an easy route. The legends of Izumo show that these people played an important part in the ancient scenes of southern Japan. This brings us to the last and most important flood of immigration.

The *Kojiki*, or "Book of Old Traditions," reduced to writing at Nara in 712 A. D., and the chronicle, *Nihon-gi*, give us the first glimpses into the early history of Japan. However reliable these accounts may be, they go back to 663 B. C., thus covering 1,375 years. The *Kojiki* opens with an account of one Kan Yamato Iware, then a man of fifty, and the fifth in lineal descent from the Goddess of the Sun. This warrior, since styled Jimmu Tennô, "spirit of war," set forth from the east coast of the island of Kyushu, on a voyage of conquest, and, after a stormy passage, reached the Bay of Osaka. Here he was met by the Malayan hosts, but, after driving them back, succeeded in establishing himself at a place which he named Yamato, which was a part of his own name. He was accompanied by two brothers, having left a third at home.

When the maze of tradition, from which this account is taken, is considered, it can hold but slight claim to fact. But upon two points all ethnologists agree: that there was an invasion of this kind at some time, and that the invaders were Mongolians. Thus, having no proof to the contrary, it may be well enough to consider that in the sixth century, before our era, Jimmu Tennô, in the province of Yamato, founded the imperial dynasty of Japan. He and his followers evidently worshipped the sun as their god. They were the vikings of the Far East, who had boldly set forth to conquer and rule. In his long career of warfare, Jimmu lost his brothers, two by sword and one by noble self-sacrifice, the two highest forms of death, according to Japanese belief. He himself was the very model of daring and skill in war, hence his immortal name, "the man of divine bravery."

The chronicles are filled with scenes of battle. It seems apparent that after a few struggles, in which the followers of Jimmu were successful, he and his warriors formed a sort of alliance with the Malayan inhabitants

to overcome the Ainu or Yezo race, who hovered close upon their northern boundary.¹ The ancient chroniclers speak of no attempt to seek terms of peace with the aborigines, but from the outset it was a matter of extermination by the stronger party. Many and desperate encounters are depicted in vivid language. The weapons used by the Ainu were spears, bows and arrows, and a sort of sling which threw a deadly missile. Jimmu's warriors wielded iron swords, bamboo spears, whose points were tipped with iron



GENTLEMAN'S VILLA, BANCHŌ.

or copper, and bows and arrows, the latter having points of iron or stone. On many a hard-fought field the ground was strewn deep with the bodies of the slain, while slowly, foot by foot, the stubborn Ainu were driven toward the north, until at last, near the close of the eighth century, the main island was cleared of them.

¹ Tradition goes on to say that Jimmu and his warriors really suffered defeat in their first battles, and, upon holding a council to ascertain the cause, they decided that they had offended the gods by waging their warfare from west to east, a course contrary to the journey of the sun. Thereupon, they made a circuitous voyage to the south, to land at Arasaka. Marching now in a westward direction, as belonged to worshippers of the sun, they were everywhere victorious, until Jimmu and his followers entered the fair land of Yamato and established themselves there.

It is maintained that, during the latter part of this long period of warfare, the national anthem of Japan was composed, and sung by the armies of many different leaders as the soldiers rushed into battle. The following is the Japanese composition :

“Kimi ga Yo wa
Chi yo ni, Ya chi yo ni,
Sazare ishi no
Iwa wa to narite,
Koke no musu made.”

Sir Edwin Arnold has given us the following excellent translation :

“May our Lord’s dominion last
Till a thousand years have passed,
Twice four thousand times o’ertold!
Firm as changeless rock, earth-rooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed
Grow upon it, green and old!”

This is necessarily a somewhat free translation, for, as simple as the poetry of Japan appears, having no rhyme and no attempt at measure, it is really difficult, it might be said impossible, to catch the original spirit in any other language.

In those early days of conquest, the women of the followers of Jimmu proved themselves worthy of the companionship of warriors. The code of honour among the samurai class, which caused every woman to carry under her girdle a short dagger, which she was ready to plunge into her heart, if she were not able to reach that of her betrayer, rather than bear the ignominy of dishonour, was no more rigid in the days of feudalism than it was in the viking age of Japan. Cases are frequent in both periods where wives and mothers have killed themselves that their husbands or sons might be free to go to war. It is related of olden times that an archer failed to get the proper force to the flight of his arrow on account of his inability to hold back the shaft long enough to obtain the full power of the bow. Seeing his weakness, his young wife, holding in her arms their beloved baby, stepped in front of the husband, and made him try over and again to pull back the arrow, until it was proper to let it fly. Nerved by the terrible consequence of death to those he loved,



A Garden Garden, Kamakura



death by his own hand if he should fail, the man finally overcame his weakness, to become a famous archer.

In those days woman's opportunity was greater to become distinguished, especially in war, than it was in the period of more recent civilisation, when she was forced to seclude herself from the public gaze. To woman belongs the glory of the first conquest of Japan and the initial introduction of Asiatic arts, religion, and enlightenment.

Near the close of the second century a rebellion broke out in Kyushu,



YENOSHIMA.

the native land of Jimmu, and the reigning emperor of the island empire collected his warriors and set forth to put down the insurrection. As usual, the Empress Jingu accompanied her husband, and stopping at an island in the Inland Sea to offer her worship at one of the shrines, she was advised by one of the gods to counsel her husband to abandon this expedition to Kyushu, which could not result in any great profit, as the region in revolt was poor, and to undertake a campaign against a more distant country of vast wealth, where a bloodless victory would be assured him. She believed this, but she could not make him over to her views. He did consent, however, to ascend the highest mountain in those parts to look

for the promised land, saying upon his return, "I see no land beyond the water. Unless there is a country in the sky, you have deceived me. My ancestors worshipped all the gods, pray from whom did you get this information?"

So the emperor continued his expedition, and lost his life without quelling the rebellion. Then the dauntless Jingu rallied the shattered army, to be successful in routing the rebels. After this victory, confident the gods were to favour her, she prepared to carry out the plan of conquest in



HAKONE.

distant seas. She called about her the ablest war-chiefs of Japan, and disclosed her ambitious scheme, saying in conclusion, "I leave all the details to you. I am only a young woman, and, for fear the soldiers distrust the wisdom of an undertaking led by a woman, I shall disguise myself as a man. If we remain here in idleness, the safety and prosperity of our country must suffer. If we make this venture successfully, the treasures of a rich kingdom will be ours. It depends very much upon you for success, and the glory will all be yours if we succeed. I will be responsible for all the infamy that may arise from a possible defeat."

The veterans of many hard-fought battles listened with favour to what

she said, but it was not until after long and vexatious delays that Empress Jingu's army was ready to set forth on the hazardous enterprise, in 201 A. D.

It must be remembered that these vikings of the Far East had no certain knowledge of their destination, and from the various scouts who had been sent out nothing had been learned of land beyond the seas, so that only their Amazonian leader really believed that a country lay to the westward. Neither did these bold navigators have chart or compass to guide them on their course. The birds must be their pilots and the heavens their chart. But the gods seemed not to have forsaken the brave woman at their head, in male disguise, for the shore of southern Corea was reached without mishap. The king of this country looked upon the gorgeous fleet of the invaders with dismay, exclaiming, "Our gods have betrayed us! They have never told us of a country beyond ours where such ships could come from."

Under the impulse of fear the Coreans displayed white flags and surrendered without offering any resistance. The wealth of the country was laid at the feet of the conquerors, and the king swore that so long as the stars shone and water ran down-hill Corea should be faithful to Japan. Empress Jingu gave token of peace by placing beside the gates implements of war, and accompanied by eighty ships laden with gold, silver, silks, and valuable goods of many kinds, set out with her fleet on her return from the proudest expedition Japan had ever known. The empress soon after bore a posthumous son, named Ojin, who became a noted warrior, and was deified as the God of War. He shared with his mother the glory of this Corean conquest. Since that illustrious day nine empresses have ruled Japan, and some of them with great wisdom; but not one has become as renowned as the Empress Jingu, with whose proud achievement originated the haughty boast of the Japanese, which lives yet, "The arms of Japan shine beyond the seas." Richer than the stores of nature which accrued from her conquest were the treasures of art, science, medicine, literature, philosophy, and religion that followed as the fairest heritage of this fair conqueror.



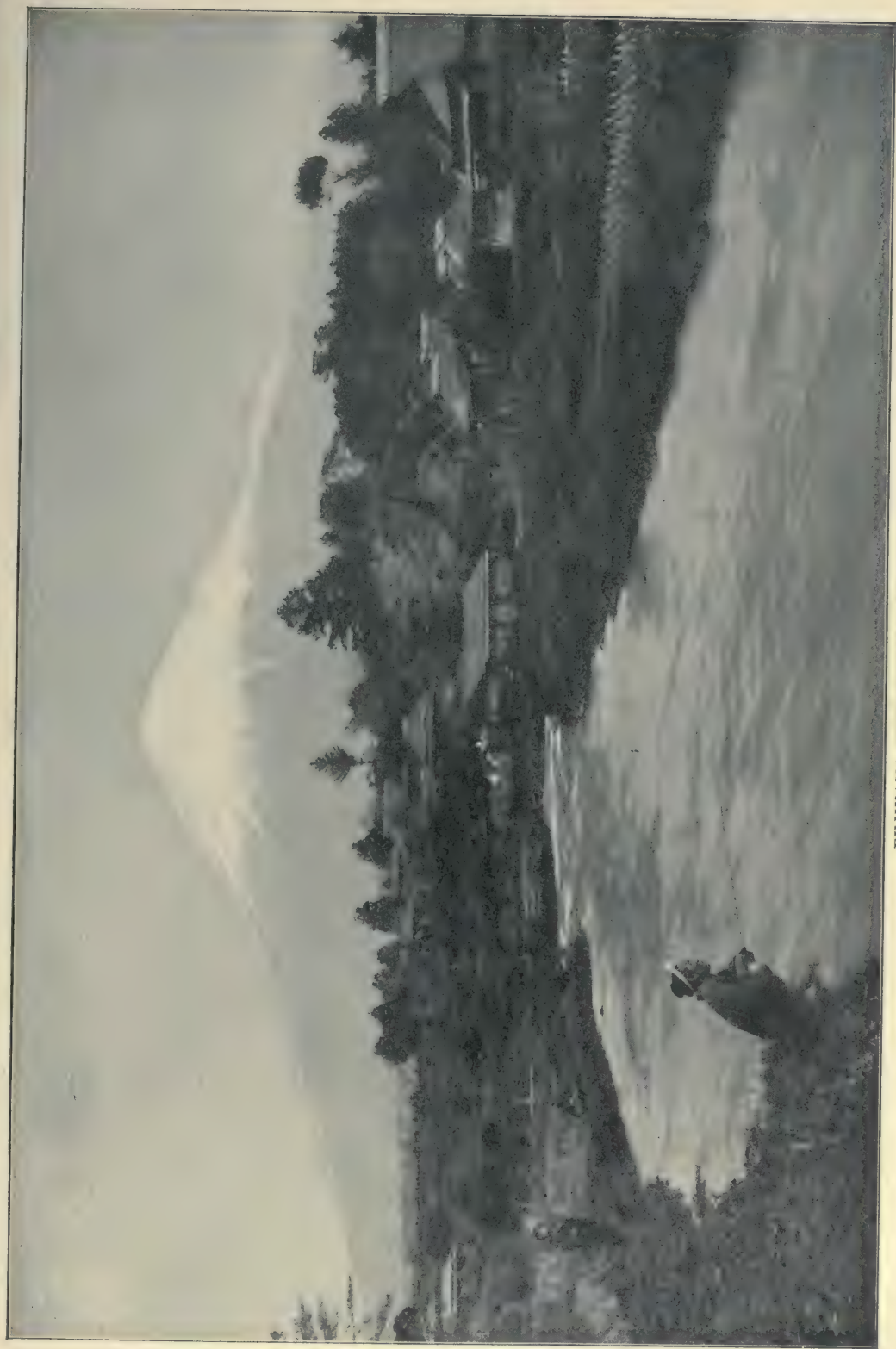
THE CHERRY BANK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIVE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

ALL this took place under the creed of Shintoism, until, in the sixth century, Buddhism was introduced from Corea as one of the fruits of Empress Jingu's victory. Soon after this an affair occurred which has been given a prominent place in the annals of that time. It was nothing less than the assassination of a ruler, Emperor Susun, which arose from royal intrigues and internecine quarrels. This is claimed to be the only crime of its kind in the long history of Japanese wars and struggles. It resulted in placing a woman upon the throne, the Empress Suiko, who was the first female ruler, the Empress Jingu having never been at the head of the empire. The claim was made that the new religion had been the cause of the murderous affair, and that under the old religion it could never have occurred. A prince of the imperial family made the ingenious explanation that the deed of violence had been a visitation upon the deceased for some misdemeanour done by him while on earth under another form, so it was accepted as a fulfilment of Buddhist doctrine.

Through this questionable act that branch of the royal family known



FUJIYAMA FROM ORNIYA VILLAGE.

as the *Soga* came into the ascendancy, but its success caused its representatives to commit such indiscretions that during the reign of Empress Kōkyoku (642-645 A. D.) it fell from power and never recovered its lost prestige.

The succeeding monarch was Kamatari, who traced his ancestry back to Jimmu, with as much certainty as did many others of royal aspirations. His valiant achievements won for him the title of "Fujiwara," which means "wistaria plain," chosen, no doubt, from the signification of the hardihood of this lusty flowering shrub. The family thus founded wielded the sceptre of Japan for five hundred years, and under its régime the country rose in power and enlightenment. It is claimed with ample proof that it is the most ancient and noble family in the world. About ninety-five per cent. of the nobility of the Japanese court of the present day claim descent from Kamatari, and fifty-five families bear the name of Fujiwara.

Under this line, in 702 A. D., the notable body of laws called the Taiho Code, from the era under which it was promulgated, was created, by which separate departments were organised for administering the executive, judicial, criminal, and civil laws. With the increase of royal aspirants for position, and other complications arising in the machinery of these departments, in 888, the functions of the offices were concentrated into one, under the title of kambaku, or regent, a term it will be well to bear in mind, as it played an important part in the succeeding history of the empire. The emperor consenting to this, his power was considerably curtailed by an edict declaring that henceforth every official act of the ruler must be passed upon by this regent. The power of the military class thus began its ascendancy. It now possessed the control over life and death, reward and punishment, in times of peace as well as in war. Each province now had its military head, ostensibly to put down the bandits and marauding bands infesting the remote districts, while adding materially to the armed force of the empire.

Gradually the influence of the emperor, or mikado, as the sovereign had been called, became more and more nominal. The very title of his office, which meant the "sublime gate," lost favour and has never recovered it. To intrench themselves more firmly in their position, that branch of the Fujiwara element which had assumed so much of the ruling power, created

yet another office with the avowed purpose this time of placing the military forces under him. The title bestowed this time was that now well known, but foreign appearing, term of shogun, meaning, as has been said, generalissimo. Military service on the part of the large class of samurai, the non-civilians, or people outside of husbandmen, artisans, and traders, was made obligatory. Great estates now rapidly came into existence, obtained generally by their holders through meritorious military service



HAMA RIKIU GARDEN, LAKE VIEW.

or special grants to favourite ministers. The priests also came into possession of powerful landed interests.

In fact, it was a period of great activity of personal ambitions on all hands except that of the successive rulers. These were still further weakened by the establishment of the rule that the male heir of the imperial family should marry a daughter of the family, his choice being restricted to five branches. The Fujiwara who was grandfather to this wife was to be the regent. The Fujiwara regency soon entered upon the grandest part of its career.

The country at the beginning of the twelfth century was enjoying an era of peace and prosperity. The two great clans of war had effectually overcome all enemies, swept the Inland Sea of its piratical hordes, and driven farther north than ever before the savage Ainus, or "grass rebels," as they were called on account of their habit of crawling upon their would-be victims from beneath the tall, dense grass which covered the moors in summer-time. Taxes rested lightly on the people, and, whatever the faults of the ruling powers, they practised economy and ruled with equity.



UMBRELLA MAKERS.

In the midst of this triumphal march across the stage of imperial government appeared almost simultaneously two rival clans, or federations of families. One of these was known as Minamoto or *Genji*; the other, as Hei-ke-gen or *Taira*. Both claimed descent by the imperial line from ancestors born out of wedlock, a sort of cousins, as it were, to the Fujiwara. Their ancestors had been poor, glad to accept from generation to generation some official position which would support them. The most sought-after had been the governorships of provinces. The first clan was now comprised of four families, while the second numbered as many as fourteen. From their very situations these two factions had been really

the holders of military power, which had grown with their ascension. The vast power of the military chiefs so largely in their hands, and the riches of great estates coming to them, the rise of these two powerful clans ended in a war which lasted for five hundred years,—the longest period of warfare recorded on the pages of the world's history. It was a civil war of terrible ferocity and undying hatred, as such strifes generally prove. It is true there were now and then cessations in hostilities, but they were mere breathing spells in the long and sanguinary contest which deluged the ancient capital in blood, swelled the rivers of the empire with crimson floods, and “wrung tears from the stars.”

It began as simply as many another protracted quarrel has commenced, with a dispute among the nobles as to who should succeed to the throne at Kyoto. It had been the scheme of the Fujiwara regents to allow no person at the head of the imperial line whom they could not control. For this reason youthful persons held the nominal powers, one after another, until, grown to stronger, if not wiser stature, they were either asked to abdicate or were removed by means sometimes less frank and not above question. In 1159 two aspirants for the sovereignty appeared, one the brother of a ruler who had died under suspicious circumstances, and the other a mere youth in the direct line. The rival clans espoused different claimants, and so fierce and high did the dispute run between the nobles that finally they came to battle,—a hotly contested fight, which historians describe with vivid words, largely on account of the peculiar relationship of the contestants, as the opposing families did not present each a solid front. The rival princes were uncle and nephew, while two of the Taira clan favouring different sides stood in the same connection. A son and a father of the Genji forces fought on opposite lines; and thus it was all through the ranks.

The Taira clan was led by the redoubtable Kyomori, and he was victorious, placing Emperor Nijo upon the throne; and it looked as though the Minamoto army was crushed beyond hope of recovery. But if the order of imperial succession was settled by a few hours of bitter slaughter, it had made wounds that would never heal. A war followed that, under the softening influences of centuries, affords proud pictures of chivalrous deeds, great personal heroism, remarkable military prowess, cruel injustice, questionable cunning, treachery, patriotism, and other qualities, good and



DANCERS IN SHINTO TEMPLE AT NARA.

evil, which accompany the hosts of war. The evil is largely forgotten in the memory of the list of warriors and statesmen that glorify the historic pages of that long and memorable era. Among the foremost stand forth conspicuously Kiyomori, Yoritomo, Yoshitsune, Yasutoki, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. The greatest general was Yoshitsune; the most



SCENERY IN THE HILL GARDEN, HONJO.

famous of them is Iyeyasu; the most remarkable, Hideyoshi, called the *Taiko*.

There are abundant sources from which the historian of that period of civil wars may draw his material, the most satisfactory being those of the *Heike Monogatari*, or "Story of the Taira," and the *Hogen Monogatari*, or "Story of the Genji." The Taira continued to practise the scheme of keeping an incompetent person on the throne, or at least one whom they could control. Thus the Emperor Shirakawa, ascending the throne at twenty-one, was thought to be growing too strong to rule longer at thirty-five, and was asked to abdicate in favour of his son, Horikawa, only nine; the latter was forced to yield in early life to Toba, who ac-

cepted nominal rule at six ; when sixteen he was succeeded by Shyutoki, aged four, who got out of the way at twenty-four for Konoye, only four ; he in turn, finding in his seventeenth year that he could not live, selected as his successor an elder brother, named Go-Shirakawa, who was both old and wise enough to threaten to become a thorn in the side of the Fujiwara. The Taira in espousing his cause accepted a dangerous trust, but were careful to send him to a monastery inside of three years, when he was followed by another succession of infant emperors : Nijo, eighteen at his



SCREEN PAINTING.

accession, twenty-four at his death ; Rokujo, ascending the throne in form at twelve months, and deposed at four years ; followed by Takakura, a boy of seven, who abdicated upon the day he became a man ; Antoku, a child of three, who was to end this sort of misrule upon the defeat of the Taira usurpation.

The Minamoto or Genji clan, at the time of its defeat at the hands of the Taira under Kiyomori, was led by Yoshitomo, who was put to death by his conqueror. Among the followers of this unfortunate noble was his son, a boy of twelve, and one of the bravest of his adherents. His name was Yoritomo, and in the battle he became separated from his father and

brothers, to wander alone through the city after the downfall of his clan. Meeting a friendly fisherman, the latter disguised him as a girl, and he succeeded in reaching the house of another friend, where he was urged to remain. But learning here of his father's unhappy fate, in spite of the entreaties of his companions Yoritomo resolved to try and escape into the eastern province, where he hoped to be able to raise an army strong enough to avenge the death of his parent. Accordingly, leaving his sword with these people, it being likely to hinder him in his flight, the undaunted boy set forth on his perilous journey.

Before he had left the city he was seen by a follower of the Taira, and being recognised was taken as a prisoner. Exulting over the capture of one who had shown such courage on the battle-field, his enemies condemned him to die. But the noble who had effected his arrest seemed to have repented of the act, and thinking of his own boy about the age of the captive, he asked him if he wished to live. Yoritomo replied, cautiously, "If I live there will be some one who can pray for the souls of my father and brother; if I die there will be none." This led the lord to think that he intended to enter a monastery, and he decided to try and save him. This was accomplished through a stepmother of Kiyomori, who was made to think that he resembled a son she had lost in his early youth. No sooner had it become known that Kiyomori had suffered Yoritomo to go free, than it was whispered abroad that he might as well have turned loose a tiger. As over twenty years slipped by without any foreboding of retaliation on the part of the son of Yoshitomo, the people ceased to think of him as an enemy to the Taira. But the dying words of the conqueror would show that he had not forgotten him, if his subjects had :

"Now that I must leave this life and power which I have wielded long and widely, I have one regret which makes dying bitter. It is the thought that I must die without seeing the head of Yoritomo, of the Minamoto. Say no prayers for me when I am dead until you have hung before my tomb the head of Yoritomo."

Meanwhile, Yoritomo had become a man of thirty-five, quiet, retiring in his disposition, strong and hardy of physique. He had not shaved his head and become a monk as had been expected, but he had lived with one of the chiefs of the province of Idzu. As the years had rolled past, one after another of his father's retainers had died or gone over to the assist-

ance of the rival powers, so it seemed that whatever ambition he may once have had of recovering his heritage was slipping away. But a woman and a dream were destined greatly to influence his future.

Believing that it was time for him to get married, Yoritomo decided to try and get one of the daughters of his master. An unfortunate love-affair earlier in life had given him reason to move with extreme caution in this. This escapade had caused this lord with whom he was making his



ARTIFICIAL CASCADE IN A LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

home to keep his daughters — he had two — secluded from him, which made his undertaking more difficult. He had heard that the older was very beautiful, while the younger, who was only her half-sister, was quite plain. But this did not deter him from trying to win her, and he hoped to do this largely through the influence of her mother. So he despatched a love-note to her by his servant, who proved to be more ambitious than faithful. Surprised that his master should seek to win one so plain, he changed the address to that of her sister, Masako, who was noted for her beauty and wisdom.

In the meantime, another element than deception had entered into the combination of circumstances, for the previous night the younger sister had dreamed of a pigeon flying toward her with a golden basket on her beak. Upon being told this dream, her older sister offered to buy it. The other was willing, saying she would accept in exchange a mirror the latter owned. "The dream," she thought, "is no doubt a delusion, but the mirror is beautiful and real. I have longed for it, so take my dream with all it may bring thee." How much this had to do with the forgery of the love-message cannot be told, but Masako was made happy by it, and, having no mother in whom to confide, she kept her secret from all but Yoritomo for some time.

While the lovers were plighting their troth, Masako's father was in Kyoto, and upon his return he announced that he had promised her hand to the Governor of Idzu. If this complication seemed to offer serious interference with the plans of Yoritomo and Masako, she soon suggested a scheme by which the word of her father might not be broken, while she could keep her faith with her lover. She consented to marry the governor, but within an hour she was flying from the scene with Yoritomo, whom she wed that night. This course satis-



VILLAGE STREET.

fied her father, and later he became a staunch supporter of his son-in-law.

Masako proved both wise and ambitious, and no sooner was she the wife of Yoritomo than she began to urge him to attempt to regain his rightful possession, and with her father did much toward helping him raise an army of followers. Prince Moshihito, the second son of Go-Shirakawa, who was still living in banishment, took up the cause of the Genji or Minamoto clan, sending a message to Yoritomo to lead an expedition



VIEW ON SUMIDA RIVER.

against the Taira force. But so few answered the united appeals of the bold rebels, that in a short battle Yoritomo was defeated and obliged to seek shelter in the fastness of the Hakone Mountains. Pursued by his enemies, he was driven to seek concealment in a hollow tree, when his life was saved by a bird. Just as the Taira forces reached the place, a wood-pigeon flew out of the opening into which Yoritomo had crawled a moment before. Judging that no human being would be in the hollow just deserted by the bird, the searchers passed on in a fruitless endeavour to find their enemy.

Undaunted by his misfortunes at the outset, Yoritomo went on calmly

collecting recruits until he had a respectable army, when he intrenched himself at Kamakura. At this time a half-brother, Yoshitsune, nicknamed "the young ox" on account of his great strength, rallied to the assistance of Yoritomo, and while the latter fortified himself at the future capital of the Genji clan, he marched boldly against the imperial army. This he met on a marsh a little south of Kyoto, and speedily put to rout the hosts of Taira. Following up his success here, he kept on toward Kobé, leading his forces against the enemy so furiously at Fukuwara that he was again victorious. The commander of the Taira now sought safety by flight, hoping to reach Kyushu by sea. Again Yoshitsune showed his promptness and swiftness of action, and collecting a fleet of ships gave pursuit. He overtook the Tairan army in the Straits of Shimonoseki, where one of the most noted naval battles in the history of Japan occurred. Victory seemed to be permanently perched on the banner of the indomitable Yoshitsune, who annihilated the fleet of the Taira, the few survivors of the once powerful clan seeking safety in the mountains of Kyushu. A significant incident of this overthrow of the Taira power at Dan-no-ura was the voluntary seeking of death in the sea by drowning of the widow of Kiyamori, who, with the last of the boy emperors, Antoku, her grandchild, in her arms, sprang overboard rather than to fall into the hands of their vanquishers. To this day the descendants of that ill-fated clan listen with melancholy interest to the Homers of that far land singing with peculiar pathos the rhythmic prose of "Heike Monogatari," the last of the Tairas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONQUEROR OF A CONTINENT.

NATURALLY this warlike era, whose chief merit was the making of soldiers, abounds with tales of personal heroism and individual sacrifice of life. Nor are these confined by any means to leaders with their all at stake, but are distributed with a liberal hand among the rank and file. One of the first class that has outlived the stormy period is the story of the Genjian noble, the Regulus of Japan. Yoshitsune had concentrated his army before Fukuwara, and was waiting for the favourable opportunity when he should hazard an attack. During this brief delay a noble from among his force was sent into the enemy's camp to ascertain their real strength and their most vulnerable point.

The noble who had been chosen for this difficult and dangerous undertaking immediately prepared to carry out the order of his commander. But, while he acted with extreme caution, his disguise was penetrated by one of the sharp-eyed Tairans who had met him, and he was captured and held as a spy. This occurred at the very time when the besieged army was trying to make a defence until succour could be sent to its assistance. Rikiya, the captured spy, saw and understood the critical situation of the city, and longed for the opportunity to communicate the news to Yoshitsune.

Exulting over their capture, the Tairan forces thought to profit by it to their utmost, and with this purpose in mind, offered the spy his life if he would divulge the actual strength of Yoshitsune's army and his intentions. The Spartan hero showed no truer spirit of fidelity to his countrymen than this Regulus of Japan, who haughtily refused to say a word. The most cruel of tortures were then applied to him, in the hope that he might weaken. But no pain they could inflict upon him caused him to flinch. In the midst of his sufferings he decided upon a plan which he believed would enable him to accomplish the desire of his heart. So he feigned to yield, and acknowledged to his tormentors that if they



PUBLIC BATH.

would take him to the bank of the moat, where he might gaze for a last time upon his friends and relatives, he would give them information which would be the great surprise of their lives.

Eager to improve any advantage, the Tairan commander agreed to the terms, and Rikiya was taken at once to the desired spot. Once there, he beheld not only friends and companions-in-arms, but his dearly beloved wife and children. Equal to even this ordeal, he shouted to them the



MOOR AND LAKE VIEW, FUKIAGE GARDEN.

exact situation in the camp of the enemy, their weakness and fears, and then turned with calm resignation to meet the vengeance of his maddened captors. He met his fate with a smile on his lips, satisfied in the consciousness of having done his leader the highest favour in his power. Yoshitsune immediately attacked the city, and though he won a proud victory he was too late to save the hero of the day. And this is but a specimen of the many tales of heroism in the times when man's most exalted trade was war.

With Yoshitsune's victory at Dan-no-ura over the Taira, in 1185, the

supremacy of Yoritomo was assured, but now follows the cloud that has ever darkened the brightness of his fame as a ruler and a general of armies. He had established himself at Kamakura as his capital, and upon receiving the news of his brother's victories, which had been greater than he had dared to hope, acting no doubt upon the advice of unwise counselors, he prepared to avoid meeting him, instead of welcoming him with the honour so valiant a warrior deserved. Upon reaching the great gate at



SAMBUTSUDO, NIKKO.

the temple in the village of Koshigoye, Yoshitsune was told to halt, and there deliver over the trophies he had won to a person who had been delegated to bear them to Yoritomo. Finding now that his fair name had been tarnished with an evil report of personal ambitions which had never existed, he wrote his brother begging him not to be blinded with prejudice against him. This letter, full of tender and brotherly love, is still in existence, and is taught as a model among the schools of Japan. After waiting several days in vain for a reply, the conqueror went to Kyoto, bereft of his command and his every step dogged by spies. From

the imperial city he went to his old haunts at Mutsu, and from that time we have three conflicting accounts of the fate of this heroic man. One of these is that he was followed into his seclusion by the spies of his brother, and finding himself unable to escape the toils of his jealous oppressor, after first killing his wife and children, he committed hara-kiri, and his head, preserved in saké, was borne in triumph to Kamakura.

Another and more pleasant version declares that Yoshitsune escaped his enemies, and reached the island of Hokkaido, where he lived many years among the Ainus, loved and respected by them. When he died, a shrine was raised above his grave at Hitaka, and to this day his spirit is worshipped as a god by this people. Tradition, which has ever a fairer conception of justice than history, declares that Yoshitsune not only reached the island in safety, but that he crossed over to the mainland of Asia. There he proved his old-time valour by making himself famous the continent over as the renowned Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, eventually reaping a harvest of vengeance through his grandson, who invaded his homeland years later at the head of the powerful Tartar band which gave Japan so much trouble, as we shall soon describe. The evidence is very much in favour of this sequel, which is supported by the Chinese, who say that Genghis Khan was one Yoshitsune, who came from Dai Nippon.

Be that as it may, while Yoritomo has been declared the Napoleon of the Far East, the fame and good name of the man who really won his battles for him outshines his. The latter is preëminently the hero of youth. His picture is to be seen on the boys' kites; his effigy is one of the leading features at the annual festivals of the boys of the land; art, song, and story have combined to make his name immortal; while the aboriginal race of Japan join in worshipping him as a god.

If we passed over somewhat hastily the dazzling achievements of this ideal warrior of Japan, whose sturdy figure at this distant day towers above all others in that era of great soldiers, the career of Yoshitsune deserves more elaborate description. He was born in 1159, and, accepting the accredited claim that he was the conqueror of Asia and the founder of the line of Manchu rulers of China, he died in 1227, his entire life reading more like romance than a chapter of history. Yoshitomo had, besides Yoritomo, five legitimate sons, all of whom met tragic fates, while

Yoshitsune was the youngest of three sons born out of wedlock, whose mother, Tokiwa, was one of the fairest women of Japan. Her name is remembered now as a synonym for womanly devotion unto love and duty. She was holding this babe in her arms when the news reached her of the death of his father, and of the danger menacing her life and the lives of her children. Taking these with her, she fled at night-time through a blinding snow-storm to her girlhood home, Tokiwa Castle. There she was astounded to find that the castle was in the hands of the enemy, and her mother at that hour under sentence of death. Dazed by this terrible



VEGETABLE SHOP.

situation, she saved her mother by allowing her children to become her ransom. A short time after, she purchased their freedom with the offering of her beautiful person to the wishes of Kiyomori. Her memory is enshrined in the pathetic story of that stormy night's flight.

Yoshitsune was taken to a monastery at Kurama, where he stayed until he had tired of the litanies and *sutras*, when he ran away to become a follower of the sword. He had become a remarkable swordsman already, and at twenty-one offered his services to his half-brother, Yoritomo, whom he had never met. His youthfulness and inexperience made his campaign in the West, which resulted in the complete rout of the Tairan army, all

the more wonderful. It is justly considered the most brilliant series of victories ever won in Japan, and it is doubtful if the skill with which he met the enemy, and the rapidity with which he acted, especially in collecting vessels and pursuing the Tairan forces, finds its match in the history of the world at that day. With the praise of this prodigious feat ringing in their ears, it is little wonder his companions were awed by the presence of the conquering hero, or that Yoritomo suddenly grew to fear him.

Around his short, stoutly built figure cling many hero-tales of personal



A BASKET SELLER.

proWess, and the gundan, or war-tales, of that period give vivid records of his tragic fate, and the heroic defence made in his behalf by a handful of chosen followers; how his giant glaivesman, Benkei, next to him the best swordsman in the land, broke the handle of his glaive short, so he could best use it in close quarters, and fought irresistibly until he was entangled in ball-chains thrown about him by his enemies. Just beyond him lay the dead forms of Yoshitsune, his wife, and child.

This may have been so, and the head sent to Yoritomo have been that of the dead conqueror, but the evidence goes to show that Yoshitsune was already in Tartary, or on his way hither. He was then between thirty-

one and forty years of age, and at the exact time when Genghis Khan became noted on the banks of Amur River. Tenjin is supposed to have been the name he took. Of course there is little but tradition at this late day to fix the identity of the two great generals as one, but all of these favour the idea.¹ As a matter of history, the Genji clan of Japan always fought under a white banner, which was the ensign of the Mongol army. The mother of Genghis was said to have been found by her lover in the snow, a story bearing a close resemblance to the account of Tokiwa's flight through the snow-storm and darkness with Yoshitsune in her arms. There are many other lines of evidence which lend currency to the belief that the conqueror of the Taira clan became yet more famous as the conqueror of nearly all of Asia. But they need not be repeated here. Without or with them, the fame of Yoshitsune is safe in Japan.

¹ An annalist who has studied into this matter says: "It is difficult to conceive any pseudonym which Yoshitsune would have been more likely to choose than 'Tenjin.' Another suggestion is that he called himself Tengu-jin in allusion to the popular fancy that his remarkable skill in fence had been derived from the teaching of the King of the Tengu. Then the clan at the head of which 'Temujin' made his first conquest was the 'Nirongoun,' and the meaning of the word is said to have been 'children of the sun.' The little band of men that followed Yoshitsune from Oshiu and received an accession of strength in Yezo before crossing to the continent, were 'Nihon-jin' (Japanese), or men from the land of the rising sun. When 'Temujin' began to acquire dominant military power, he called himself 'Genghis-khan;' or, to speak more correctly, he assumed a name which tradition calls 'Genghis-khan.' Yoshitsune was a scion of the Minamoto. His family was 'Gen,' and the name of his clan, 'Genji,' or 'Genke.' 'Gen' is, in fact, the alternative pronunciation of 'Minamoto.' Moreover, 'Minamoto Yoshitsune' has for its alternative sound 'Gen Gekei.' Further, the 'Minamoto' signifies 'water-source;' the word 'Kian' or 'Khan' is traditionally alleged to have meant 'running water.' A Chinese historian says that Genghis Khan was 'Tuan Yi-king,' and writes the name with ideographs, which, according to the ordinary Japanese rendering, would be read, 'Minamoto Yoshitsune.' The wife of Genghis-khan had the title of 'Fudjin.' 'Fujin' is the term applied to a married lady in Japan. Two of the principal generals of Genghis, sent by him to invade Persia and southern Europe, were called, according to tradition, 'Subtai,' and 'Shuppi;' the two principal followers of Yoshitsune were Saito Benkei and Wash-no-o Saburo. Between 'Saito' and 'Subtai,' the resemblance is sufficiently evident, and 'Shuppi' is the alternative sound of 'Wash-no-o.' Genghis is said to have given the name 'Manchu' to the district over which he first acquired sway on the continent. 'Manchu' is the alternate pronunciation of 'Mitsunaka,' or Yoshitsune's princely ancestor. These are certainly remarkable coincidences, difficult to ascribe to mere accident. If they have any value as establishing the identity of Genghis and Yoshitsune, they also go to prove that the present Manchu rulers of China are of Japanese origin. A passage transcribed by a Japanese author from a Chinese encyclopedia at the end of the eighteenth century attributes to the great Chinese Emperor Chinlung (1736-1795), a statement which, read according to the Japanese sounds of the ideographs employed, is this: 'My family name is Gen. I am a descendant of Yoshitsune, whose ancestor was Siewa. Hence we call our dynasty *Sei*, and our family *Gen*.'"



GARDEN HILLS WITH ROUNDED BUSHES.

CHAPTER XXX.

PIPING TIMES OF THE REGENTS.

THE new capital Yoritomo set up at the little fishing-hamlet of Kamakura, to rival the imperial city, grew and spread so rapidly that it soon numbered a million inhabitants, and became the centre of a power which was known and felt in every part of the island. It was Yoritomo's aim to establish a family line which should rival the Fujiwara, and for that end he strengthened his position in every way possible. The royal rule at Kyoto became again shorn of its strength, and when he placed himself at the head of the shogunate, in 1192, he was supreme dictator of power both civil and military. He had his four departments of government; nobles ruling over provinces acknowledged fealty to him, while local officials were his vassals, and every landholder in the empire was called upon to contribute a bushel of grain for every acre in seed. His rule came to a sudden end, after fifteen years of reign, by a fall from a horse. To-day his grave is pointed out under a grove of pine over-

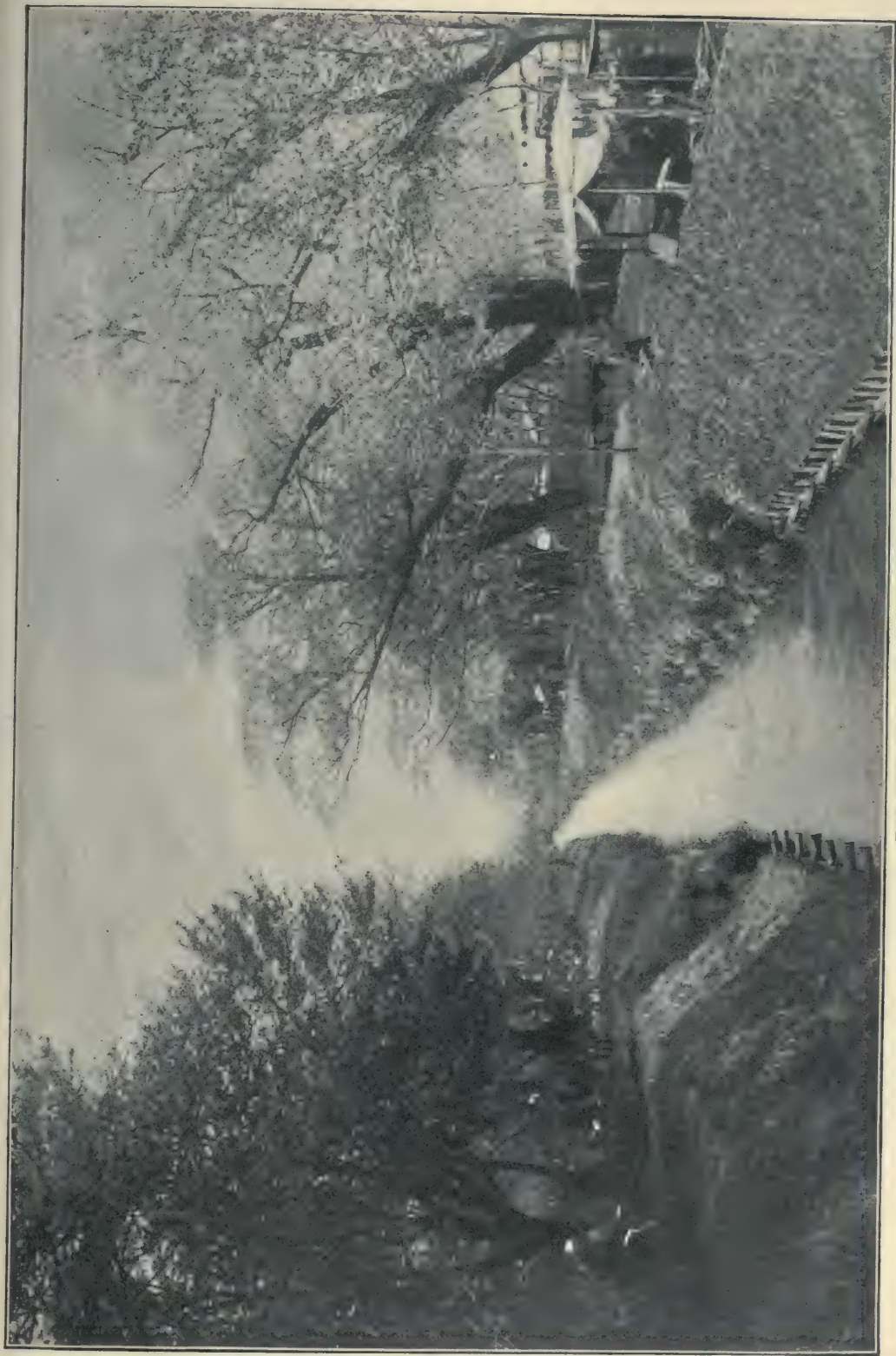
looking a scene of desolation, where only the ashes of his capital and the dust of the sand-plain remain to speak of his greatness. Even the pines have taken on the decay of time, and are falling branch by branch before winds that sweep the sand-dunes with no mercy for memory of the past.

It required a strong hand to take up the reins laid down by this man of iron will and boundless ambition. His wife, whom he married under such romantic circumstances, was no ordinary woman, and while she had aided him materially in his advance in seizing the sceptre of power, and had



THE NUNOBIKI FALL.

given him two sons to afford the solace for his dreams of perpetual sovereignty, in the end his marriage brought about the ruin of his hopes. These sons, neither of whom gave the promise of his father's wisdom or strength, succeeded in turn to the rule at Kamakura, and in turn were deprived of their power by an assassin. We now see illustrated a peculiar trait of Japanese character. The mother was willing to sacrifice the prospects of her children for that of her father, who was still living. No Japanese father would have done this, for, whatever reverse or change of fortune might occur, the father remained faithful to his child. Not so always the mother. Masako had no scruples in allowing the sacrifice of



THE CHERRY BANK AT KOGANEL.

her son, and seemed indifferent to his fate, while her father, Hojo Tokimasa, became the head of the affairs of state. Then was repeated here, in another line of power, what had been done at Kyoto by the Fujiwara regents. Having driven the eldest son of Yoritomo, who had succeeded his father as shogun, to a course of living which had made of him a physical wreck, he was asked to abdicate and appoint his infant son as shogun. In this way was begun the "shadow shogunate," while this astute founder of the Hojo family caused to be created a power over this, the *shikken*, or "holders of power," in other words, "the regents of the shoguns."

The offices of the government were rapidly filled with members of his own line, or partisans friendly to him, without regard to the representatives of the Minamoto clan. Yoriie, the oldest son of Yoritomo, was finally compelled to seek a monastery, where he was murdered. His son, believing his uncle, the younger brother of the first, to be the murderer, improved his opportunity to kill the latter, and was in turn beheaded by a soldier. In this tragical manner the Genji family became extinct. The Hojo clan had now fairly established itself in the other's place.

Her husband's line extinct, Masako desired to have as shogun a Fujiwara representative named Yoritsune, then but two years old. This was gladly agreed to; but when he was twenty-five he was forced to resign in favour of his own son, a boy of six. This boy-shogun was sent back to Kyoto at the age of fourteen, to be succeeded by a young son of the Emperor Go-Saga, who was in turn followed by his son when but three. It is monotonous to repeat these examples. All through the Hojo domination of nearly a century and a half, there was an imperial figurehead at Kyoto, the shadow of a shogun at Kamakura, while the Hojo held the real power and controlled both.

Of course wars and bitter opposition ensued. Grown bold in their usurpation, the Hojo clan dared to insult and attack the imperial house at Kyoto. At last the nominal ruler at Kyoto sought to recover what was rightfully his, but his plans being discovered by the Hojo, he was seized and sent into banishment at Oki. On the way occurred an incident that has been celebrated in art and drama, and shows that the straws were already floating with the stream of coming power for the mikadoate at Kyoto.

Among those who were faithful followers of the unfortunate emperor was a young nobleman named Kojima Takanori, who set out with a number of retainers to rescue the imperial exile. Missing the party in charge of the royal captive, the followers of Kojima left him in disappointment, when he followed on alone. It was now his wish to inform the



CURIOUS ROCK FORMATION AT HARUNA.

emperor that he had a friend who would not rest until he had been saved. But so closely was the prisoner guarded that he found no opportunity to deliver his message. In this dilemma he resorted to a scheme of great ingenuity as well as poetical beauty. Entering the garden of a tea-house where the party was stopping over night, he wrote in ink on the inner bark of a cherry-tree the following couplet :

"Ten Kosen wo horobosu nakare
Toki ni Hanrei naki ni shimo aradzu."

This couplet referred to the fate of an early king of China by the name of Kosen, who was wrested of his power, and sent, an exile, into a far-away country, but who was followed and rescued by a faithful friend named Hanrei, and it applied most aptly to the situation here. In English it would run something like this :

"High Heaven, bid Kosen hope
So long as Hanrei lives."

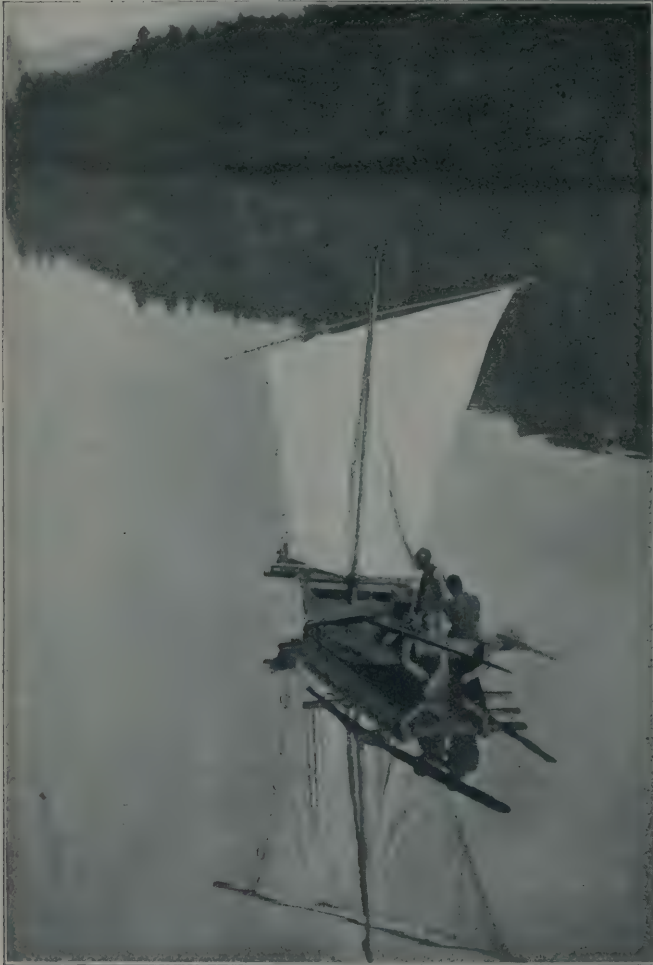
When the attention of the soldiers was directed to this singular message on the cherry-tree, which all saw had been newly made, but which none of them could read, they finally took the emperor to see it. He quickly deciphered it, and, with renewed hope in his heart, deceived his captors by declaring it some nonsense without meaning or purpose. It seems like an irony of fate that such a hero should fail in his loyal undertaking, but Kojima fell soon after on the battle-field. If he failed, there was another even then training for the work which was to reinstate the imperial line, trample in the dust the doubtful laurels of Hojo, and lay proud Kamakura in ashes.

This warrior who flits so clearly across the historic page was most fittingly a descendant of the Minamoto, though at the time of his appearance from obscurity into renown he was a captain in the army of Hojo, and his name was Nitta Yoshisada. He was among those who had been sent to seize the emperor, but, unwilling to do this, he deserted his command, and fled to his native town. From there he sent to the son of the exiled emperor word of his intention to try and raise an army to defeat the Hojo clan. He was given a commission in the name of the banished ruler, and a few days later, at the head of a strong force, he raised the revolt against the tyrannical Hojo. He had a banner made especially for him, which was a long white pennant, cut in twain by a black zone and crossed at the top by double black bars.

Nitta then boldly marched against the capital of his enemies. At nightfall he encamped by the seashore, not far distant from his objective point, and, surrounded by one of the fairest scenes in all Dai Nippon, made up of silvery seas, green islands, and flowering landscapes, and overlooked

by the snow-crowned Fujiyama, he immortalised himself by an act that poets and artists have never tired of reproducing. Assembling his army on the beach, he addressed his warriors in an eloquent appeal to battle on the morrow for their country and their emperor, closing with these words:

“ Our heavenly one (the emperor) has fared ill at the hands of traitors, and has been suffered to be sent into banishment in the Western Sea. I, Yoshisada, cannot look upon this shameful deed in peace, and have called an army together that the robbers yonder might be punished. O Ruler of the Sea, I beseech thee to look into my heart, and if thou findest it loyal, command the tide to turn back so that we may pass by an open path.”



LAKE SCENE.

Bowing reverently, he then tossed his sword far out into the water as an offering to the gods, that his wish might be fulfilled. A hushed

silence fell upon the scene as the gold hilt of the noble weapon described a semicircle in the air, and then the keen blade cut its way to the bottom of the sea. The army was astir with the break of the new day, and found that the tide had ebbed so far that a wide, clear path lay between them and the city. Believing their leader to be chosen of High Heaven, Nitta's hosts followed him to a glorious victory that day, when the arms of Hojo

went down to rise no more, and Kamakura was wrapped in a winding sheet of flames.

Nitta's success at Kamakura was swiftly followed by the drawing of the sword against Hojo, east and west, and so earnestly was the contest carried on that the once powerful family was completely routed, and imperial rule in the West reëstablished. The vengeance of the long-suffering was something fearful to behold, and it is believed that not fewer



STONE FIGURES AT NIKKO.

than seven thousand nobles perished in battle or by suicide, which was considered the true code of honour for the defeated soldier. Thus, after one hundred and thirty-seven years of rule, the Hojo made way for another line of armed power. Whatever may be said against them, and much has been, it cannot be denied that they gave Japan the longest term of peace it had known up to that time; they developed the natural resources of the country as these had never been advanced; and they encouraged art and cultivated literature, the mixed tongue of to-day being

one of the results. To this era belonged the "old masters" of the arts of lacquer-painting, image-carving, and sculpture. It was during this reign, too, that many of the grand temples, pagodas, colossal images, and monasteries were built. The Bronze Buddha at Kamakura, which alone remains, a reminder of the glory of that day, was really built under the Hojo rule, though conceived by Yoritomo and the money raised by an admirer of his. A monument of note was reared by one of the Hojo, above the grave of Kiyomori, who, it will be remembered, was the founder of the Tairan rule. To the sagacity and invincible patriotism of the Hojo family was due the defeat of that great Mongol invasion, which will be the subject of our next chapter.

Before passing on to that, however, it can do no harm to mention the ill fate which seemed to follow Kyoto, the imperial city, during the era of boy emperors and shadow shoguns. Deluged often in blood by the many sanguinary battles between the rival factions, it suffered from other causes that were beyond the power of man. In 1177 many thousands of homes and a portion of the imperial palace were destroyed by fire. Three years later a most disastrous hurricane visited the unfortunate city, when the court of Kiyomori was removed to the fortified city of Fukuwara. This was in 1180, and a year later famine and pestilence reigned over the panic-stricken inhabitants, following, very singularly, close upon the death of the usurper. Again, the overthrow of the Taira at Don-no-ura, in 1185, was succeeded by a tremendous earthquake. Small wonder that the superstitious looked on one evil as a sequence of the other.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MONGOL INVASION.

WHEN Kamakura was at the zenith of her glory, and the Hojo reigned supreme at the military capital by the sea, commerce assumed its highest success until that date. Trade was carried on far and wide by merchants, who sent their goods throughout the provinces on horseback. The most serious drawbacks to these business ventures were the frequent attacks from numerous mountain bandits that infested the country. These showed remarkable boldness in their depredations, often going so far as to rob the people in their homes, and every traveller laid himself liable to onset from them. Many of the outlaws were members of families that belonged to the nobility, were expert in the use of weapons, and cunning in their schemes of plunder. Finally they grew so bold and artful as to assume the rôle of officials, and to exact "tribute" from the farmers and tradesmen, none of whom dared to protest. Many a "toll-gatherer" of this kind outdid in audacity and skilful robbery the reckless lawlessness of the Claude Duvals and Dick Turpins of a later day in England, and the tales of those times fairly bristle with the romantic daring of these border bandits of Japan.

During the reign of the Fujiwara lords the Genji clan had driven these banditti back into the mountains, while the Tairan forces had cleared the Inland Sea of the pirates that swarmed in those waters. The ascendancy of the Hojo family had caused the breaking up of the clans constituting the natural defence of the frontiers, with the consequence just described. On the sea it was even worse, though this was due largely to a different cause.

The gain to be obtained from intercourse with foreign nations was first understood by the Taira chieftain, Kiyomori, in 1170, and he attempted to establish commercial relations with China. Some five hundred years before, Japan had originated the custom of sending embassies to that empire, but finding that this courtesy was received by the rulers as an

indication of vassalage, it was discontinued after two hundred years, or three hundred years before the rise of the Tairan dynasty. Then Kiyomori sought to build up a trade between the two countries. In order to enable the successful entering of foreign goods into Japan, he instituted extensive improvements in the harbour of Hyogo, now Kobé. But his



MOVING.

wars so engrossed his attention that he was obliged to abandon the purpose, and no one following him finding the opportunity or having the inclination, the enterprise did not assume great proportions. In 1254 the traffic was limited by the Hojo regent to five junks, and these were protected by license, and all vessels not having a government permit were put under ban and burned whenever captured. At this time, as for a long period previously, the officials of Kyushu and the nobles of Satsuma,

who were in closer proximity to the empire of the West, sent numerous ships to and fro in the interest of trade. Another class, while scarcely more outlaws than these, inaugurated a reign of piracy which made the name of Japanese sailors a terror on the high seas.

It is the proud boast of Japan that the foot of a foreign invader has never been set upon her shore. It is true she has not often been called



CHERRY PARK, UYENO, TOKIO.

upon to defend herself from enemies outside of her own domains, but there is glory enough for the boast in the repulse of the Mongol armada, under the reign of the Hojo family. That victory alone is considered sufficient atonement for all the crimes and mistakes of that body of the Taira.

The Mongol invasion, as it is known in history, was led by a grandson of the renowned Genghis Khan, named Kublai Khan, who was considered



THE SILVER PAVILION, KYOTO.

worthy to wear the mantle of the great conqueror. The utterance of the name of that mighty horde at this time was enough to strike terror to the heart of the listener, as well it might. Not content with the subjugation of China and Corea, and the overthrow of the caliphate of Bagdad, Genghis had expanded the empire of the Mongols as far west as the Oder and the Danube. Dying in 1227, in his 68th year, he had left, as a part of his legacy to his descendants, the prophecy of an inspired seer that his family was to secure the conquest of the world. During the career of his son this remarkable enterprise was not undertaken further than to prepare

for conquest by increasing the number of his followers. Kublai, his son, believed himself able and ready to finish the work begun by his grandfather.

The great Mongol leader's first move was to send to Japan for tribute and acknowledgment of vassalage. The Hojo régime, then at the height of its power, under the rule of Hojo Tokimune, would not listen to this insolent demand, and though six embassies were sent in succession, each was dismissed without ceremony. Through this slow method of getting down to business, an interval of six years elapsed. Believing at last a war was imminent, the Japanese began to raise armies and to build war-boats and junks with which to meet the enemy at sea. A large body of warriors was sent from Kamakura to join in the defence of Kyoto.

During the same period the Mongol force was preparing for the intended invasion. Tartars, Chinese, and Koreans united in the expedition, but the larger number of the ships were built in Korea. On the 12th of November, 1274, about forty thousand men, in four hundred vessels, started on the first invasion. This body did not get farther than Imazu, on the north shore of Kyushu, where they suffered the first repulse, and the leader falling in battle, the shattered force returned to China.

Instead of following up this first attack with another, at once, Kublai sent nine envoys to demand tribute, and these declared their purpose of remaining in Japan until they should receive a favourable answer. A request was made that they come to Kamakura immediately. Deceiving themselves with the idea that their threat had served a good purpose, they obeyed. In the village of Tatsu no kuchi ("Mouth of the Dragon") they paid for their temerity by the loss of their heads. Still Kublai, with a forbearance that seems remarkable, sent another embassy. These envoys were meted out the same reward as their predecessors, with the added consideration that they were saved a part of their journey by having their heads cut off in Kyushu.

Nothing deterred from his purpose by his reverses so far, the Mongol commander now fitted out the great armada of the Far East, in order to conquer and humiliate Dai Nippon. His entire fighting force now numbered considerably over one hundred thousand men, transported on three thousand five hundred ships, whose sails "whitened the seas as the snowy herons whiten the islands of Lake Biwa." Many of these craft were

really boats with huge decks and high prows, and bungling capstan raised at the stern. Although sails were used, the main dependence in getting over the sea was placed on oars plied through three-cornered holes cut in the vessels' sides. Thanks to the advice of the Venetian adventurers, Marco Polo and his uncle, at that time visitors with the Mongol chief,¹ many of the junks of this great fleet were armed with European engines of war, while a large number of them were of proportions which Japanese craft had never attained. Of the artillery carried by the Mongols we have



HONMOKU.

no clearer account than the annals of the Japanese, which go on to say that the Chinese poured forth upon them great numbers of iron balls, the discharge accompanied by loud reports. These volleys were very destructive to life, greatly damaged their parapets, and set fire to the watch-towers. Other weapons were spears, heavy bows, and straight swords. The soldiers were encased in thickly padded coats with skirts reaching below the knees, while their heads and shoulders were protected by iron helmets, from which hung padded edging a foot or more in depth. The

¹ This couple spent seventeen years — 1275 to 1292 — at the court of Kublai Khan.

helmets of the officers were in many cases forged of the best of metal by skilled armourers, and inlaid with silver or gold.

One day in the seventh month (June 26th), in the year 1281, watchers on the hills of Daizaifu were startled by the sight of this vast squadron coming majestically up the bay, until it had ranged itself proudly and triumphantly off the castled city.

Couriers were immediately sent in every direction to spread the omi-



PUBLIC GARDEN, MUKOJIMA.

nous news, while the armed forces prepared to meet the invaders in a life and death struggle. In order to prevent a landing of the enemy, the Japanese began to send out boats to engage in hand-to-hand fights. For fighting upon the water the Japanese were poorly equipped. Their boats were slight affairs when compared to the Chinese, and afforded no protection to the occupants. This shows that, until then, or later, the Japanese had given little consideration to maritime warfare. On the other hand, the weapons of the islanders were far better than those of



in many cases

Coolies Celebrating a Holiday

The coolies of the East India Company, who are employed in the various branches of the service, are entitled to a holiday on the 1st of August, which is known as the "Coolies' Holiday". On this day the coolies are allowed to go to the fields and to the mountains, and to spend the day as they please. They are not allowed to go to the fields or to the mountains on any other day, and they are not allowed to go to the fields or to the mountains on any other day, and they are not allowed to go to the fields or to the mountains on any other day.



the invading horde. The samurai's pride was his skill with his strong bow, often seven feet long, while his armour was a flexible combination of metal plate greatly superior to that worn by the Chinese, which must have been clumsy and warm for the wearer. Another weapon in considerable favour with the Japanese was the long glaive, with its crescent-shaped blade. But the weapon *par excellence* among the fighting gentry of Japan was the keen-edged, finely tempered sword that has become so closely linked with the war fame of the nobles of Japan. The Chinese blade was a poor instrument of destruction when compared with those of their rivals, and when this deadly weapon was wielded by the skilful and untiring arm of the samurai, this difference was made doubly significant.

The Japanese accounts of this critical battle with the Mongol invaders are filled with vivid descriptions of personal prowess, which the followers of Kublai Khan could not match. They tried in vain to effect a landing, while the brave Japanese continued to swim out to them, besides those who went in boats, many of them paying for their daring with their lives. One intrepid captain, named Kusanojiro, selecting a crew of fearless men, sculled out to a war-junk, and in spite of the storm of arrows, spears, and darts hurtled about their heads, boarded the Korean boat. Here the doughty leader, already suffering the loss of an arm, directed such a furious attack that before assistance could come to the Koreans, he had won the day. Setting fire to the junk, he and his surviving companions escaped with a score of heads as grim trophies of their valour.

The Mongol commander now arranged his fleet in a huge semicircle, linking vessel to vessel with iron chains, and, mounting huge catapults, — bow-guns of immense size and carrying death-dealing darts, — formed a barrier the light craft of the Japanese could not reach without the most desperate feats. But, although holding their assailants at arm's length, they were kept at bay, and the mighty armada found itself unable to gain a landing on Japanese soil. Over two thousand lost their lives in learning this fact.

The Japanese had now constructed miles of fortifications along the shore, though these were of the simplest kind, consisting of parapets of stone from two to six feet in height, or wooden palisades. There was no flank defence, the only object being to obtain a shelter from the missiles of the enemy, not high enough to interfere with the use of

the bow. In addition to the ordinary bow described already, a cross-bow, said to have come originally from Corea about the year 600 A.D., was used on this occasion. This was a powerful weapon, sometimes requiring as many as a hundred men of lusty sinews to handle. Those most common, however, needed only two strong fellows. From behind their

rude breastwork the defenders of Dai Nippon fought for their native land.

The hero of this hour was a captain named Michiari, who had long prayed to his gods that he might meet in battle the wild horde of Mongols, whose terrific fame had overspread the Far East. This doughty warrior had written his prayers on paper, and, burning the same, had swallowed the ashes that he might gain



HODO CASCADE, NIKKO.

his wishes. Now that the opportunity had come, he lost no time in fitting out two boats with crews of his own undaunted spirit, and they went forth to meet the overwhelming enemies. His companions shut their eyes at the sight of his foolhardiness. The Mongols were at first amazed at his audacity, and then believing that his purpose was to surrender, refrained from firing until it was too late to retrieve their error. Upon reaching the nearest Tartar junk, the Japanese threw out their grappling-hooks, and a moment later sprang upon the boat of the enemy. A

furious combat ensued, but the keen two-edged swords in the hands of the best swordsmen of Japan proved more than a match for the soldiers of Kublai. Soon overcoming the Mongols, and setting the junk on fire, Captain Michiari and the survivors among his crew started back toward the shore, carrying among their captives an officer of high command in the Mongol fleet.

Many deeds of this valorous nature are recorded, and these so fired the blood of the Japanese that reinforcements rapidly increased the



HAND - CART.

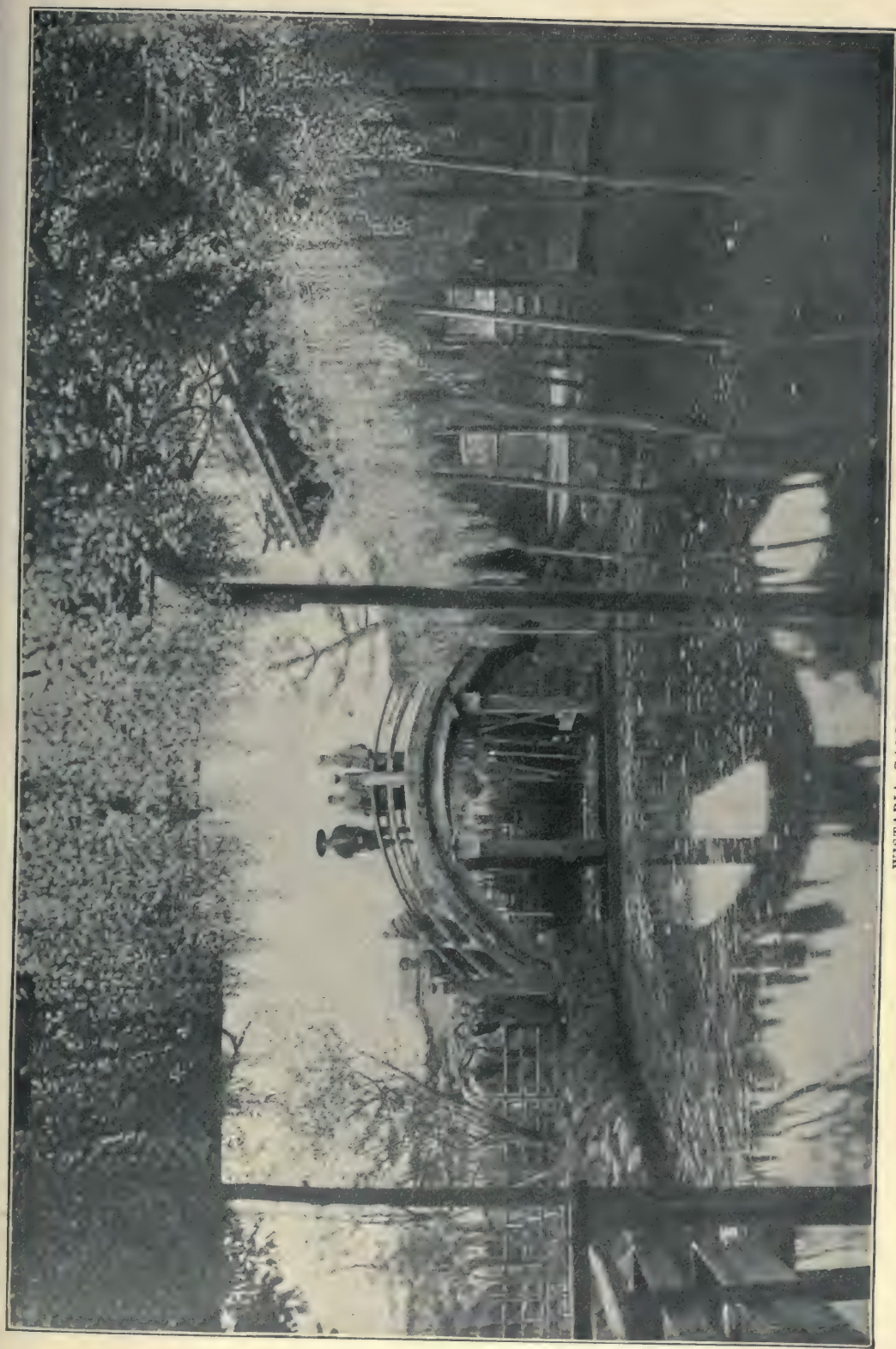
number of the Hojo army, while about this time the news was carried to Kyoto that the invaders had succeeded in landing, and were advancing toward the interior in overwhelming numbers. Excitement of the wildest kind reigned everywhere. "From the monasteries and temples all over the country went up unceasing prayer to the gods to ruin their enemies and save the land of Japan.¹ The emperor and the ex-emperor went in solemn state to the chief priest of Shinto, and, writing out their petitions to the gods, sent him as a messenger to the shrines at Isé. It is recorded, as a miraculous fact, that at that hour of noon, as the sacred envoy arrived

¹ Griffis.

at the shrine and offered the prayer, — the day being perfectly clear, — a streak of cloud appeared in the sky, which soon overspread the heavens, until the dense masses portended a storm of awful violence. One of these cyclones, called by the Japanese *tai-fu*, or *okasé*, of appalling velocity and resistless force, such as whirl along the coasts of Japan and China during late summer and early fall of every year, burst upon the Chinese fleet. Nothing can withstand these maelstroms of the air. Iron steamships of thousands of horse-power are almost unmanageable in them. Junks are helpless; the Chinese were these only. They were butted together like mad bulls. They were impaled on the rocks, dashed against the cliffs, or tossed on the land like corks from the spray. They were blown over until they careened and filled. Heavily freighted with human beings, they sunk by hundreds. The corpses were piled on the shore; or, floating on the water driven out to sea, may have reached the mainland, but were probably overwhelmed. The vessels of the survivors, in large numbers, drifted to or were wrecked on Taka Island, where they established themselves, and cutting down trees, began building boats to reach Corea. Here they were attacked by the Japanese, and, after a bloody struggle, all the fiercer for the despair on the one side and the exultation on the other, were all slain or driven into the sea to be drowned, except three, who were sent back to tell their emperor how the gods of Japan had destroyed their armada."

Thus with accounts of valiant deeds, interwoven with tales of superstition, the Japanese show how they and their gods saved Dai Nippon from the Asiatic conquerors. By the way, it seems to be the records of all centuries that armadas are doomed to meet a tragic end by storm rather than from the resistance of those whom they sought to conquer. Two notable examples of this kind, from the many that might be given, were the stormy fate of the Spanish fleet in English waters, and in 1745 that of the French armada which was sent to vanquish the New England colonists, but which was itself destroyed by the equinoctial storms of the Atlantic.

Fortunately Japan has never been threatened with another invasion of this kind, but the memory of that one still lives in the minds of the people, and the mothers of Kyushu even now seek to hush their crying babies by declaring, in a low tone: "Lie still and slumber, or the Moko (Mongols) will come again!"



WISTARIA GARDEN AT KAMEIDO, TOKIO.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RISE OF THE SHOGUNS.

WITH the overthrow of the Hojo clan the exiled emperor, Go-Daiga, was restored to power. But he seemed to have lost his former integrity and ability to govern justly, and he made the grossest of mistakes. He sought to reward those whom he wished by bestowing vast estate upon them, rewarding least of all the brave Nitta and the faithful Kusunoki, while to those who deserved the least, and were really plotting his ruin, he gave liberally of the spoils of war. Among these last was a companion of Nitta named Ashikaga, who soon began to plot to place himself at the head of the military power. Through the assistance of a woman, who wielded great influence over the emperor, he succeeded so far that he divided the people into two great factions. Placing himself at the head of one, he boldly proclaimed that Go-Daiga did not belong to the rightful line of rulers, but that one Kozen was the true son of Heaven. This impostor declared Ashikaga Sei-i Tai shogun, and in 1336 his rival dynasty established Kamakura anew as the military capital of Japan. A civil war followed, worse in its outcome than the struggle between the red and white banners of the Taira and the Genji, — a war of rival emperors.

Nitta espoused the cause of the true emperor, and met the fate of a hero on a battle-field at the head of his slain comrades, his last act being to cut off his own head to save it from his enemies. The tomb of this gallant soldier is in Echizen, near the spot where he fell, and to this day his grave is strewn with flowers by those who cherish his memory, and repeat in song and story his valiant deeds. That other hero of the period, Kusunoki, who is considered the purest patriot of the Dark Ages of Japan, after having his advice ignored, and seeing only ruin and disgrace ahead, retired to a farmhouse in the country, and, sending his wife and child on before him, went down into the dark valley by that death the true soldier always preferred — the hara-kiri. One hundred and fifty of

his warriors imitated his example, and as many as twelve nobles did the same.

This dual system of rule, or attempted rule, which lasted over two hundred years, or from 1336 to 1573, is the least interesting of any period of Japanese history. It has less of chivalry and more of cruel and useless sacrifice of human life. It was the Dark Age of Japan.

The next conspicuous figure which flits across the checkered panorama



BUSH-COVERED CLIFFS, KAGOSHIMA.

of feudalism is that of Nobunaga, a descendant of Kiyomori, who appeared on the scene in 1542. It was he who ended the Ashikaga usurpation. He was an able general, and, what was of fully as much importance, he called about him the ablest quintette of warriors that Japan ever knew. The names of two of these have already been mentioned several times. The group comprised Hideyoshi, Goroza, Shibata, Ikeda, and last but not least, Iyeyasu. Shibata belonged to the same family as Nobunaga. The last-named gained possession of half a dozen provinces, among them

Isé and Echizen, and obtained control also of Kyoto, where he built the fine castle of Nijo. He made Ashikaga Yoshiaki shogun, but becoming dissatisfied with that official he removed him in 1564; this was the last of the Sei-i Tai shogunate, until one of his generals, Iyeyasu, secured it forty years later under the title of the Tokugawa shogun. If Nobunaga did not become shogun, he governed in the name of the emperor, until he was driven to death by the treachery of his followers. Although truly



A MONASTERY GARDEN AT NIKKO.

a great general, and having done a good work for Japan, he won the undying hatred of the Buddhists by his lack of faith in their religion, and by declaring that the worship of their gods was vain, their images impostures. Nor did he stop here, but he struck the first blow against the "Flower of Religion," which had thrived with wonderful prodigality under the Ashikaga. He dared to attack one of their monasteries, and, after tearing down the walls, set fire to the shrines and temples. He struck with a force and success against the faith, that is felt at the present time. No wonder the Buddhists abhor the name Ota Nobunaga, who has slept

through three hundred years of hatred in an unmarked grave, on a hill overlooking the azure waters of peaceful Lake Biwa, and within sight of the fortified walls of Hikone.

Nobunaga's foremost lieutenant was Hideyoshi, who, it has been said, was the most remarkable man in Japanese history. He was the son of a peasant, ill of feature and small of stature. But he did not mingle with the other boys of his acquaintance, preferring to seek more exciting scenes. Finally he became a *betto*, or groom, who cared for Nobunaga's horses.



HARVESTING RICE.

Seeing that the youth possessed unwonted fire and marked cunning, this general advised him to become a soldier. He had no family name then, but in 1562 he adopted that by which he is best known, though he answered to several others during his active career. In 1591 he took the title of Taiko. Not only was he slight of stature and misshapen, but his countenance was so weazened and his eyes were so bright as to gain for him from the enemies whom he had conquered in battle the epithet of the "crowned monkey." While he was a great strategist and soldier, his happiest quality was his ability to win over to his support, by sharp device and skilful argument, those whom a less astute man would have made

enemies. His banner was the singular device of a cluster of gourds, and wherever that golden emblem waved, was the scene of victory, except on one occasion, which shall be described later on.

At the time of Nobunaga's untimely death, Hideyoshi, with one of the former's sons, was fighting at the head of the imperial army to hold the provinces of the West. Upon learning of the disaster to his commander, he hastened to Kyoto to capture the traitor who had brought it about. Getting separated from his followers during an engagement with the enemy, he barely escaped with his life by urging his horse through a rice-swamp until reaching a small Shinto temple. Driving his horse back, he entered the place just as the priests were about to bathe. Disrobing, he plunged in with the others, and his pursuers, coming along a few minutes later, failed to recognise him, and changed the search to another direction. Hideyoshi rejoined his troops. Twelve days later he encountered the army of the usurper on the banks of the river Kodo, and completely routed the force. The leader, finding he was likely to be captured, committed hara-kiri. His head was borne in triumph through the streets of Kyoto. The emperor rewarded Hideyoshi with the highest honours in his gift.

He was now paramount in power. Of the other generals of Nobunaga, Iyeyasu was fighting Hojo of Odawara, in order to hold eight provinces in the Kanto. Shibata, who was a brother-in-law to Nobunaga, was at Echizen, guarding the rights of the emperor's third son in that quarter. Hideyoshi saw his opportunity, and he was the last man to miss the golden chance.

In a little temple standing under a pine grove at Fukui, in Echizen, the visitor to-day is shown the fragments of a rusty, corroded armour, which he concludes must have been worn by some valiant warrior of the days of feudalism. As his guide notices the interest with which he views the ancient relic, his eye kindles, and he says :

"The armour of Shibata, the brave samurai, who died as a true warrior dies, defending his castle against the Tokaido over three hundred years ago. Upon learning that the Tokaido was coming to attack him, he prepared for such a defence as he could make at his castle. But great numbers were against him, and seeing the inevitable result, he resolved to meet his fate as became the dignity of his race. Calling his followers

about him, he offered them an opportunity to escape by surrender, saying that for himself he preferred death at his own hands. To a man, they declared that they would perish with him. Thereupon Shibata ordered a feast to be prepared, at the same time making preparations to have the castle fired at several places simultaneously at a signal from him. He then sent for his wife, Odani, who belonged to a noble race, and the other women. The wine-cups were filled to overflowing, and a merry dance



THE GOLDEN PAVILION, KYOTO.

was begun. At its height Shibata told his wife the true purpose of the festival, and advised her to flee with their children and the other women of the castle. But she proved her loyalty by remaining with him, while of all the others not a woman deserted her husband. Then the revelry was resumed with renewed ardour, and at the proper time the fires were ignited. As the flames leaped up the walls of the doomed castle, the last and most tragic act in the wild drama was enacted. The victor of that day's battle, Hideyoshi, found only for his reward the dead bodies of

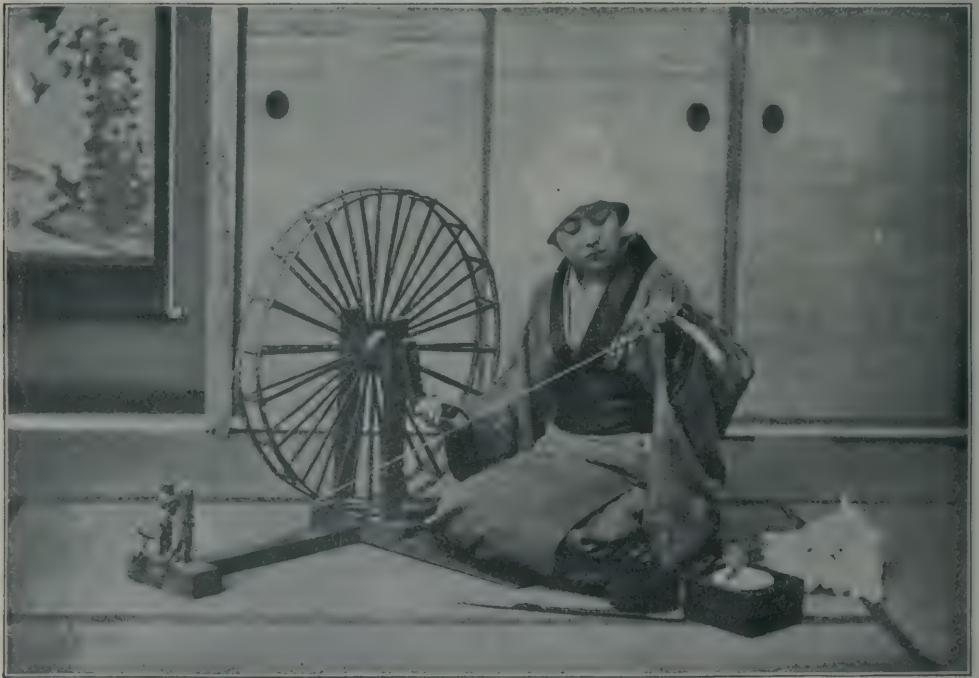
Shibata's wife and children, his own, and those of his faithful followers. Dost doubt this example of heroic devotion unto death? Near by are the ruins of the old castle, whose charred walls shielded the actors in that tragedy. Under the ancient pine rests all that was mortal of Shibata and his wife Odani, who was the noble sister of Nobunaga, with a soul none the less true and brave because she was a woman."

This simple tale is but an illustration of Japanese history, telling in a brief paragraph, it may be in a single sentence, how deeds that shaped the destiny of the "Island of Nine Provinces" are treated. If this barrenness of details serves to rob the scenes of the interest that Occidental historians delight in, it brings them out in such bold relief as no annalist of modern days has succeeded in doing for his scenes and his people. As it is with Shibata and his loyal wife and defenders, so are pictured nearly all of the foremost figures of Japan's warlike career. For this reason we fail to feel and understand the inner motives of their lives, and though our imagination may restore the ruined castle with its numerous armed retainers, rehabilitate the fire-eaten links of the shattered armour, with the heroic form that wore them, or, from the ashes in the grave under the lonely pine, revivify the beautiful figure of the heroic wife, we cannot breathe into these imaginative bodies the spirit of Japanese chivalry.

There remained one other of Nobunaga's generals for Hideyoshi to conquer, and he was the youngest of the great five, Iyeyasu, afterward to share with him the honours of war and peace. So the Taiko led his army against the then little-known warrior, and for the first and only time in his dazzling career was Hideyoshi defeated. While amazed at this outcome, he showed himself shrewd enough to profit by it, as no other man of his time would have done. Seeing in Iyeyasu wonderful qualities that might be made useful to him, instead of seeking further contention with the other, he offered him his friendship, promised him his sister in marriage, and the government of the province of Kanto, which lay about Yedo. Iyeyasu was keen-sighted enough to see that he was on the losing side, and he accepted the terms of the Taiko, so that henceforth the two were friends and allies.

His enemies overcome, Hideyoshi returned to Kyoto to enter upon that part of his career which has reflected the most credit upon his name, and

has brought the greatest benefit to his country. Realising that soldiers in times of peace must be kept active in order to maintain good order, he began to improve the ancient capital, paved the bed of the river Kamo with flat stones, and reared magnificent palaces. He also deepened the river at Osaka, and dug many of the great number of canals which entitles this city to be called the "Venice of Japan." He originated the commercial greatness of the city, which makes it in modern times of so much importance. He reared powerful fortifications about Kyoto, built



SPINNING.

the great fortress of Osaka, the ruins of which are pointed out with pride to-day, and at different places erected castles, towers, and pagodas. The first in high power ever to forgive his enemies and win them over to his good, caring little for rank or family prestige, he became extremely popular, and under him Japan made great strides in progress and reforms.

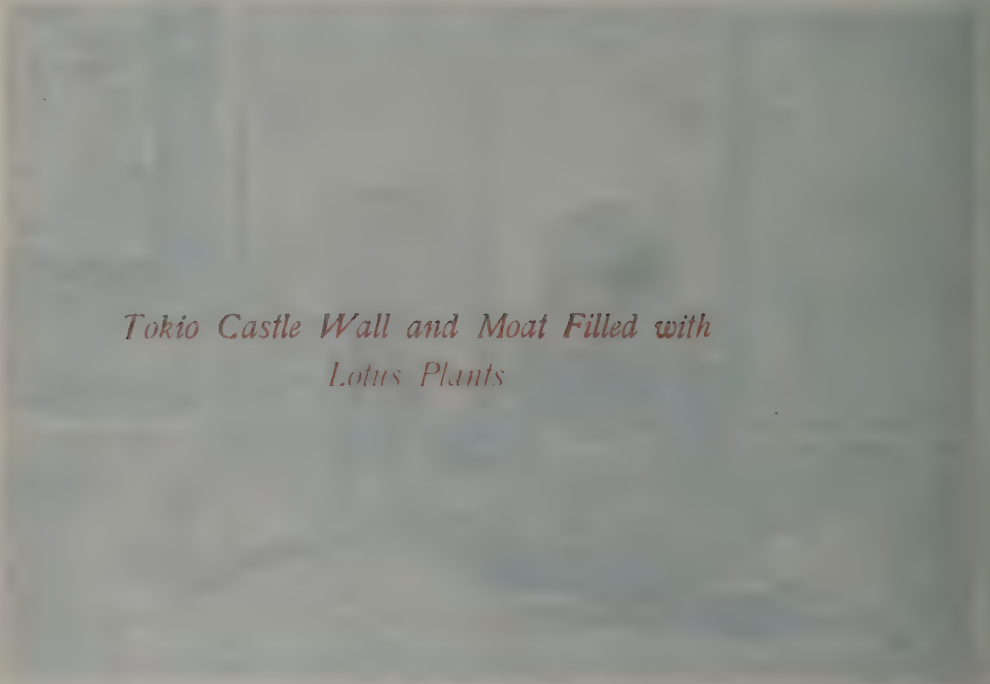
Not being of Minamoto blood, Hideyoshi could not be made a shogun, though his actual power was scarcely crippled by this fact. Surrounded as he was by the nobility, he felt the need of establishing his identity with an ancestry which should place his family upon a respectable footing.



THE FAR EAST.

No. 101. 1891.

*Tokio Castle Wall and Moat Filled with
Lotus Plants*





The fact that so little was really known of his ancestors, made his task the easier, and he showed that, while his mother in dire distress had married a peasant, she was of noble lineage, and that he had been conceived before her marriage with his supposed father. He had married a peasant girl in his youth, but from time to time he took unto himself other women of good families, until his wives numbered half a dozen, all of whom he retained in harmonious relationship.

Perhaps the greatest mistake of his life was his scheme to conquer Corea, and ultimately China. It had been the pet idea of his ambitious boyhood to seize Corea and China, and to make the three (Japan being the third) into one nation, and this dream lost none of its fascination when he had become a man. He once declared to Nobunaga that he could overpower those countries as easily as one



VIEW OF MIYANOSHITA ROAD.

could roll up an old mat and carry it away under his arm. China at that time was badly disorganised, and the pirates then ranging the coast had cut off almost entirely the trade between Japan and Corea. Accordingly, in 1592 he fitted out an expedition to conquer Corea, but did not accompany it himself, as he had intended, on account of the pleadings of his aged mother to remain behind. He was then sixty years of age, and quite infirm. Though this army was bitterly fought by the Coreans, it was

successful, killing, it is claimed, in one fight, ten thousand of the latter, the ears of whom were cut off and brought home as trophies. There still stands in Kyoto a monument which is a grim reminder of that ill-fated day. It is called the Mimidzuka, or ear-tomb, and above a barrow containing the ears of the Coreans, rise a cube, sphere, pagoda, block, topped by two spheroids, the top stone having a pointed crest. The whole is nearly ninety feet in height.

Unfortunately for the complete success of the plans of Hideyoshi, his leaders quarrelled among themselves. One was a devout Christian, as were many of the captains of the expedition, while another hated the very name; and away from the influence of their master these chiefs became intense enemies. Thus Hideyoshi was obliged to accept a suspension of hostilities. The Emperor of China, believing that this quarrel meant the decay of power in Japan, sent an envoy to establish a suzerainty over the island empire. Aroused at this impudence, Hideyoshi seized the official document and tore it into shreds before the eyes of the Chinese ambassadors, declaring that he would not rest until he had conquered China and brought her under his dominion. But he did not live to carry out his intentions. In the midst of his preparations he was stricken down with his fatal illness.

It had been the great hope of Hideyoshi to establish his family in the regular line of succession to his achievements. But, while his different wives had borne him several children, only one son had been given him, and he was an infant at this time. Knowing that his end was near, Hideyoshi called Iyeyasu, his brother-in-law and most powerful ally, to his side, and made him promise to do all that he could to make his young son, Hideyori, his successor. Satisfied with this arrangement, he died, in 1598, in the sixty-second year of his age, having reaped a harvest of fame second to no man in Japan.

The era of Taiko is noted for its glory in many respects. During that period Japan reached its highest commercial success; it built then vessels three times the size of the junks that have since carried on its sea-trade; its inhabitants ventured into the far-distant seas, and, bent on trade or piracy, made voyages to southern China, India, Burmah, the Malay Archipelago, and the Philippines; the Island of Luzon, known to them as Roson, was a frequent place of visitation, where to-day are to be found

many descendants of those bold navigators, whose power was known and felt far and wide. The remains of him who was the ruling spirit at home during this interval, were placed in a grave on a hill on the western slopes of the imperial city, but the temple erected to mark the spot, by his wife, was long since burned, and the tomb of the illustrious founder of Japanese modern greatness is unknown. But such names as his need no stone to perpetuate their memory. He has been compared to Yoshitsune, but their reputations should not clash. Both won great battles, but if the latter was the greater general, it was largely because the former saw greater possibilities in the arts of political craft.

“The age of the Taiko” was marked by another trying period of religious life, which was born under the reign of Nobunaga, and expired under the



LAKE AND PAVILION, KYOTO.

government of Hideyoshi's successor. This was the attempted planting of the Christian cross in place of the flower of Buddhism on Japanese soil. Nobunaga had favoured the Jesuit missionaries, and at first the Taiko was inclined to follow in his footsteps, but in 1587 he issued an edict for the banishment of all foreigners, these Jesuits having found their way to Japan soon after Columbus had discovered America and while Spain was trying to found an empire in the New World.

Hideyoshi's order was so far obeyed that all Jesuit churches were closed, though the friars continued to seek converts to their faith. The Taiko's son, who had been entrusted to the care of Iyeyasu, looked with favour on the Christians, but the more astute guardian thought that he saw in them



A TOKYO LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

fomentors of strife and an ultimate foreign government for Japan, and he opposed them root and branch.

The contention grew more bitter, until again Japan rang with the martial tread of armies, and the thunder of battle. In October, 1600, was fought at Sekigahara, in the province of Owari, the closing and greatest battle of five centuries of war. Iyeyasu was accused of disloyalty to his old patron, but leading his army to victory on that memorable day, he won by that triumph the first place in power. Three years later he was made shogun whether he wished the office or not, and thus was founded the Tokugawa dynasty, which stood the test of rival powers for two hundred

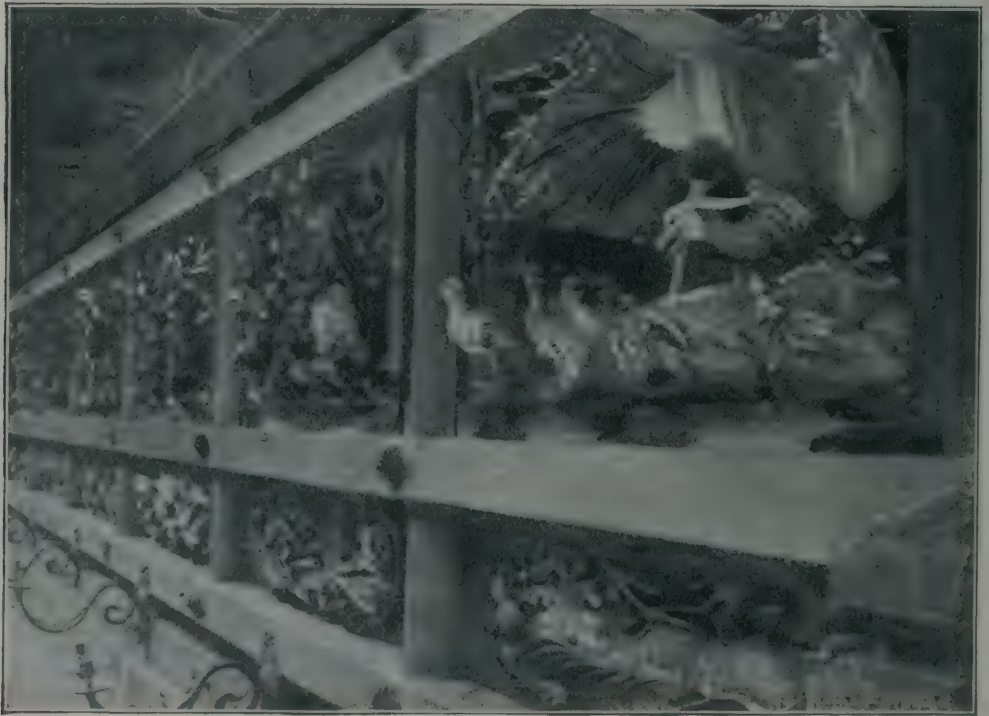
and sixty-seven years, or down to 1868. The last to yield to him was Shimazu of Satsuma, and the greatest sufferer was Mori of Chosu, who lost by that day's reverse six out of eight provinces which had acknowledged fealty to him. It may have been the irony of fate that, when the Tokugawa reign ended, the fatal blow was dealt by the lines of Satsuma and Chosu. Be that as it may, Iyeyasu's victory for the first time united Japan into one country.

Hideyori persisting in entertaining the Jesuit priests, Iyeyasu resorted to arms to crush out this foreign spirit, and on the 9th of June, 1615, laid siege to the fortified castle of Osaka. Again the tide of victory turned in his favour; Hideyori perished in the flaming fortress, and the cause of Catholicism received its death-blow. This was the last great battle fought on Japanese soil. By it was settled the claims to rule of the lines of Nobunaga and Hideyoshi. Foreign interposition was ended, and the isolation of Japan from the world fixed for over two centuries and a half. This was the calm which follows the battle; the rest which comes after the tiresome task of ages.

In no case is the lack of the minor facts concerning the lives of Japan's great men more felt than in that of the early life of the hero of this era. He was born at Okasaki, in Mikawa, in 1542, and that he was a warrior of no slight skill, courage, and rapidity of action, is assured by his recorded triumphs of war. But in the brief period of peace given him after his warlike victories to exercise his great gifts as a statesman, his other wonderful achievements are quite forgotten. All through the long and troublesome epochs of feudal Japan, the real cause of the never ceasing disturbances was the marked lack of men endowed with the genius of civil powers. There was a surfeit of military men of high order, but of statesmen there was a woful deficiency. Thus warrior after warrior fought or intrigued to gain and hold his power, with no legitimate idea of government save by the sword, and seldom was any attempt made to conciliate rival interests. We are speaking of the actual power, — the power behind and beyond the throne. As we have shown, the imperial line was a nonentity. The Soga régime originated this plot of dual government, — the placing of a military power over the civil; it was strengthened twofold under the Fujiwara; intensified under the Taira; to be made yet more reprehensible under the Genji, and Hojo, with

their "shadow shoguns;" and it was left for the Ashikaga to reconstruct this peculiar system. Through it all continued that singular dual allegiance of the people, undying attachment to the imperial family, and loyal devotion to the military usurpers.

It was left for Iyeyasu to build on this foundation of sand a structure of government which was to end five hundred years of bloodshed, and establish three hundred years of peace and prosperity. It was no small statesman who could so far project his gaze into the future from out of



MURAL CARVINGS, NIKKO.

the tempest of strife in which he had been born and bred. For this house to have stood so long, the natural conclusion is that he must have left successors who were able to carry out the work begun by him. The permanency of his achievements is largely due to his grandson, Iyemitsu, who followed so closely in his footsteps that the Tokugawa power was established beyond peradventure for many generations. Iyemitsu was the third shogun in this line, his father having helped forward the plans of *his* parent. Among others in the line who were powerful in upholding the régime was Tsunayoshi, the fifth shogun; Yoshimune, the eighth; and

Iyenari, the eleventh, all rulers of ability. Tsunayoshi was a great patron of literature, while the last named raised the dynasty to its highest standard of government at the end of his reign, in 1838. Twenty-nine years later the last shogun, the survivor of fourteen generations, quietly laid aside the sceptre of power and went into retirement, when the imperial line



A LOTUS LAKE, GINKAKUJI.

assumed its legitimate place at the head of the government and moved with its court to Tokyo.

It was the policy of Iyeyasu to place the emperor so far above the plane of the people as to be out of the reach of the intrigues and revolutions of ambitious men. In the minds and hearts of his subjects, he was the "son of High Heaven." He was isolated and must not be troubled with the trials of the common people. Not even the nobles were permitted to gaze upon him except through a curtain of finely woven bamboo. Having established this state of affairs, the shogun, who derived his power direct from the emperor, held it in his hands to put down any insurrection not sanctioned by the sovereign as a direct rebellion. Every insurgent was

treated as a traitor, not to the shogunate, but to the imperial house. Having fortified himself and his successors in this manner, Iyeyasu reconstructed the whole country of Feudal Japan with the wisdom and courage of a master at the art of statecraft. He created about two hundred and fifty provinces, held by as many military nobles, and these were eventually divided into nine thousand petty fiefs. The military holders of the larger divisions had absolute power within their own dominions, but had to render tribute to the shogun, and to live half of the year at Tokyo. Iyeyasu was shrewd enough to make the majority of his vassals men upon whom he could depend, while the others were so scattered upon this checker-board of country rule that they could not unite in a revolution against the head of the power. So long as a noble remained faithful to his shogun, so long was he guaranteed protection from the encroachments of his neighbours. The people were divided into four classes, ranking in the order following: the samurai, or "gentlemen soldiers," who held land by virtue of their military service, and enjoyed many privileges; the farmers, or tillers of the soil; artisans, including artists, and merchants, at the foot of the list. Of course such a prodigious plan could not be carried out in a day or a generation. His son helped along the work begun, while the grandson, Iyemitsu, did so much that he has been credited by some as the originator of the scheme.

It will be seen that no established code of laws existed controlling the relations between the nobles and the governed classes, but Iyeyasu, in his celebrated "Book of the Institutes," advised his successors to deal kindly with their subjects, and to stamp out as rapidly as possible the long-fixed custom of hara-kiri, or suicide, which had been a favourite method of death for centuries. A serious task for the student of history is that of tracing the origin and growth of this system of autocratic government, which gives evidence of a foresight, a moderation, and a sagacity hardly to have been expected from lords whose incomes varied from fifty thousand dollars to five millions annually, and with a power almost absolute. If any noble abused his privileges, the head at Tokyo did not hesitate to enforce the iron rule belonging to this system of feudal sovereignty. Another method of punishment was to impose the task of building some great public work whenever the conduct of a lord became such as to attract public attention.



CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

It may seem impossible that a government constructed on such a simple, and it may be clumsy, plan could meet the exigencies of the changing times, but this conclusion is reached without understanding the deep-rooted fealty of the personnel of the government founded by the astute Iyeyasu, who, if he builded better than he knew, reared a structure destined to withstand the storms of nearly three centuries, and then to fall without so much as shaking the inner walls. Under this simple form of rule the country increased in prosperity, the poorer classes growing richer, and the samurai, with some exceptions, developing education and



HARA - KIRI.

the military arts. Under this régime a new literature sprang into existence, the drama of romance and the novel of adventure appeared, while numerous artists of talent left work that has survived the criticism of following generations.'

The line between classes during the Tokugawa dynasty was drawn very closely. The general division was the same as that described, and consisted of four degrees, the military standing at the head and the tradesman at the foot. But in reality this distinction did not include a considerable number of people who were considered to be below respectable humanity. For that reason the following classification more accurately

describes the relations of society: first, the *kuge*, or court nobility of Kyoto; second, the daimios, or court nobility of Yedo; third, the *buke*, or samurai of a rank under the daimio; fourth, the *hiyakusho*, tillers of the soil and untitled landholders; fifth, the *shokonin*, artisans and mechanics, including also artists; sixth, the *akindo*, or traders, merchants, and shopkeepers; seventh, actors, polite beggars, prostitutes, etc.; eighth, *eta*, *hinin*, tanners and skimmers. The native terms descriptive of the last class should be understood to refer to a class not considered human, — beggars who squatted on land unfit for cultivation, and who dwelt in filth and rags. In some localities rows of their huts were to be seen, while the degenerate builders were miles away, soliciting such alms and bits of food as they could obtain from those more provident and fortunate than themselves. They were barred from entering the houses of the better classes, or even from warming their benumbed hands by the same fire. The second term signified those who live by grave-digging, burying dead animals, and dealing in their hides. Besides their begging, the *hinins* were sought to execute criminals and dispose of their remains when dead. Notwithstanding the bad odour a description of this last class throws over the situation, the social condition of Japan was better than it had ever been before, and was being steadily purified.

The Augustus of this golden era spent the closing years of his life at Sumpu, now Shidzuoka, looking kindly and wisely after the interest of his people, and at his death, March 8, 1616, he was entombed at Kuno Zan. A year later his son caused his remains to be removed to Nikko, within sound of the Kiri Furi (falling mist), and under the snow-crowned Nataizan Mountain, with the pomp and glory of pageantry befitting the grandest figure in Japanese life. The artist of his day pictures him as of medium size, well-formed figure, a round, plump countenance, beaming with good nature, and one upon whom care sat lightly. He was of untiring will, and it is claimed never allowed himself to be defeated in any purpose that he undertook. Unlike Hideyoshi, who arranged on paper an ancestry to suit his pleasure, and rising from a homely, simple peasant, astounded his friends and confounded his enemies by his remarkable tactics and indomitable mind, Iyeyasu came of pure Genji blood. He was descended from the early conquerors of Japan, and belonged by right to the imperial line of the “sons of High Heaven.” His glory eclipsed them all.



LAKE SCENERY AT KOMAGOME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SONS OF THE SWORD.

NOTWITHSTANDING his noble lineage, with all the great power at his command, the hero-worship bestowed upon him in life, and the glory that crowned his tomb, it must be remembered still that Iyeyasu was, at his highest, the guardian of the imperial person. He was in truth a vassal of the emperor, owning his office at the other's will. He was in rank below the lowest kuge, and in the same class as the daimios. In fact, he was only the most powerful of the second, or Yedo class, as described in our last chapter. Like many others of the illustrious train of Japanese heroes, he had won his prestige with his sword; indeed, they may all be called sons of the sword. As it was with Iyeyasu, so was it with his successors down to, and including, Keiki, the Cromwell of Japan. When he, reading in the signs of the times the rapidly approaching end of the military autocracy, wisely retired from the cares and vicissitudes of war to a retreat of peaceful seclusion, the sword that had upheld feudalism for centuries and had been the staff of ambitious usurpers, lost its association with chivalry, and was greatest in the deeds that were a memory.

The sword has played such an important and romantic part in the history of Feudal Japan, that anything like a full account of it would fill a large volume of curious and interesting reading. The sword was the cross of olden Japan, and the flashing emblem of power both divine and human. At the great Shinto shrine of Isé, the visitor at this distant day is shown three objects of reverential interest, which have been guarded through all the ages with zealous care. These were given to the Emperor Jimmu as keepsakes, after he had conquered the world. The first of these is the sword, supposed to typify strength and warlike shrewdness; second, the crystal, emblematical of the justice by which the first was to rule; and third, the mirror, which was to reflect the purity of the deeds of the others. It has been the attributes of these three which have ever upheld the peculiar dignity of the nobility of Japan. The first being in reality the badge of divine authority, the two-sworded gentry of the country composed the true nobility.

Though there were numerous varieties of these weapons, the swords worn by the samurai were invariably a large and a small one. He might own as many others as his circumstances would afford, and from among them choose his favourite pair. The etiquette of the sword was intricate and elaborate, imposing and striking, requiring years to master. This two-sworded gentleman, in making a call, was expected to leave his large sword in the hall in charge of an attendant; if the host was an official of high rank he was bound to leave both behind him, as a guarantee of good faith and confidence in the other. It was held to be a grave insult to allow one's sword to strike against that of another, while a feint to draw was accepted as a challenge to battle. It was never polite to draw the weapon from its sheath in the presence of another, without first asking the consent of that party. To move the sword by the foot or otherwise toward a person was considered by that individual as an insult, which must be erased by a duel to the death. These give but a faint idea of numerous and bewildering rules which governed the usage of the dangerous blade.

Of the many kinds of swords there were the *ken*, a product of the sixteenth century, made long, slender, and double-edged. This was succeeded by the *katana*, a weapon slightly curved toward the point, and having but one edge. The short sword was worn with this to denote the

high standing of the samurai. The members of lower ranks, such as doctors, artisans, artists, were obliged to carry short swords, or dirks, that had no guards. The ancient instrument of deadly work was about three feet in length, with two edges, and was wielded by both hands. The scabbard of this was inlaid in silver or bronze, and showed skilful workmanship in its artistic shape. Another sword, used in suicide, or hara-kiri, was less than a foot in length. The swords of the nobles were wrought by armourers, quite as famous in their country as those who produced



JAPANESE KITCHEN.

the renowned blades of Toledo and Damascus were in their lands. The Japanese weapons were, as a rule, made of fine elastic iron and steel combined, and, according to traditions of them, capable of being bent until both ends met. They were tempered so as to cut other metals, such as copper, without injuring their razor-like edges.

Mr. Mitford, in his excellent "Tales of Old Japan," relates that the occupation of the sword-maker was regarded as a noble calling, and that those of gentle blood often followed the vocation. He says that, while living in Osaka, he knew a swordsmith who was noted for his benevolence and kind deeds. "His idea was, that, having been bred up to

a calling which trades in life and death, he was bound, so far as in him lay, to atone for this by seeking to alleviate the suffering which is in the world; and he carried out this principle to the extent of impoverishing himself. What was true of this man applied to the class as a rule." It was Mr. Mitford's fortune to witness the passing of the old order for the new, the Great Transition which has placed Japan among the really strong nations of modern times. Only recently did the samurai cling to his



SPINNING SILK.

sword, and whatever the effect on the social standing of the country, there was no man bold enough to rob him of that right. Talking with a man of liberal mind and advanced ideas for his surroundings, Mr. Mitford received this prophetic reply: "I would that all the swords and dirks in this country might be collected in one place and molten down; from the metal so produced one sword might be forged, which, being the only blade left, should be the girded sword of great Japan." The speaker little dreamed how soon his words were to come true, in the passing of the

swords of the samurai into the "girded sword of great Japan;" the valour and skill wasted during centuries of internal contention became concentrated in defending it against the world.

Among the famous sword-makers of Japan was Masamune, who made his wonderful blades in the fourteenth century. These soon became weapons of great value, for the possession of which was many a hard-fought battle waged. Often as high as a thousand dollars was paid for



TEA GARDEN, FUKAGAWA.

a sword of his make, which was then an enormous sum for that country. None of his descendants, many of whom followed his calling, ever rivalled him in the craft.

Masamune had a rival, however, if one who lived before him could be called such, in Senju-in-Muramasa, whose forge was at Isé. His remarkable blades commanded dazzling prices, and their admirers equalled those of Masamune. At least one bitter siege of war was aroused by a controversy over the merits of these rival weapons.

Out of the mist and darkness of that far-away day come legends and

romances of Japanese swords that overshadow the glory of Damascus's renowned blades, and humiliate the pride of Old Seville. It was claimed that a Muramasa sword was powerful enough to hew through a bar of solid copper an inch thick, and delicate enough to split a human hair floating in the atmosphere. One of its admirers cut in twain, at a single stroke, five common blades, without dulling its edge or dimming the lustre of its polished surface. On the other hand, it was related on equally good authority that a blade of the make of Masamune possessed supernatural powers, and that its owner declared that whenever he went into battle it would cleave the heads of all who came in its way, without any force on his part. In fact, he had only to guide the wonderful instrument, and it would mow its way through the enemy, whose heads fell like hailstones in a summer tempest. This was, in turn, offset by the accounts of a Muramasa weapon which was believed to mirror in its polished surface the likeness of him who was to be its next victim, be that its owner or an enemy. In this way it bore, one after another, the wraiths of the victims it knew during its long career of bloodshed. One great drawback to these remarkable weapons was their invariable habit of never resting until they had tasted human blood, once they had been drawn. The owners, who may have grown incautious in their use, often became their victims.

There is a tradition yet current, of a Muramasa sword that its owner was obliged to leave with a pawnbroker, until he could obtain sufficient funds to redeem it. This fellow thought to act the part of a gentleman, and girding the weapon to his side he strutted about the streets. The spectators soon noticed his awkwardness, and began to jeer at him. Angered at this, he drew the blade to put his insulters to rout, but so clumsily did he handle the weapon that it turned in a great fury and slew him.

Thus the Japanese sword was an object of admiration and dread. Made of perfect metal by the most skilled workmen, its bright surface the playground of blue streamers of light, running its entire length, or the portrait-gallery of the owner's slain, with a chance that his own picture might appear among the battle-scarred faces, it was alike his ally and his betrayer. If the gleaming blade scintillated with the very rays of death, the guard, ornamented with bronze and golden figures of birds,



KAGO BEARERS.

blossoms, and sea-waves, was an object of even greater beauty. This part of the sword contained a rich store of Japanese history and mythological secrets. The engravers and decorators were more than mere workers of fanciful ornamentation. They were intelligent historians and artists of rare gift, who made of the warlike instruments that came from their hand the repository of the shifting dramas of the war, religion, romance, and social life of Japan.

Little wonder the owner came to love his sword as he loved his own



JINRIKISHA.

child, for it was the symbol of his standing and the defender of his honour. Without it he was a person in disgrace, and helpless to save himself. Not only was his favourite weapon a prize to him, but its record was his family tree. Sword-lore became a part of his education, and he could tell not only the maker of his blade, but the date of its making, the battles in which it had been an important factor, and how it had been borne amid those scenes of carnage. Nor was he the only one who knew all this. There were officials whose duty it was to examine the swords of the country, and these became so expert that by looking at a few inches of the blade they could give the name of the maker, the date of its forg-

ing, and all of the important incidents of its checkered career, no matter how old or busy it had been. In the government archives each and every sword was carefully and minutely described, as the deeds of real estate transfer are recorded in this country. By this means, it is easy to prove to-day the particulars connected with all of the most prominent weapons of the empire.

Besides these records and oral traditions, the literature of the sword is wide and rich in its scope. It figures conspicuously in prose and poetry,



STREET SCENE, OSAKA.

in history and fiction. Songs of the sword were the most popular form of writing, and many of them have become classics. We cannot better close this chapter, than in giving an extract from one of these, translated by one¹ who has caught much of the original spirit of martial melody :

“ (Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword !)
Is he near, the fox that skulks
And kills in the dark unseen ?
Shall we, too, hide and strike
In the dark a foe unclean ?

¹ Mary Stockton Hunter, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Brave deeds are done in the day.
 Sun god, give me steel for sight,
 War god, give me arm of steel,
 To avenge the deed of night.
 (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
 Not molten with toil of days
 Was the steel of your fashioning,
 But with the labour of strenuous years,
 And the steel was a living thing.
 Through your eager, thirsting veins
 The red drops hissing ran,
 Pure blood of a fiery soul,
 Proud spirit of a man.
 (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
 You writhe in my grasp, my own, —
 He is near, the fox we snare!
 You lift your quivering length,
 One moment — one chance — if he dare!
 The blood that is in you gleams
 Wicked red, with flashes of light, —
 Now, sword, my soul, cleave clean!
 Revenge is new life, new sight!
 (His life for life of my lord.)

"(Hush, listen, — my soul, my sword!)
 Am I, too, wounded to death?
 What matter? My foot can spurn
 His body, the fox that skulked,
 That killed in the dark. I earn
 Remembrance for loyal love,
 For vengeance unto death, —
 And this is a glorious way
 For a man to yield his breath.
 (His life for life of my lord.)"

Public sentiment, after the revolution in 1868, set in against the wearing of two swords so strongly that on December 7, 1875, Yamagata, the Minister of War, issued a memorial to Premier Sanjo, which on the 28th

of March, 1876, brought out the following pronunciamento: "No individual will henceforth be permitted to wear a sword unless he be in court dress, a member of the military forces, or a police officer." This measure, first advocated sixteen years before, became a law over the islands, even in Satsuma, the home of the sword.



LAKE VIEW, LOOKING TOWARD THE RESIDENCE, TOKYO. (TSUYAMA GARDEN.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE REVENGE OF THE RONINS.

HISTORY is but the dry bones of ages. The flesh and blood of the skeleton are the stories and traditions that clothe it with increasing warmth and beauty as time passes on. Japan is particularly happy in this respect, and among the innumerable legendary tales of the long era of feudalism the romance of the forty-seven ronins is accorded first place. This is to Japan what the Iliad is to Greece. It has, in fact, become more closely woven about the hearts of the people from its being a true narrative, even to its minor details. An incident of modern history, it found its own delineator from among the heroes who participated in the daring deeds, and who are considered as demigods in the worship of to-day. Their graves are the shrines of long trains of pilgrims from all over the empire, and their story, told by several authors, has become a classic in dramatic literature. In one version or another

the adventures and heroic parts performed by the players are all given individually, and are presented on the stage with remarkable fidelity to original action. In a sketch like this, one can only portray the leading incidents, which reflect with mirror-like faithfulness the loyalty, untiring endeavour, and valorous forgetfulness of self that, in all generations, characterised the Japanese people. The term *ronin*, or "wave-man," it may be well to explain at the outset, means simply a wanderer or vagabond. The signification of vagabond, however, is not exactly what we should give the word, for a man of noble parts may become a ronin. This may not be from choice, but for some trivial offence or whim of his master, who dismisses him to seek service with some one else. The ronin thus became the knight errant of Japan. There was also a lower order of ronins than we have to do with in this romance, but of them we need not stop to speak.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century a new shrine being ready to dedicate near Kyoto, it was necessary to send ambassadors to the shogun at Yedo with the intelligence, and two young nobles by the names of Takumi no Kami and Kamei Sama felt highly honoured with the distinction conferred upon them as bearers of this commission. In order to appear with credit at the military city it was necessary for them to receive instructions from some one qualified to teach them. Accordingly, a high official named Kotsuke no Suké was sought. Known as a very avaricious man, what were deemed liberal presents were carried to him. At first he met both curtly, and they were made to think that they had a big task on hand. Then Kamei Sama was advised to double his present, when the official was greatly pleased with the result. But his companion, failing to take the hint, continued to be ignored by his teacher, who called him a churl and dullard. Finally, to show his spite against the other, Suké commanded him to tie up his sock-string, which had become loosened.

Takumi no Kami, a man of remarkable patience and forbearance, had not murmured, and now he bent low and did as his tutor requested. This meekness angered Kotsuke no Suké, and he derided his pupil for his clumsiness, adding :

"Such awkwardness speaks plainly of your low birth, and it is evident that no such peasant as you can ever hope to be conversant with the court manners of Yedo."

Laughing at his insulting words, he was about to turn away, when Takumi no Kami, who could stand no more, desired him to wait a moment. As the Lord Kotsuke turned to see what he could wish, the aroused daimio aimed a blow at the head of the official. The court cap of Kotsuke saved him from anything worse than a scratch upon his forehead. Again Takumi struck at the official, and missed him. The frightened Kotsuke now fled, and, as he did so, an officer at the court rushed forward and seized the assailant. He was placed in confinement.



A KAGO.

After a brief council among the censors he was doomed to hara-kiri, and his property confiscated. He proved unfaltering, and died upon his own sword. His castle at Ako was taken by the government, leaving his family poor, and his retainers nothing to do but to become ronins. Some of these eventually connected themselves with other lords, but forty-seven of them leagued themselves together under the leadership of Oishi Kuranosuke to avenge the wrong perpetrated upon their lord. The chief of this band, that was to become so famous, had been a chosen and trusted adviser to the unfortunate daimio, and he vowed that, while his master had committed a grievous error in drawing his sword within his tutor's

castle, he had sufficient reason for slaying the official. He was looked upon as a wise and a just man, so the others fell in readily with his plan of vengeance.

Every man knew this was no slight task. Kotsuke no Suké expected some retaliatory movement against him, and he did not stir without being surrounded by soldiers, and in his home he was guarded by faithful watchers. The ronins knew that every act of theirs would be watched, and the first thing for them to do would be to escape the vigilant spies



VIEW AT HONMOKU.

set over them by disarming suspicion. Accordingly they separated, each man following his own inclination, but instructed to keep his chief informed continually as to his whereabouts. Kuranosuke hired a small cottage in a village near Kyoto, and his whole conduct suddenly underwent a change. While before this time he had been an exemplary citizen, a kind and dutiful husband and father, he now appeared as a shiftless, ill-mannered fellow, who had no high aim in life. It is true, when alone with his family his old-time nature showed itself for brief intervals, but those who knew him away from home judged that his mind had been unseated



FERRY - BOAT, DOSHIGAWA RIVER, AT SAGAMI.

by his disappointment at having lost a good station. It was not publicly known where the majority of his companions had gone, but a few were supposed to have sought the mountains as hinins, a few had entered monasteries, while still others had become vagabonds, — wave-men of the most dissolute type. The widow of Takumi no Kami went to live in Yedo a quiet, secluded life. All this had been a part of the plan of Kuranosuke, as specified in the contract drawn up by him, and signed by the forty-seven free-lances, each in his own blood.

The spies of Kotsuke no Suké brought him pleasing tidings of the apparent idleness of those whom he had felt reason to dread. Especially was the news regarding their leader gratifying. One of them reported that he had seen with his own eyes the late councillor to Takumi no Kami sleeping off a debauch in the streets of Kyoto among a party of dissolute men, himself and companions the objects of jeers and gibes from the passers-by, while he slept on in the most utter unconcern. Surely one fallen to be such a brute had lost the courage to avenge the death of his master, and deserved not to be called samurai! To show further the truth of this, the messenger declared that he had spat in the face of the drunkard without arousing any show of resentment, though the mob howled with glee over his disgrace. The fears of the suspicious Kotsuke no Suké were allayed, so that he dared to venture abroad, though he kept about him his guardsmen. His spies were still ordered never to lose sight of the ronin chief and his followers.

So closely was Kuranosuke watched that he was obliged to assume his false character at home, and so well did he play his part that his own wife was deceived. With tears in her eyes she begged of him to reform, trying to show him the dishonour and the misery he was bringing upon his family, as well as himself.

“You said you were doing this to sham the people into the belief that you had no idea of avenging the death of your poor master, but it becomes unbearable when you carry this unseemingly conduct into the heart of your home. Surely here, where prying eyes cannot see, you can at least show your loved ones that your manhood has not left you entirely.”

He understood better than she the astuteness of the spies set to watch him, and that even then one was within hearing, and he replied :

“So you do not like my manner of life? Methinks it has taken a long

time to find out it is not congenial to you. If you like it not you are no wife of mine, and from the brothel I will get a pretty girl that will please me more. At any rate, I am tired of having an old woman whimpering about my house. It will please me greatly if you will go."

By this time he had worked himself into a furious passion, so the poor woman was sadly frightened, and knew not what to do or say. Upon her



BRIDGE NEAR IMPERIAL PALACE.

knees, with hands outstretched to him, she begged that he be merciful to her and their children.

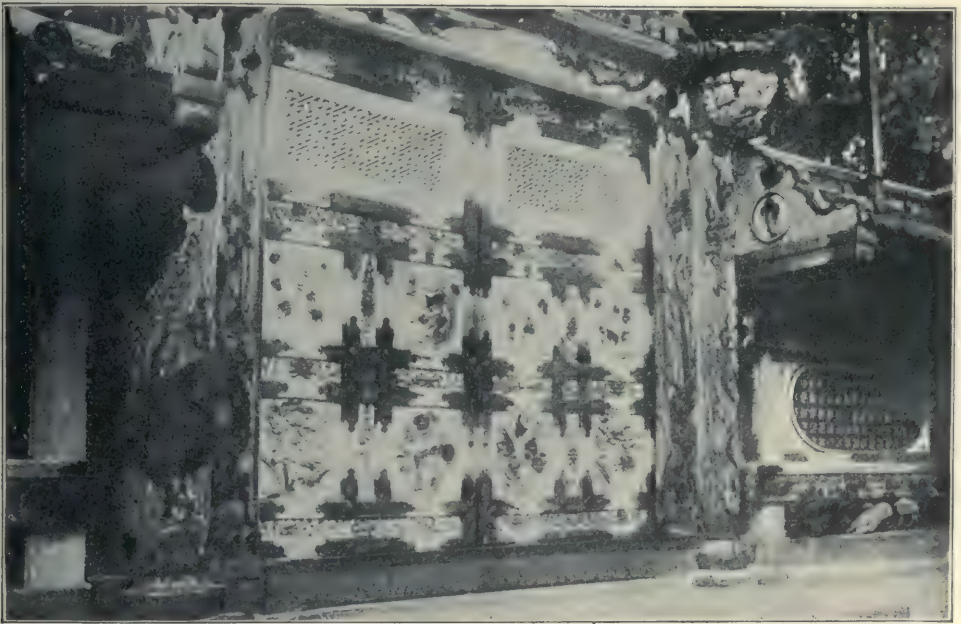
"For twenty years, my honourable lord, have I been your faithful wife. I have borne you three children, and have kept my faith with you through sorrow and affliction. I do not murmur at our misfortune now, only do not forget the obligations we owe each other. To me and our children be merciful, I beg of you."

Her words fell as if on a heart of stone, and, with cruel indifference, he replied :

"It is plain you do not understand me. I can find one who will better fill your place. Begone! and take the children with you, also, lest they be in my way."

The distracted woman sought her eldest son, and at her request he pleaded with his father, without changing the situation. Unknown to her he had joined with his father in the revenge of the ronins. Finally, in despair, the outcast wife went away, taking with her two of the children; Chikara, the son mentioned, deciding to remain behind.

Intelligence of this reaching Kotsuke no Suké, he laughed with the glee of a free man. Soon after, he discharged one-half of his company of body-guards, reasoning that he had little to fear from the ronins, whose chief had fallen into such a low state. Little did he dream that he was



KARAMON GATE, NIKKO.

ensnared in the trap set for him by the wary and patient Kuranosuke, who continued to lead his abandoned life, though he was in continual communication with his faithful followers. At that very time several of these were in actual employ of the marked noble, while others, in the guise of peddlers and workmen, found access to his castle. In this way they obtained a complete plan of his surroundings, the number and location of his rooms, who were his retainers, who of them were courageous and who were cowards, the members of his household, and their characters. All this was duly reported to the chief, while he watched, waited, and played his difficult part. Then throwing off his worry and anxiety,

Kotsuke no Suké gave up his vigilance, believing he had nothing more to fear. But among his advisers was one wiser than he, and this man proposed a severe test, to make the situation doubly certain. This was to send a soldier whom they could trust, to gain the confidence of the ronin chief by seeking to become one of such a band of avengers. When the desired spy was found, he was properly disguised, and accompanied by two others in the rôle of ronins, he set forth on his errand.

They found Kuranosuke at an inn of ill-repute, playing blind man's buff with a party of girls. Up-stairs, where they could watch the whole scene, as by prearranged plans, were two of Kotsuke no Suké's spies. The pretended avenger entered the room, and seizing Kuranosuke by the arm, demanded :

"Is it thus the wise councillor of Takumi no Kami spends his time in foolishness? I am Yazama Juitaro, and I have with me two friends who would fain speak with you alone."

"Caught!" cried the blinded man, exultantly, seizing upon the newcomer's arm. "Here, girl, you must pay a forfeit by drinking a cup of saké."

"Nay, Kuranosuke," persisted the other, "you do not understand. We have come to know when we are to set forth on our errand of vengeance for the blood of the innocent. We have a friend here who would fain become one of us. I can vouch for his honesty, and so can —"

"Away, girls!" broke in the ronin chief, "the game is ended for this day. To-morrow I will be with you again. I must sleep now. Will not some of you sing my favourite song?"

"This is no time for merriment," declared the disguised visitor. "In Yedo we are tired of waiting, and want to know when we are to act. I have here a faithful fellow, who swears to act true to us and our purpose. I will vouch for him with my life."

"Fool!" exclaimed Kuranosuke, "for your babbling tongue proves you to be such. Who talks of vengeance and merriment in the same breath, knowing that death lurks in the path of one, and the weakness which leads to the grave in the other? I did know a bit of verse, but whether it be about Yedo or Kamakura I cannot tell. Perhaps some of the gentlemen will be kind enough to tell me what we are talking about when I have awakened and my head is clearer."

Without further words Kuranosuke stretched himself on a mat and was soon sound asleep, very much to the chagrin of the interviewers, who failed to get anything more from him, and departed in disgust. When his father had slept well into the night, Chikara came and awoke him, saying :

"We are losing valuable time. Kotsuke no Suké is about to leave Kamakura. We must strike ere he gets away. Here is a packet from Lady Takumi no Kami, which will explain much."

"Go home, and leave me in peace," commanded Kuranosuke, taking the package and secreting it in his bosom. Understanding more than he showed, Chikara went his way. As soon as he was alone the chief thought to read the missive, but he was interrupted by the entrance of an old acquaintance from Kamakura, whom he had not met for a twelve-month. This man was really one of the spies, who had thus boldly approached the watched man in the hope of getting at the contents of the letter. He was greeted civilly by Kuranosuke, who trusted no man, but treated every one in a frank manner.

"Well are we met. I think it has been a year since we last saw each other. Some wrinkles have come ; what better time to smooth them out ?" Saké was then ordered, and the newcomer drank with the ex-councillor, though he did not trust himself to eat of the solid food brought at the order of Kuranosuke.

"I have yet to learn that Takumi no Kami has changed into a devil-fish, so eat, good Kudayu. If you prefer, I will order a pullet. Let our feast be a merry one, since it has been a year from our parting, and no deeper sorrow sets on our stomachs than our hunger."

Looking askance upon each other at this display of blunted indifference upon a matter which should rest closely upon the bosom of the speaker, the two spies soon excused themselves and left the place. Kudayu proved himself exceedingly crafty, and when he entered the kago which was to bear him away, he passed out on the other side, and, placing a big rock on his seat to give the appearance of weight, crawled under the floor of the veranda, from which vantage he hoped to watch Kuranosuke, and, perchance, discover the contents of the suspicious letter.

His ruse worked so well that the sharp-eyed Kuranosuke was deceived by the apparent weight of the kago, and believed both spies had departed,

as the others had. He then began to read the missive, which was rolled so long that when he followed its page the end of the sheet dropped down through a crack in the floor. This enabled the concealed Kudayu to read enough to know that the plot of the ronins was working. He tore off as much of the sheet as he could, to carry away as proof of what he had learned, though he dared not leave his retreat yet.

The letter in reality contained nothing of importance beyond what Chikara had said, except the fact that Kotsuke no Suké was to depart



MODERN HOUSES.

from Kamakura with only a small body-guard. As Chikara had said, it was time to act. Neither was there any lack in the preparations. A complete plan of Kotsuke no Suké's yashiki, with gate-house and postern, barracks and private quarters, everything, even to the private storehouses, had been set down. The arms-merchant of Sakai, one Gehei, had procured arms, while the ronins themselves, lest their secret should become known, had made armour and uniforms for themselves. Two fishing-junks had been got in readiness to start at a moment's warning by the band of conspirators.

While Kuranosuke had been reading the missive, another actor who was

to play a small but an important part in the drama was on the balcony overhead. She was one of the girls who had been playing blindman's buff with the chief, and she was now engaged in dressing her hair by a small hand-glass. This mirror chancing to reflect, through an opening in the floor, the long roll of paper in the hands of Kuranosuke, her woman's curiosity was aroused to read the message, when she was horrified to discover the plot on foot. But, as she read on down the sheet, the glass re-



LOTUSES AND LEANING - PINE, TOKYO.

flected another object which excited her. This was the figure of the concealed spy under the veranda. She saw him tear off a portion of the paper, for it was now broad daylight. She started at once for Kuranosuke, to find her brother in the act of joining him. She told her story to him in a whisper, when he said :

“ You will lose your life by this, girl.”

“ I am willing to make that sacrifice if it will help our friend in his brave work,” she replied, and Kuranosuke, who had overheard all, replied :

"Fear not, maid," and rolling up the letter until he came to the torn end, which was proof of her faith to him, he added aloud :

"But yon skulking wretch shall die this hour."

Finding that he had been discovered, Kudayu tried to escape, but assisted by the girl's brother, Kuranosuke effected his capture, and, securely tied and gagged, the unfortunate man was consigned to the river. Message was sent to all of the scattered ronins that the time to act had come at last, and that they should meet at a feast in Yedo on a certain night. Kuranosuke quietly left Kyoto, and was on hand to take a seat at the head of the banquet board spread for the wildest feast ever given in Yedo. Not one of the forty-seven ronins was missing, every man of them easily distinguished by a coat with a back of bats' wings, and over the saké was pledged anew the vow made a year before. It was agreed that the sole object of the mission in hand was to obtain the head of the doomed man. No other life was to be taken that could be spared. Two attacks were to be made as near together as possible, one to be led by the chief and the other by his son, Chikara, though he was but a boy of sixteen. The moment any one of the band should find Kotsuke no Suké, he was to cut off his head, if possible, and then whistle, in order that his companions might know the object of the raid had been accomplished, and might hasten to their fortunate comrade. The head was then to be borne to the tomb of their beloved master, and, this done, they were to report in a body to the government, to await their fate for the misdemeanour.

A few hours later, at the dead of the midwinter night, with a heavy mantle of snow covering the sacred city, the two junks carrying the ronins and their war-weapons anchored off the shore of Kamakura. The party then divided into two divisions, as previously agreed upon, one party under Chikara, to scale the wall by the front entrance, and the other, led by his father, to force an entrance at the water-gate. The last being considered the easier place to effect an entrance, was to be attempted first, and upon a signal from Kuranosuke, Chikara's band was to begin its attack.

Chikara and his followers had to wait so long for the signal to begin their work that they grew impatient, and two of them, by the means of a rope ladder, climbed the roof of a porch and let themselves down into the



"I have no power," said Henry, "the power is all yours, and I am only a poor, weak, and unworthy man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

Whispering

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."

"I am a poor man," said Henry, "but I am not a weak man."

"You are a weak man," said Henry, "but you are not a poor man."



court. Quiet reigned about the place, and surprising the guard they bound them hands and feet. The twain then made the beat of the guardsmen, giving the customary signal at regular intervals with the clappers used for that purpose, until the whistle from Kuranosuke told them the water-gate had been forced. This couple of ronins now broke with a hammer the stout wooden bolt of the great gate, when they were quickly joined by their companions. Then the cry of "Amagawa!" rang



LAKE VIEW IN THE TSUYAMA GARDEN.

clearly on the stormy night, awakening the sleeping inhabitants to the realisation that an enemy had entered within the fortifications. Kuranosuke immediately despatched a messenger to the people, saying :

"Fear not, good people, for it is not burglars nor murderers who have entered here to do harm. We are those who were once honourable retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami, now ronins, and we are about to break into the house of Kotsuke no Suké, that we may avenge the death of our master."

The people had begun to swarm upon the roofs of the neighbouring

houses, with lanterns and torches, but, upon learning the true situation, so little respect and fellowship did they have for the doomed noble that not one offered to lift a hand in his defence. Kuranosuke had issued his order sitting on a stool before the house of their intended victim, and his followers, uniting in one body at this time, a dash was made to capture their victim. At the entrance to the dwelling of Kotsuke no Suké, they



IN A GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN, FUKAGAWA.

were met by three of his valiant retainers, when they hesitated about doing them harm.

"How is this?" demanded Kuranosuke. "Are you to be stopped by three men, when you have all sworn vengeance on the head of him who rests within? You are cowards not worth the waste of time. Stand aside, and let Chikara, the boy, attack them, and die if his strength be not equal to the task of overpowering them."

Chikara needed no second bidding to do this, and he quickly engaged one of the defenders in hand-to-hand combat, while a couple of his companions opened battle with the others. The boy soon found himself

hard-pressed by the stalwart man-soldier, and he was obliged to retreat backward into the garden, where he inadvertently fell into a pond. No assistance was offered him, but the brave boy needed no aid. Fancying that he had finished him, as he saw him fall, the tall soldier turned to go to the assistance of his comrades, when Chikara sprang up and ended his career then and there. The other two defenders of the noble having been despatched by this time, the whole party of ronins, headed by Chikara, entered the dwelling. Their search for the daimio was prolonged, until they had dragged him forth from a corner where charcoal was stored. His face and dress black with coal-dust, the cringing noble was dragged through the snow into the presence of Kuranosuke, who politely offered him the opportunity to die the honourable death of harakiri. Presenting a most sorry-looking appearance, the cowardly Kotsuke no Suké finally pretended to accept the only alternative offered him, and raised his short sword in a feint at his own body. Instead of striking at himself, he sprang at Kuranosuke with all the force at his command. The latter defended himself from the blow, and, felling the wretch at his feet, cried out :

“Take him, men! he deserves no better fate than to be hacked to pieces by your swords.”

Thereupon the ronins gave expression to the greatest joy, as they slew the unhappy daimio, saying in concert :

“Oh, blest occasion! It is for this hour we have waited, leaving parents, wives, children, to live as outcasts, that we might reap this harvest of just vengeance. Were it our fortune to see the *udonge*¹ bloom, never could we hope to find such favour as this.”

The ronins now severed the head of the dead daimio, and, seeing that the fires were all extinguished, so there might be no conflagration, and carrying their ghastly prize, marched joyously out of the gate and along the road toward Takanawa, a suburb of Yedo, where stood the tomb of their dead master. It was daylight as they started on their journey, and the story of their night's exploit having been already spread abroad, they were greeted by curious and often friendly crowds, many of whom warned them that the father-in-law of Kotsuke no Suké was

¹ A plant resembling the fig, whose flowers are hidden within the fruit, and which, according to common belief, blooms only once in three thousand years.

following in pursuit with an army of retainers. But this pursuit was not made with sufficient vigour to overtake them, notwithstanding that they stopped at the home of a prince, at his invitation, and took breakfast with him. They were now received everywhere with applause, and their deed was praised universally.

Upon reaching the front gate of the tomb of Takumi no Kami, it was opened by the abbot of the monastery himself, who invited them to enter.

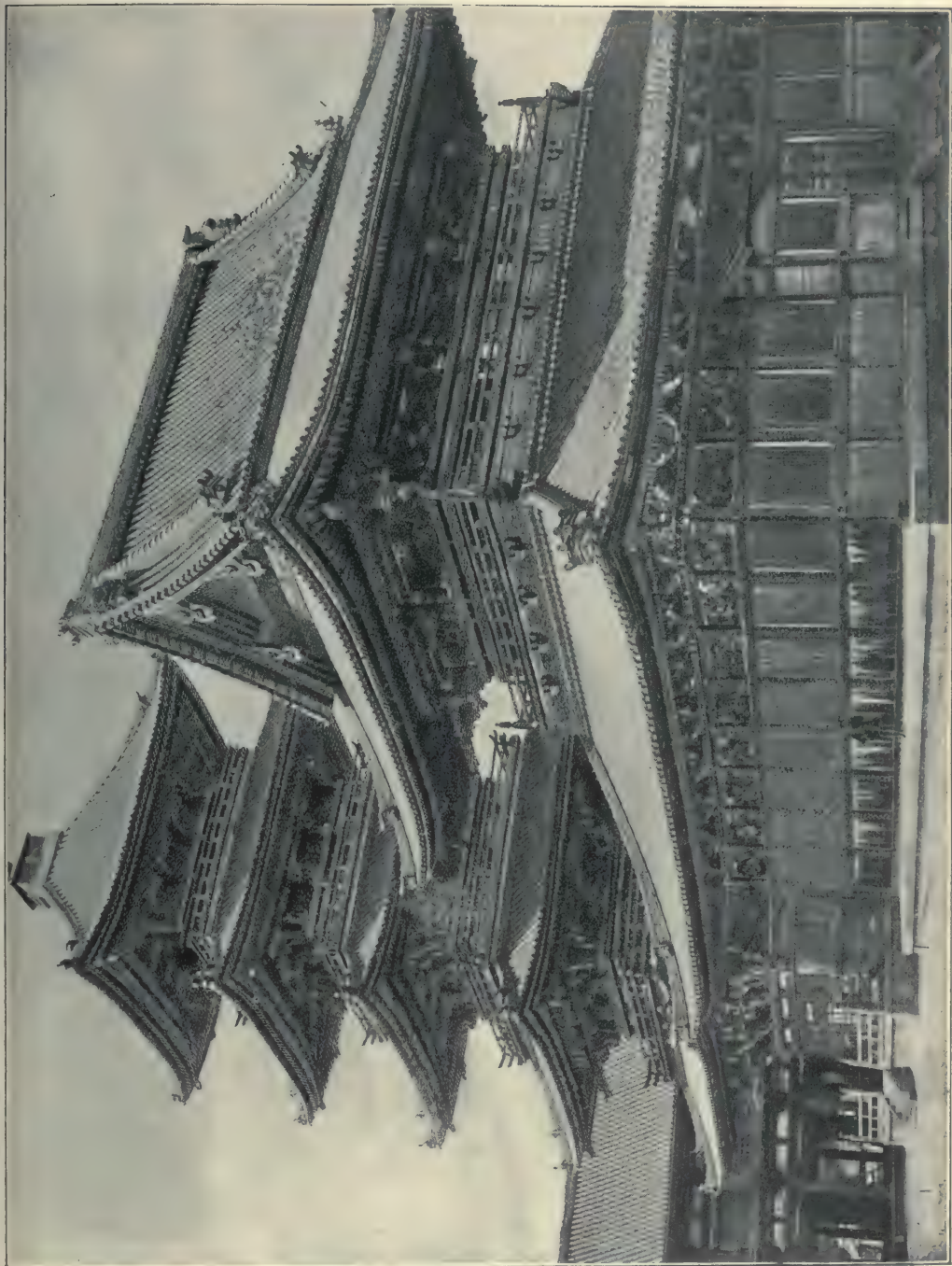


STEAMING TEA LEAF.

Washing the head of Kotsuke no Suké in a spring, they laid it carefully before the door, and, asking the priest to read prayers, they burned incense, Kuranosuke taking his turn first, Chikara next, and the others, one by one, until the last ronin had repeated the ceremonial. Kuranosuke then gave all the money they had to the abbot, saying:

“With this give our poor bodies proper burial, and let prayers be devoted to our souls, when we forty-seven have committed hara-kiri.”

Immediately after, they gave themselves up to the proper authorities,



TENNOJI TEMPLE, OSAKA.

and while public sentiment looked with indulgence upon their conduct, it could not be otherwise than that they should be condemned to die, by their own hand if they chose. When this last act had been performed with a bravery in keeping with their whole career, and the object of the court gained, the valiant ronins were buried by the side of the tomb of their master. Their prowess was immediately sung far and wide, and many came to pray at their graves. Among these was the Satsuma



TEA-HOUSE GARDENS, OJI.

man, who threw himself prostrate on the mound of Kuranosuke, saying:

“Little did I dream you were planning to avenge the death of your master when I saw you drunk in the street at Kyoto, or that it was a part of your plan. I believed you false to the memory of your lord, and so I trod on you in contempt, and spat in your face, while the mob hooted you. I have now come to beg pardon for the insult, and to atone for the offence,” and, with these words, he performed hara-kiri, and his grave, out of respect to his repentance, was made beside the forty-seven famous ronins.

This romance of the revenge of the ronins is one of the best examples of Japanese heroism and fine sense of honour. We see in their entire action no base thought of wrong to others, only revenge for the uncalled-for death of their beloved master, — a very calm revenge, tempered with the spirit of heroic justice. A testimony to this spirit is the high estimation in which this band of martyrs is held by the people. Even the spot selected for their tomb is one of great beauty, and is kept in perpetual



SMALL TEA-HOUSE GARDEN, NEGISHI.

order by voluntary offerings. A grove of old trees surrounds the temple, while a little to one side of the great court stands a chapel dedicated to the memory of the brave band. Within this chapel are enshrined the images, carved from wood, of Kuranosuke and his immortal followers, the group surmounted by a gilded statue of Gwannon, the goddess of mercy. Of the forty-seven many are represented as old men with gray heads, some are in the prime of life, and yet others, noticeably among these Chikara, are merely boys, but with expressions on their countenances showing great firmness and spirit. Near by is the little spring

of water, a placard bearing this notice: "This is the well where the head was washed; do not wash your hands or feet here." Higher up is the famous cemetery, with its forty-eight graves,—the last being that of the Satsuma man,—surrounded by an atmosphere of peaceful repose and brooded over by the noble old trees. Just beyond rises the monument of him for whom these heroes sacrificed their all. There are many mementoes of the band,—books, pictures, medals, scraps, and collections of old metal and wood, with pieces of chain armour,—bearing silent testimony to their deed. Among all this litter of relics, where are to be seen even the tattered garments of the ronins, crests, and badges, sword-handles, spear-heads, and a stout knife red with blood-rust, is a document yellow with age, and worn at the folds. This is the plan of the house of Kotsuke no Suké, to obtain which Chikara married a daughter of the builder who designed it.

Speaking of this youthful hero of the band, it is related that at the time of the hara-kiri the ronins were separated into four parties, and thus he was not with his father in that last trying ordeal. But it was a part of all such executions that the victims should receive the most considerate treatment. The ronins were sentenced in the palace of the nobleman, Matsudaira Oki no Kami, and he took leave of them one by one. When he came to Oishi Chikara, seeing his youth and innocence, he asked kindly if he had no message to send to his mother. The brave boy stood with bowed head for some time, and then looking calmly up he replied that his father had taught him how to die as fitted his station. That if he faltered now his hatred would follow him beyond the grave, and that the death awaiting him was the choice of his heart. Then he spoke of his mother, saying:

"She told me when we parted at Kyoto, and I had decided to remain with father, that our parting would be long, and she told me not to weaken when I thought of her. Since I then parted with her for long, I have no message to send her." Strong men present were not ashamed of their tears as they listened to the last words of the heroic youth. Our account of the days of Japanese feudalism fittingly closes here.



CHERRY BLUFF, YOKOHAMA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SOUL OF JAPAN.

JUDEA stands as a marked example of the refining influence of religious life; Greece wears the crown of immortal art; Rome laid upon the fluctuating surface of society the element of law. Thus the three, each a representative of a distinctive principle, form a grand trio in the history of the world. Japan, alone, stands for all of these, with the added grace of mingling with modern heroism ancient chivalry. Loyalty is the flower that blooms perpetually on the Parnassus of national enthusiasm. The American boasts of his patriotism, but he knows little of that divine spark as it has burned in the heart of the Japanese for nearly three thousand years. Patriotism in Japan is a passion and a worship, where a shrine marks every scene of human sacrifice, and where Nature becomes a divinity to idolise. We of this practical Western world are not able to realise all this, nor can we do so until we have torn aside the veil which obscures our vision, and we look upon the picture as we



A Koko Player



would look upon the romance that we delight to style the days of chivalry. We have no farther to look into space than the isle of Dai Nippon, and only to turn back to yesterday to find this era of courtly manners and divine heroism that seems to belong only to the shadowy races of a misty bygone.

In the light of yesterday's setting sun, the picture is before us of "a handsome youth with the sinister, splendid gaze of a falcon, in full magnificence of feudal war-costume. One hand bears the tasselled signal-wand of a leader of armies; the other rests on the marvellous hilt of his sword. His helmet is a blazing miracle; the steel upon his breast and shoulders was wrought by armourers whose names are famed in all the museums of the West. The cords of his war-coat are golden, and a wondrous garment of heavy silk, all embroidered with billowings and dragonings of gold, flows from his mailed waist to his feet like a robe of fire. How the man flames in his steel and silk and gold like some iridescent beetle, — but a war-beetle, all horns and mandibles and menace, despite its dazzlings." ¹

It was under this same sun of yesterday "that two millions of such panoplied warriors, trained from birth for the battle-field, inured to every hardship, and fearless of naught here or hereafter, save dishonour, guarded the battlements of picturesque castles throughout the length and breadth of the empire. It was only yesterday that through the silent streets of towns and cities vast daimios' trains passed on their way to Yedo, the law requiring their residence in that city for six months each year being as rigid as that which closed, while they were passing, every door and window on their line of march, that no vulgar eye might gaze upon them." ²

Year by year, for over two centuries, was this repeated, the description given by the historian of that day, Kampffer, portraying as vividly the scene to living witness as to him whose shade long since joined that of his fathers:

"Very curious, and worthy of admiration, is the sight of the powerful train of a noted noble, the pike-bearers clad in black silk, marching in an elegant order, with a decent, becoming gravity, and keeping so profound a silence that not the least noise is to be heard, save what must necessarily

¹ Hearn.

² Knapp.

arise from the motion and rustling of their habits, and the trampling of the horses and men. Numerous troops of forerunners, harbingers, clerks, cooks, and other inferior officers, begin the march, these being to provide the lodgings, victuals, and other necessary things for the entertainment of the prince, their master, and his court. They are followed by the prince's heavy baggage, packed up either in small trunks, and carried upon horses, each with a banner, bearing the coat of arms and name of the possessor ;



CASCADE IN A NIKKO LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

or else in large chests of red-lacquered leather, again with the possessor's coat of arms, and carried upon men's shoulders, with a multitude of inspectors to look after them. Great numbers of small retinues follow, with pikes, simitars, bows and arrows, umbrellas, palanquins, led horses, and other marks of grandeur suitable to the birth, quality, and office of the noble. . . . The prince's own numerous train, marching in admirable and curious order, and divided into several troops, each headed by a proper commanding officer. . . . Five or six, and sometimes more, porters, richly clad, walking one by one, and carrying fassanbacks, lacquered

chests, and japanned neat trunks and baskets upon their shoulders, wherein are kept the gowns, clothes, wearing-apparel, and other necessities for the daily use of the prince; each porter attended by two footmen, who take up their charge by turns. Ten more followers, walking again one by one, and carrying rich simitars, pikes of state, firearms, and other weapons in lacquered cases, as also quivers with bows and arrows." Others, bearers of pikes of state and ensigns of the noble's rank, follow, marching one by one, and then, "a gentleman carrying the prince's hat, which he wears to shelter himself from the heat of the sun, and which is covered with black velvet. He is likewise attended by two footmen. A gentleman carrying the prince's sombrero or umbrella, which is covered in like manner with black velvet. He is attended likewise by two footmen. Some more fassanbacks and varnished trunks, covered with varnished leather, with the prince's coat of arms upon them, each with two men to take care of it. Sixteen, more or less, of the prince's pages, and gentlemen of his bedchamber, richly clad, and walking two and two before his norimon. They are taken out from among the first quality of his court. The prince himself, sitting in a stately norimon, or palanquin, carried by six or eight men, clad in rich liveries, with several others walking at the norimon's side, to take it up by turns. Two or three gentlemen of the prince's bedchamber walk at the norimon's side, to give him what he wants and asks for, and to assist and support him in going in or out of the norimon. Two or three horses of state follow, their saddles covered with black. One of these horses carries a large elbow-chair, which is sometimes covered with black velvet, and placed on a *norikago* of the same stuff. These horses are attended each by several grooms and footmen in liveries, and some are led by the prince's own pages. Then follow two pike-bearers, followed in turn by ten more people carrying each two baskets of a monstrous size, fixed to the end of a pole, which they lay on their shoulders in such a manner that a basket hangs down before and another behind them. These baskets are more for state than for use. Sometimes some fassanback-bearers walk among them to increase the troop. In this order marches the prince's own train, which is followed by six or twelve led horses with their leaders, grooms, and footmen, all in liveries, a multitude of the prince's domestics, and other officers of his court, with their own very numerous trains and

attendants, pike-bearers, fassanback-bearers, and footmen in liveries. Some of these are carried in *cangos*, and the whole troop is headed by the prince's high steward, carried in a *norimon*. If one of the prince's sons accompanies his father in the journey to the court, he follows with his own train, immediately after his father's *norimon*. The pages, pike-bearers, umbrella and hat bearers, fassanback or chest bearers, and all the footmen in liveries, affect a strange mimic march or dance, when they



SILKWORM CULTURE.

pass through a remarkable town or borough, or by the train of another prince or lord. Every step they make they draw up one foot quite to their back, in the meantime stretching out the arm on the opposite side as far as they can, and putting themselves in such a posture, as if they had a mind to swim through the air."

In the crimsoning dawn of this morning the sight of this pomp and display vanished, and in the light of the new-born day we gaze on a scene where these people have laid at the feet of their emperor their

feudal rights and possessions, have relinquished all save the virtue of chivalry, and have entered upon the age of Progressive Japan as gladly and unfalteringly as their fathers' fathers entered upon the triumphs of feudalism.

“Feudal Japan, in kimono and hakama, two-edged sword, Chinese lettered, with its wealth of art and legend and its happy ignorance, protected from the outer world as by a thick and thorny hedge, by the



LAKE AND ISLAND SCENERY, OKAYAMA.

Tokugawa policy of non-intercourse, lives still in the memories of many who witnessed all the changes that culminated in the great revolution of 1868. They remember well the mediæval customs then in force. Each day, awakened by the noise of universal clapping of hands,—the entire population of the city greeting the morning sun,—one rises to an early breakfast of tea and salt prunes, intended more as a sort of sacrament to purify the soul than as food to nourish the body. After the daily bath and worship at the household shrine of Buddha comes a more substantial meal of bean soup, boiled rice, and pickled radishes; and then the walk to

school (for the child) through the fields and gardens of the walled samurai quarter, a belt of cultivated ground and scattered dwellings drawn close about the castle, and itself enclosed on all sides by the multitudinous roofs of the city. Each house stood in its own rice-fields and vegetable gardens, irrigated by channels drawn from the river, which here came out to the light after a subterranean course through the lower town. The stream circled through the castle moat, gay in summer with the huge pink blossoms of the lotus, and passed out again in the darkness, running under crowded streets and close-packed houses. The citizens were required to show their wooden pass-tickets at the gates before they were permitted to enter the castle precincts.

“At school we were taught to read and write Chinese as well as Japanese; and on cold winter nights, in a big annex to the school building, we practised fencing with bamboo swords and wooden spears, and also wrestling in the Japanese manner, calculated to give strength and suppleness to every portion of the body. In summer we had games of polo, and were taught to shoot with bow and arrow from horseback. In fact, we were trained as though we were still in the Middle Ages.”

Here even the heroism of those who went to the Holy Wars was outdone, for during the Crusades there were many too selfish or too timid to mingle in the maddening battle. In Japan, it is safe to say every man, woman, and child performed a part. The soldier who fell by the wayside, overcome by the fatigue of the forced marches, just at the moment his comrades were about to storm the breastworks of the enemy, killed himself to wipe out the stain of his fancied disgrace. Another rose from a bed of sickness to find that his companions had marched to the front without him. To assure the honour of his good name, he, too, committed hara-kiri. A still more striking illustration of this spirit is portrayed by the suicide of a young and beautiful girl, with the brightest of prospects before her, upon learning that the emperor was grieving over the attack of a Japanese fanatic upon the Tsarwitz at Otsu. After first imploring him to cease his sorrowing, since she had given her life, however unworthy, in expiation of the evil deed, she killed herself.

A more realistic representation of the spirit of Satsuma, which still courses in the veins of chivalrous Japan, is the story of Narabara, the patriot. Among those who were instrumental in reinstating the imperial

heir was Shimadzu, a noble of Satsuma. He was greatly benefited in his undertaking by a large number of ronins, who lent their assistance to him in the misguided belief that he would not stop until he had driven the foreigners from the land. Unable to escape himself from this over-zealous band, Shimadzu finally resorted to a most bold movement. Selecting from among his most valiant followers eight skilful swordsmen, he delegated them to meet the obstinate ronins, and convince them of the error of their ways. Nothing more was said, for it was not needed.



KORAKU EN GARDEN, OKAYAMA.

There was not a nobleman in Satsuma who could not depend upon such a body of his retainers as this chosen to confer with the reckless wave-men.

Narabara, the chief of this party, called his followers about him, and, after noting the fact that only expert swordsmen had been named for the important errand, warned his companions that the ronins were first to be shown the error of their way by soft argument, and that only as a final resort were they to depend upon their arms. In this emergency each man was expected to do his duty, an injunction which Narabara was

careful not to mention, knowing well the mettle of his band. Then word was sent to the ronins to meet with them at a certain tea-house to discuss the affairs of the day. Elated over what they were fain to consider a propitious indication, the ronins gathered at the place of rendezvous to a large number. Prompted to think that this movement portended the overthrow of the foreigners, many others joined them.

Narabara and his little band found the wave-men in the midst of a wild carousal, which boded little hope for their plan. But, without losing heart, the leaders of the ronins were called together in a small apartment away from their men. Here the eight retainers of Shimadzu used such arguments as their fertile minds suggested to show the others the mistake they were making, and tried to show them how useless it would be to engage in such a quarrel as they desired. Two hours and over were given to this discussion, until it was found to be in vain to convince the ronins of their error. If Shimadzu would not lead them, they would fight in their own way, having first shown the noble himself the folly of his weakness. They were the more bold to say this on account of the many from Satsuma who were enlisting under their banner. "Shimadzu, forsooth! his recent successes have robbed him of his early valour. Like the bird that fluttered in its native bush, he has grown timid with his years."

Seeing the hopelessness of further argument, Narabara sprang to his feet, and, assuming a dramatic attitude, exclaimed:

"Such talk is treason! Shimadzu's heart is as pure and unchanging as Fuji's peerless self. The day is over when the foreigner can be thus dealt with, as if he were a boy. Strike as you would strike, and darkness will speedily follow the flash of thy sword."

With these words, brave Narabara struck down with his weapon the paper lanterns that hung from the wall nearest him. His comrades, looking to this as a signal for them to act, flung the other lanterns to the ground and trampled upon them, when utter darkness prevailed. The following stirring scene is faithfully described by Mr. E. H. House:

"The swords of all were instantly drawn. The Satsuma leader darted to his corner, proclaiming his name and inviting attacks by loud cries. His seven associates fell on their knees, and, in rigid silence, dealt fatal blows upon all that came within reach of their weapons. The ronins above, warned by the clamour of their chiefs, struggled to descend to their



GARDEN STREET, SHIBA, TOKIO.

aid, but the ladders of communication had been removed. A few sprang from the windows, and mingled blindly and ineffectively in the obscure affray. In less than five minutes from the time that the signal was given, the swords of the Satsuma men passed through the air without resistance. Narabara called to his followers by name, and all but one replied. A light was struck, and its first rays revealed the bodies of eleven ronins, and one of Shimadzu's messengers, stretched lifeless upon the floor.



COUNTRY HOUSE, YOKOHAMA.

“But the end of this extraordinary encounter had not yet come. The scene that followed, though unattended by desperate strife and bloodshed, was even more startlingly dramatic. Yielding suddenly to an inspiration that could have had no prevision in his sober calculations, Narabara, without waiting to apprise his companions of his intentions, cast away his sword, threw off his outer garment to show that he was now defenceless, and, clambering up to the apartment above, flung himself, half naked, among the amazed and excited ronins, and fell upon his hands and knees

with a salutation that was at the same time a gesture of appeal for momentary forbearance. Before they could recover from their surprise, he had rapidly related the whole story of what had occurred below, and begged to be heard in justification. The nearest of those who heard his words sought to destroy him without ceremony, but a young man from Satsuma, who had lately joined the troop, abruptly confronted them, and, placing himself defiantly before the prostrate body, proclaimed that he would protect the unarmed suppliant with his own life until he should



GARDEN LAKE WITH CENTRAL ISLAND.

obtain a hearing. In moments of critical suspense like this, a sudden demonstration of superior boldness is sure to carry all before it. Those who had hastened to avenge their leaders now instinctively yielded, and signified their willingness to listen. Narabara at once declared that he did not mean to plead for himself, and that if, after having received his explanation, they were still determined to pursue their course, his body was at their disposal. He then hastily repeated the arguments he had used below, and said that, although he had failed to convince the chiefs, who were prepared with a regular and carefully contrived plan, his representations should surely have weight with the subordinates, who, left in

ignorance of how to proceed, without commanders of experience or tried ability, and thrown into hopeless confusion at the moment when decision and unanimity were most needed, could not contend against the forces which Shimadzu would be able to array against them. As to what he had done himself, every Japanese samurai knew that it was simply his duty, and the men of Satsuma, above all, would applaud, rather than condemn, him for the fidelity and thoroughness with which he had ful-



JIKWAN CASCADE, NIKKO.

filled his mission. An appeal of this kind, made under circumstances that attested the fearlessness and faith of the speaker, and addressed to an audience composed of soldiers, who, whatever their other errors, had been trained to respect courage and devotion as the highest of human virtues, could not be ineffective. It was, in fact, triumphant. In admiration of his gallantry, Narabara was suffered to go free. In acknowledgment of the force of his reasoning, the ronins admitted the feebleness of their position under the new state of affairs, and pledged themselves to disperse without delay. The ready resolution of Shimadzu, acting through the

strong arm of Narabara and his associates, had cut the knot of disaffection and mutiny at a single blow."

This example of chivalrous loyalty, that pulsates with the heroic spirit of feudalism, is of such modern occurrence that many of the participants are living to-day, and prominent among them the young man who so boldly defied the mob is an official in high position. One of the innumerable illustrations of youthful devotion to love and duty is that of the young son of a samurai, who had become involved in a losing cause, and was hunted for his life. A party of pursuers, coming suddenly upon this boy, as he stood wondering over the headless body of a stranger who had been recently slain near his home, demanded if the man was his father. Knowing his father's peril, anxious to lend such assistance as he could toward his escape, and realising the mistake the daimio had made, he resolved to profit by it. Thus his reply was to catch up the severed head in his arms, and holding it to his breast for a moment, he laid it sacredly down, and quickly committed hara-kiri in the presence of the others. Such evidence was sufficient to convince them that it was useless for them to look farther for the outlawed samurai, who was therefore able to make a successful flight. This young hero's memory has been immortalised in the historic drama and tales of heroic deeds.

The high-spirited romance of Yamato Damashii, or the "Soul of Japan," throbs in every pulse-beat of its history. Hearn, than whom no foreigner is better able to judge, says: "Ask a body of Japanese students their dearest wish, and if you have the confidence of them, nine out of ten will reply, 'To die for our Majesty, the emperor.'"

The name of Yamato Damashii designated five provinces crossed by the Eastern Sea road, sometimes known as Adzuma, and comprised what was popularly considered the most important part of Old Japan. These central provinces in more modern history became entitled *Kuan-to*, but in common with others they have, still more recently, given away to prefectures styled *Ken*. This region above referred to, while containing the richest portion of feudal history, is to-day the finest agricultural district, and has the most populous cities in the empire.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NEW JAPAN.

THIS fidelity to the ruling line we have seen exemplified through the rise and fall of several families of nobles, where clan after clan succeeded in establishing certain régimes of power, but none of whom could, or even dared attempt to usurp the dignity of the imperial heir. The ambitious usurper might, and many times did, degrade the royal office by keeping weaklings and youths in the position, yet every act and utterance was made to appear as if coming from the master in his sacred seclusion. To-day it seems a sort of poetic justice that the descendants of those very feudal lords, whose aim it was to render effeminate the imperial line, received the same treatment at the hands of their successors, the shoguns, so that the term daimio became known as a synonym for fallen greatness. Again we see this undying spirit of devotion to country illustrated in the grace with which the powerful heads of the four ruling clans yielded up their vast estates to the imperial family, when at last it came again to the front rank of government. Where, in all the memorials of the nations, is to be found a more remarkable document than the following, dated March 5, 1869:

“Since the heavenly ancestors established the foundations of the country, the imperial line has not failed for ten thousand ages. The heaven and earth (Japan) are the emperor’s. There is no man who is not his retainer. . . . In ancient time the imperial wisdom ruled all, and there was prosperity under heaven. In the Middle Ages the ropes of the net were relaxed, so that men, toying with the Great Strength and striving for power, crowded upon the emperor and stole his land. . . . Thus it was that the emperor wore an empty and vain rank, and, the order of things being reversed, looked up to the *bakufu* (government of the shogun) as the dispenser of joy and sorrow. . . . Now the great government has been newly restored, and the emperor himself undertakes the direction of affairs. This is indeed a rare and mighty event. We have the name

of an imperial government; we must also have the fact. Our first duty is to illustrate our faithfulness and to prove our loyalty. . . . The place where we live is the emperor's land, and the food we eat is grown by the emperor's men. Let the imperial orders be issued for the altering and remodelling the territories of the various clans. . . . Let the civil and penal codes and military laws all proceed from the emperor. Let all the affairs of the empire, great and small, be referred to him; and then will



ARTIFICIAL RIVER SCENERY IN A JAPANESE PARK.

the empire be able to take its place side by side with the other nations of the world. This is now the most urgent duty of the emperor, as it is that of his servants and children. Hence it is that we, daring to offer up our humble expression of loyalty, upon which we pray that the brilliance of the heavenly sun may shine, with fear and reverence bow the head and do homage, ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith.”¹

This unprecedented act was followed within a month by similar deeds, and, in the end, 241 out of the 276 clans voluntarily restored their fiefs.

¹“History of Japan,” Adams, vol. ii. p. 181.

The possessions long since gained by meritorious service and hard fighting — the treasures of feudal Japan — were given over to the sovereign of the country without the lifting of an arm or the murmuring of a lip. Surely no nobler heritage was ever vouchsafed a nation than that won by Japan after centuries of trial in the crucible of war.

Now that the emperor had stepped from behind the curtain of mystery which had concealed his line so long, he was found to be of more impor-



HAKONE.

tance than had been anticipated. As a god, he had upheld a very second-rate sort of prestige; as a man, the mortal ruler of an empire, he soon proved himself a success. Strong indeed must have been the vitality of that race, which could send forth from environments of enervating disquietude and the hotbed of sensual delights that tend to degrade the human powers, one robbed of his fictitious divinity, yet retaining to a remarkable degree the true divinity of man. A mere youth at the time, he is described at one of the first public appearances, when he went before the Imperial College at Tokyo, as dressed "in flowing robes of crimson and white satin,

with a black cap or crown, bound by a fillet of fluted gold, with a tall, upright plume or stiff ribbon of gold." Only a short time later, he presents a striking contrast to this by appearing at the dedication of an annex to the college wearing a European costume throughout. But this was simply one of the minor changes, if more readily observed than many others, from the old to the new, — from feudal to progressive Japan.

In the month of June, 1872, the emperor, for the first time in twelve hundred years, left the imperial palace to make a tour of his domains. For the first time the people looked upon their ruler unveiled, and moving among them like an ordinary citizen. Everywhere they cheered and breathed more easily. Emperor Mutsuhito made a tour of Kyushu, visiting Nagasaki, Kagashima, and, on his homeward journey, Osaka, Kobé, Kyoto, and Nara, received all along the route with wild enthusiasm. He ended this glorious expedition on the 16th of August by riding from Kyoto to Yokohama by rail, which followed almost identically the route of the old Tokaido, over which had moved in the centuries past the long trains of ancient Japan.

The road had not been formally opened, but work had been rushed forward upon the line, that the emperor might thus complete his journey in a manner most in keeping with its spirit. Two months later, on one of the fairest days that the Land of the Sunrise dispenses in that most glorious month of the year, October, occurred the event which made it a red-letter day in the history of progressive Japan, and marked, in a double sense, one of the milestones in its modern journey. On the 14th, ere its matchless autumnal beauty had been revealed by the lifting of the morning veil, and ere old Fuji had donned her crimson cap over her locks of silvery purity, an anxious, curious, wondering gathering of the common masses began to surround the stone depot at the eastern terminus of this route of modern travel. One and all came to look upon a scene the like of which none had ever witnessed, and which none understood. A little later, another element began to be represented among the spectators. This contained representatives of feudal wars, early literature, art and science, daimios, and samurais, the corps of foreign diplomats, — the first in flowing fanciful garbs, the latter in close-fitting dress of a golden texture, — Ainu chiefs, bearded and habited in the picturesque dress of the north; these were succeeded by the train of nobles of the im-



DAIBUTSU BRONZE IMAGE AT KAMAKURA.

perial court, princes, and, last but not least, the emperor. As this proud retinue passed under the archway of azaleas and chrysanthemums, the spectators broke the respectful silence by shouts, not wild and disordered, but long, deep, and sincere. At this juncture, the music began. Amid this sublime scene, the emperor, the 123d in his line, counting direct from the Prince of High Heaven, stepped on board the railway-coach. Silence then fell on the magnificent scene, as if one and all were spellbound at the act



TEA LEAF SELECTING.

to follow, when the signal to start was given. Thereupon was played the national hymn of Japan, which had been wafted on the breeze of the Far East in the palmy days of the Roman Empire, and during the eventful reign of Charlemagne; outliving the glory of these, to witness the rise of Britain's "God Save the Queen," and the "Star-Spangled Banner" of the great Republic of the West. The strains of this ancient song, which blended so perfectly the past with the present, softened the grumbling and rumbling of the revolving wheels, that bore the imperial retinue

down the glistening rails to conquests undreamed of in the triumphs of feudalism.

As the train wound on its triumphal way, a cannonade from the foreign war-ships lying off Kanagawa announced to the world that Japan had taken its place among the nations of modern progress. Then came the noblest feature of that proud day. As the emperor came forth from the car, to announce in formal terms that Japan had a railway, four of



ROCK - BORDERED LAKE, NIIGATA.

his subjects, in the plain garb of merchants, approached the happy monarch and delivered an address of congratulation. This was the most happy and fitting exercise of the day. At last, within the memory of the day when the grand edict had gone forth that the eta was no longer a despised creature of the soil, an utterance equalled only by the emancipation proclamation of a Lincoln or an Alexander, it was proclaimed that the merchant had been lifted to the broad plane of the lord. This fact, more than the opening of its first railway, proclaimed that Japan had found the true

highway of prestige and commercial greatness. From that hour when the mikado had deigned to meet, face to face, the merchant, when the two extremes had truly met on common ground, Japan found, not only a railway, but a new order of commercial interest. In the light of that day's achievement, the glory of the Fujiwara and the Hojo stood out on the background of history like a shadow.

April 3, 1872, one of the most disastrous fires in its overrunning records of conflagrations had swept over Tokyo, laying in ashes five thousand houses, hundreds of yashikis and temples, the numerous foreign hotels, and many other valuable buildings, and, at this very time, the distressed capital was building upon the ruins, not a second camp of militarism, but a city of modern forms and ideas. The narrow streets were widened, those of the most importance being made ninety feet in width, while others were made sixty. In place of the old wooden buildings rose substantial structures of brick and stone, while wooden bridges were replaced by those of iron and stone. Thus was verified the old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The same year which witnessed the breaking of the shackles of centuries of prejudice, saw another step taken in the way of human progress and modern civilisation. The Japanese have always been opposed to slavery; the doctrines of their religion — or call it paganism, if you will — never held up the human being as a chattel. Thus, when the traffic known as the "coolie trade" began on their shores, the government immediately assumed a firm attitude against it. It had seen China, also against its wishes, allow, year after year, men and women to be decoyed from their homes to be taken abroad to Cuba, Peru, and Hawaii, where they were sold, as so many cattle, into slavery or to a life of greater degradation. But China had not dared to lift its voice in defiance. In 1872 the Peruvian ship *Maria Luz*, loaded with coolie "passengers," dared to put in at Yokohama on its trip around the world. Two of the unfortunate men escaped by swimming to an English war-ship lying in the harbour. Upon listening to their piteous story, the British official communicated the situation to the Japanese officers, asking them if they intended to countenance such illegal traffic on their shores. Although a pagan empire, Japan was not slow to begin inquiries, and, as a result, the coolies were sent ashore. The Japanese refused to send them on board the

Maria Luz, and instead shipped them back to China. The latter empire showed its high appreciation of the daring and courtesy of its neighbour by rallying enough to stop the miserable trade on her shores. In this way the seizure of coolies came to be abolished, and the barracoons at Macao fell into disuse. Singularly enough, this glad victory of the powers of the Far East, let it be said to the shame of the others, was accomplished in face of the protests, not only of the interested parties, but of



AN ARTIFICIAL ROCKERY.

the remaining foreign consuls, with the exception of the American and British officials, who favoured them in their steadfast purpose.

A few years before, when the first cargoes of Japanese had been taken to Hawaii, really as slaves, and were actually sold at a low sum, the officials quickly took the matter in hand, and, as a result, every man was redeemed, the government paying his passage home. Since then this matter has been regulated by the government, and no subject of the emperor goes into another country who does not go as a free man.

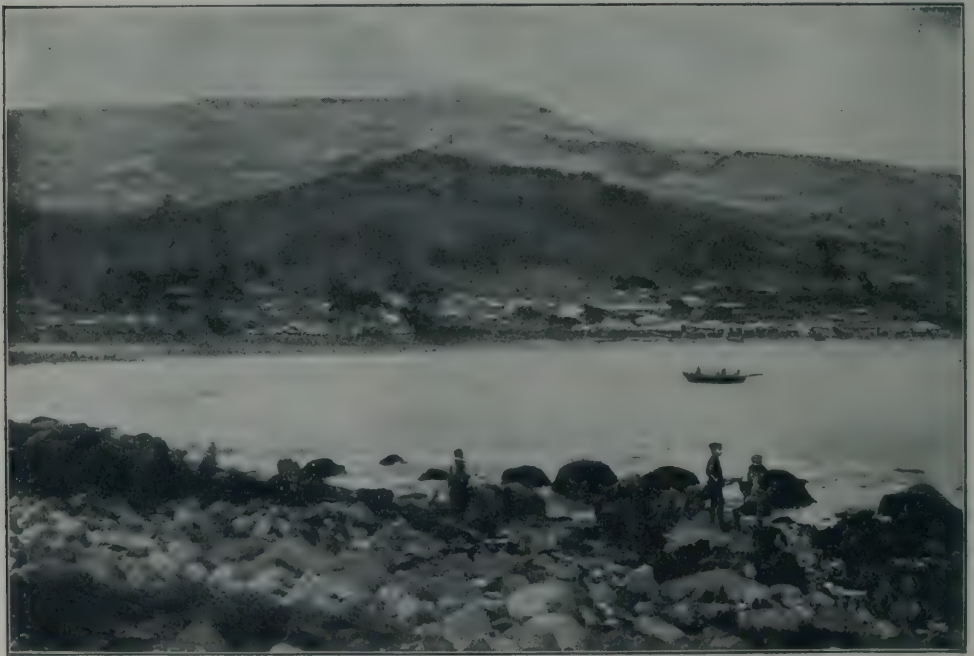
In 1872, which proves to have been an important period in the history of New Japan, Corea became incensed at the attitude the empire had taken toward foreigners, and boldly declared that it had become a "suckling of barbarians." The peculiar spirit of the Coreans is shown by the following message sent to Tokyo in July :

"Our Corea, if a small country, is yet inhabited by a people who have the courage to tell you in writing that the Western barbarians are beasts. Having made them your allies, we tell this to your face, that you are no better than they. That you may know the manner of light in which we look upon this, we wish you might join hands with them, and meet us with your great ships-of-war and vast armies. We defy you ! The nearest port to Japan of Corea is Fusan. We will send some of our men to clear a space there large enough for a battle-ground, and will arrange for a battle with you in a manner that shall not be expensive to you. We will listen to no correspondence, nor accept any apologies. Our only condition is war—war of extermination for the soldiers of Japan. You need not delay to write. It is useless. If you have not the courage to invade Corea, after all we have said, then Corea will invade Japan, when the days of the empire will be few."

Surely here was bravado of the most pronounced type, without any pretence to discretion ! Although Japan had apparently turned from the ways of war to the paths of finance, the Satsuma spirit still lingered in the breasts of many who were ill pleased with the situation. This insult from Corea gave this element the long-desired excuse "to break from shackles," and war was immediately declared against the peninsula, which, during the Tokugawa dynasty, had been a vassal of Japan.

In the midst of this warlike preparation another affair occurred which still further aroused the old spirit of the Japanese. A junk was driven on the shore of Formosa in a storm, and the crew falling into the power of the inhabitants of the island, it was claimed, with very good proof, that the men had become food for the cannibals. This coast had long been a terror to the trading vessels of all countries, and the predatory chastisements inflicted on the savages having failed to make any lasting impression, Japan now resolved to seize the country along the shore, to keep the wild tribes under subjection. It was also proposed to erect and maintain lighthouses along the shore at the most dangerous points. It

was a humane purpose. China, who once had claimed the island as belonging to that empire, had not pretended to hold it for years. In fact, it had been omitted from their maps for over a century. Thus Japan did not consider that she was throwing down a gauntlet of war to China in deciding upon her course of action. But to act courteously in the matter, she sent an ambassador to the celestial court, who for the first time appeared before that august body in the conventional black dress coat, pantaloons, and white neck linen of the Occidental world,



SCENE ON KISO RIVER.

very much to the amazement of the others. China there claimed no interest in eastern Formosa, and gladly granted the Japanese the privilege of attempting control over the uncivilised inhabitants. While this was taking place, the Formosans gave Japan further cause for punishing them by seizing a Japanese junk, and maltreating its crew.

By this time an expedition against the savages had been completed, and the troops, under command of the famous Satsuma chief, General Saigo, were started on their way to the island. Upon reaching Formosa, it was found that the task in hand was no slight one. The island held many difficult cliffs to scale, and still worse jungles to penetrate. In the

midst of these dense forests of banyan-trees and brushwood the inhabitants had built mazes of barricades until it seemed impossible to reach those entrenched behind them. But the Japanese set about their task with commendable spirit, advancing with as much rapidity as possible into the country fairly alive with savage enemies. To the credit of the Japanese leader, he ordered his men to avoid mutilating the bodies of the slain, and under no circumstances to behead their victims, as the



A HOT SPRING.

Formosans were doing. First of all, he sought to find the tribe that had been guilty of the atrocities of the year before.

But no sooner was one dangerous step accomplished, than the Japanese found themselves involved in the still deeper intricacies of a wilderness that seemed without limit. In their distressing advance they were forced to seek encampment on a cliff too barren of earth to afford a growth, and where neither food nor water could be obtained. In the midst of this trying warfare with an enemy harder to reach than to overcome when found, China awoke to a realisation of the purpose of Japan, and sent at once two ships to treat with General Saigo, to have him withdraw his army. If this was refused, they were to offer to join in the undertaking.

Count Saigo, with true Satsuma spirit, listened to neither proposition, simply referring the Chinese commissioners to the government at Tokyo, and resumed his fighting.

This he followed up with a vigour which soon overcame the tribe of Formosans he had desired to chastise, and the others at once agreed to terms of peace. Nor did Japan stop here, but immediately began to carry out her plans in full. She set about building roads, opening up the



NAGASAKI HARBOUR.

interior of the island, and constructing fortifications and carrying on engineering after modern ideas. Japan did this in the interest of the world, — of humanity, — without asking or expecting any outside assistance, or the securing of any direct and immediate gain. But no sooner was the work well begun, than the sleeping giant on the continent, encouraged by outsiders, began to assert that Japan had encroached on its territory, — that all Japanese in Formosa were intruders. If war with an empire ten times her size threatened her, Japan did not lose confidence in her ability to hold her own with China. Destined to fight over this



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

same ground twenty years later, she did not waver now. She sent one of her ablest diplomats, Count Okubo, to Peking. So well did he plead the cause of his government before the Chinese potentates that China finally agreed to pay Japan seven hundred thousand dollars for a restoration of her doubtful rights to Formosa. So Formosa came into the possession of China after Japan had purged it at a cost of five million dollars, and, what was far dearer, the lives of a thousand valiant sons, whose graves are under the camphor-trees on the slopes of the templed hills of Nagasaki.

The affair with Corea ended more quietly. Japan sent an army under Gen. Kuroda Kiyotaka, who skilfully managed to settle matters without bloodshed, notwithstanding the bluster of the Coreans at the outset. Japan's ambassador at Peking, his position strengthened by this armed force in Korean waters, succeeded in obtaining a treaty of peace between the two countries on the 27th of February, 1876. In this way Japan led the "hermit nation" out into the light of the world. In 1878 the United States followed the suit of Japan, and four years later saluted the flag of Corea off a little fishing-hamlet, which has since become the noted seaport of Chemulpo.

While Japan was carrying on these wars, she was not idle at home. The watchword everywhere was progress. The standard of public morality was raised, and schools were established. Steps were taken to atone for the misdeeds done under mistaken conceptions against Christians in the past. The unfortunate victims of 1868 and 1869, who had been torn from their homes and families, to be banished to the provinces of Echizen and Kaga, were released and restored to their native abodes. In our tour of the islands, we have seen something of the harvest being reaped from the seed sown during these and the following years of the Meiji.

During Japan's busy time with Formosa, in 1874, Russia acquired Saghalien, and established there a penal colony.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MEN OF THE TIMES.

FROM time to time strong reverses have been marked in the policy of Japan toward foreign intercourse. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Japanese were famous far and wide as "lords of the sea." Foreigners were then welcomed to their ports with open arms, and it seemed not improbable that the people of Dai Nippon would girdle the globe with their ships. All this suddenly changed. In less than a century the last bit of Japanese sailcloth had vanished from the open main. Every port was closed to other sailors. At home, one who was bold enough to hint of alien ideas was sure to invoke upon himself death or severe punishment. An attempt even to leave the island empire was punishable with beheading. Not a ship was built for over a hundred years.

Foreign writers have ascribed several reasons for this severe seclusion, some of them getting far from the truth. It was not because Japan despised foreign trade, as small as had been her share in the profits so far; neither was it a desire to avoid association with other races. The Japanese were too good scholars to wish to escape the knowledge that might come to them from others, even their enemies. A strictly religious race, according to the tenets of their belief, the Japanese felt an inherent dread of the Christianity that began to sweep over the empire. It was to exclude this, to retain inviolate her temples and shrines from the desecration of foreigners, that Japan entered upon hermit life. It is well to understand this, though a full appreciation of her self-imposed sacrifice cannot be understood by another. We get a hint of the situation from the fact that the word "foreigner," as it is now used, was then unknown. The stranger was termed *bateren*, equivalent to priest, or *padre*. The common people, in truth many of the nobility, were prone to look upon the coming of the Christian propagandists as an act of aggression. Foreign intercourse was believed to mean simply a seeking after their

religious rights, a meddling with the sacred prerogatives of the emperor, and a taking away of the liberty of the people, who had been favoured with the independence of the gods. When we fully understand this, we are partially prepared to comprehend the patriotic self-sacrifice the Japanese followed, in order to protect themselves, and that divine right to worship according to the dictates of their own hearts, from the contamination of intruders, while saving their country from the vandalism



VIEW OF MYENO PARK, TOKYO.

of religious teachers more earnest than broad-minded. Thus it was not anti-foreign, but anti-Christian, spirit which closed the gates of Japan to the stranger from the Occident. It is true, Christianity opened those gates once, but the same gloved hand was the means of closing them later on. The explanation is easy to find, and not difficult to understand.

There was one exception to this exclusion of foreigners, which should not be overlooked. The Dutch alone were exempted from this complete outlawry. But they were restricted to landing at the small island of

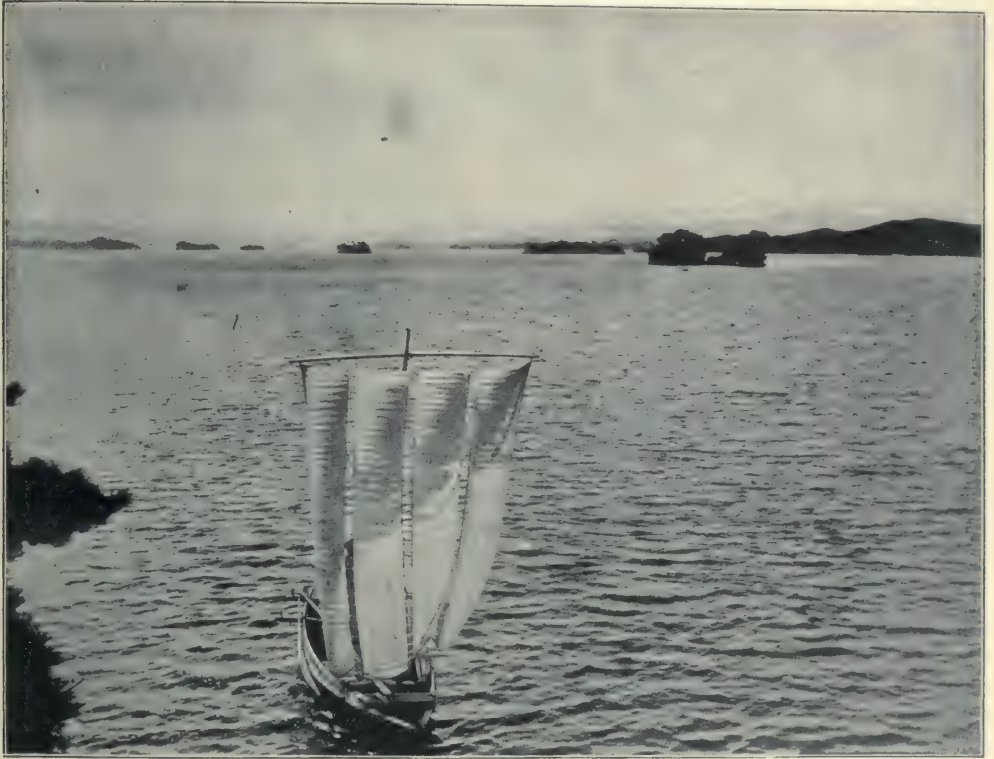
Deshima. Here they were allowed to send annually two ships, for a century or more, and were then reduced to only one each year. But from this slight favour the Dutch reaped a rich harvest. Owing both to the unappreciated value of gold, silver, and copper, and also to an ignorance, on the part of the common people, of the worth of foreign goods, the traders from the Netherlands are supposed from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, a period of two hundred and fifty years, to have brought away from the empire gold to the amount of two hundred million dollars. Better would it have been for Japan to have closed its last gate against this foreign miser. This privilege of robbery was retained by rigidly letting alone the religious rights of their victims.

In the regeneration of Japan, as might have been expected, the Satsuma element, which was foremost in reinstating the imperial sovereignty, was the last to enter into the modern spirit of progression. The education of the leaders of this powerful clan was that of the days of feudalism, tempered with the animation of revenge over downfalls and humiliations laid upon them in the ascendancy of the shoguns. Loyalty to the emperor, fidelity to the chiefs, and hatred to foreign "barbarians," were the ruling stars of this warlike league. The virtues of the era of Great Peace spread not its sunlight, nor the vices of the Dark Age, its shadow, over their pathway.

The ablest man among them, beyond doubt, was Saigo, under favouring environments a Nobunaga, or possibly a Hideyoshi, but placed a thousand years in advance of his ideas of government. In his proper time, it is not too much to say that the ministers of state—ay, the emperor even—might have bowed to his iron will, and the sword have held dominion everywhere. The age and the altered conditions of affairs were against him. He had to content himself with retiring to Kagoshima, and founding a military school for the representative youths of Satsuma.

The favourite saying of this clan, and one such as Saigo was careful should not be forgotten, was this: "The eagle may be starved, but he cannot be made to eat grain." In the light of such an example of stubborn persistency, it became the current belief that this modern government, with its foreign tendency and leaning away from the sword, was afraid of Satsuma. Saigo and his followers would yet rise at the head, and restore

the "good old times." Colour was given this belief by the fact that this federation held control of powder-mills, run by improved methods. Under a slight covering of artifice, the clan went on consolidating, arming, and gathering new strength. The dream of Saigo might have been fulfilled, and the prophecy of faint hearts have come true, had not the government



VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA.

proved itself more alert and stronger than had been anticipated in treating with these rebels.

Instead of waiting for this discontented clan to prepare fully for open combat, the imperial army, recruited hastily and mainly from peasants unused to warfare, marched against the tried soldiery of Satsuma, where even the women fought, as in the brave days of old. It was the last spark from the brand of ancient wars, and the lookers-on held their breath in dread for the result. Saigo and his faithful companions, Kirino and Murata, both worthy of his trust, at the head of less than four hundred warriors, armed only with swords, stood boldly up before twelve thousand

of the imperial troops, with their rifles, mortars, and cannon. Only one in four of the hardy defenders of the ancient clan survived, and three out of one quartette were Saigo, Kirino, Murata. Many died by *hara-kiri*. Saigo was beheaded by a friend, that he might die as befitted a true defender of Yamato Damashii. The majority perished in this manner. It seemed like a mockery of fate that, in this final struggle, not a soldier of the army of the emperor fell. It is very doubtful if another rebellion of this kind occurs, for what "Saigo could not do, no imitator will attempt." It cost Japan ten thousand lives, to say nothing of the suffering and the loss of limbs, and fifty millions of dollars, to end at last the feud of centuries.

Among the prominent figures in modern or progressive Japan, and directly opposed to the belated Saigo, none deserve a higher place in history than Kido, who has been styled respectively "the brain and pen of the revolution," "the finest intellect," "the great reformer." He sincerely believed in the divine right of the emperor to rule; he was a zealous advocate of peace, and opposed the wars against Corea and Formosa. He was one of the most ardent supporters of the press, and was the founder of several newspapers. To a rare political ability he joined the honest enthusiasm of a patriot and a statesman. He did as much or more than any other man toward bringing about reforms in taxation and economy in the management of the government. In 1875 he caused to be convened the House of Elders, which corresponds very closely to our Senate, and he brought about an assembly of Ken (districts) governors. This was the first real fulfilment of the emperor's promise to establish an assembly of legislators. But the only session of this senate was that held in 1875. A protracted absence of the emperor from the capital the following year, and the breaking out of the war with the Satumas soon after afforded excuses for not calling the body together. Kido was an indefatigable worker, and he broke down a strong constitution to maintain peace and prosperity for his country. He died at the zenith of his glory, when he was never needed more to help carry his government over the shallows of a civil war, which came soon after his death at Kyoto, May 27, 1877.

Kido's political rival was Okubo, who believed as sincerely in the importation of foreign ideas as he did in the higher possibilities of modern

Japan, while Saigo, as has been shown, represented the military spirit and genius of Old Japan, the Dai Nippon of the Fujiwara and Iyeyasu. The third, but not least, of this great triumvirate met his fate at the hand of an assassin, while riding along the avenue leading to the imperial palace on the afternoon of May 14, 1878, within a year of the death of his illustrious rivals, Kido and Saigo. Though differing materially in his methods, this man was as much a patriot as Kido. His greatest shortcoming, if



VIEW OF YOKOHAMA HARBOUR.

overzeal in a cause can be called such, was his expectation to reform his country in one lifetime. If there was a man to do that, it was Okubo, whose courage of conviction was matched by his swiftness of thought and action. He saw and comprehended at a glance what others failed to understand after a long time. He never lost an opportunity to act in behalf of his people. He saw the situation as no other man of his time saw it, and he realised, as even the wise Kido did not, the importance of foreign assimilation. In his eagerness to press his country on, he favoured a strong government, in which Kido took issue with him. Okubo was

charged with avoiding public discussion, and of encouraging personal government. His last public utterance was to the effect that High Heaven would guard him from harm so long as his work was pleasant in its sight. Were his course mistaken, no power could save him. His words went on record as a prophecy, when, within twenty-four hours, he lay in silent state with the mark of the murderer on his breast. His funeral was the most imposing ever witnessed in Tokyo, and his sons were raised to the rank of



KANASAWA.

nobility by the emperor. He has been described as having "a tall, arrowy form, luxuriant side-whiskers, large, expressive eyes, and eager, expectant bearing, which gave him the appearance of a European rather than an Asiatic." He visited America in 1874, that he might the better inform himself in regard to the methods of foreign government. His erect figure, piercing black eyes, and handsome countenance, made him conspicuous wherever he went.

Another figure, stalwart in the affairs of the time, who stands out among the leaders of the era known as the Meeji, or Great Peace, is that



of Iwakura, a descendant of the Minamoto family. Like Kido and Okubo, he had been educated to oppose the system of government originally established at Yedo, but had many ideas antagonistic to them, though striving for the same grand result. He was born at Kyoto, in 1825, and was a personal assistant to the emperor at twenty. At thirty-six he was banished on account of his opposition to the marriage of a princess of the imperial house to a member of the Tokugawa. But somehow he reappeared upon the scene of action at the time of the revolution, foremost among the leaders of the movement. He became an intimate adviser to the emperor, which important position he held until his death in 1883, at the height of power and honours. To him, perhaps, more than to any other man, the young ruler was under obligation for that counsel which enabled him to guide so safely the course of the untried government. The emperor paid him this compliment: "Under the favour of the gods, it is to you we owe the prosperity of the government." This was not flattery, but well-deserved truth. Absolutely without fear of the consequence to himself, this son of noble lineage urged forward by word and action the transformation of the old forms into the new. He was correctly estimated by the sobriquet bestowed upon him by the masses, "the rock-throne." Naturally a man in his position would call upon himself many bitter enemies, and several attempts were made upon his life, all of which he escaped, dying of an inherited disease in the prime of life. He was buried with profound sorrow.

This was a period when many of the old school of leaders laid aside their cares and responsibilities, which were to be assumed by men from the lower walks of life. With the demise of these imperial leaders, the old court party collapsed, and successors who had received much of their education abroad, among them Ito, Inouye, Mori, and Entimoto, took up the reins of government. This tended to bring the emperor nearer to his subject, and to lift up the lower classes.

Foremost among the new representative leaders is Count Ito, the framer of Japan's Constitution, which is looked upon with pardonable pride by the Japanese as the only document of the kind in the history of nations which was not obtained at the price of blood. This statesman and legislator had a very vivid experience before he won his civil battle, however. In his search for outside knowledge, he and another of national reputation,

a second Saigo, were forced to leave their native land as sailors before the mast. In the autumn of 1862 they reached England, not only unknown, but friendless and penniless. This companion of Count Ito's in that same year was one of a little band of faithful men, who were so hard-pressed by their enemies as to be obliged to give to the torch the new building designed for the British legation in Tokyo. He afterward became Minister of Finance. It had been only the year before that Marquis Saigo had



HAKONE LAKE.

been obliged to defend himself and a few companions, in their anti-foreign crusade, at the point of the sword in the second story of a little inn standing in a suburb of the capital. Yet another figured prominently in a killing affair on the Tokaido, which resulted in the death of a foreigner and the bombardment of Kigoshima by a British ship soon after. The term "blood and iron" has most appropriately been applied to the stirring times that witnessed the passage of the old government, and the men who paved the way for New Japan were men of iron will as well as of far-seeing minds.

The spirit underlying the feeling aroused against these liberals was illustrated by the attack made on Count Okuma during the revision of the treaty with Great Britain in 1889. The count had boldly offered terms, which were looked upon with grave suspicion by certain of his countrymen. It was known that the lives of the leaders of the party were in danger, so the government furnished a body-guard of jinrikisha men, but kept them at too great a distance to be of defence to their man.



FEEDING SILKWORMS.

Count Okuma, fearless for himself, disliked this course, believing, and correctly, that it would serve to draw attention to an official without affording him any real protection. He was minister of foreign affairs at the time, and returning one afternoon from a Cabinet council, he was met by a well-dressed young man just as his carriage was turning into the private way leading to his residence. This stranger rushed forward and flung a packet toward the vehicle. On the alert for such attacks, the coachman whipped up the horse, and the bomb, for such it proved to be,

exploded without doing the harm intended. Still, some of the splintered carriage struck the count on the knee, inflicting a wound which necessitated the amputation of the limb above the joint. Immediately after making his attack, which he no doubt thought had been successful, the assailant cut his throat, thus meting out to himself what was considered good Japanese justice. The cause for this act was the willingness on the part of Count Okuma to allow foreign judges to remain in Japanese courts during the period that Japan was undergoing the ordeal of administering laws of which she in all consistency must be largely ignorant. The would-be assassin, who was of the poorer class, had been stimulated to the deed from reading the accounts of the meetings of the Cabinet in the papers. The hopeful tendency of the time was shown by the general disapproval accorded the act by the public.

The prevalence of so many high-sounding titles must not fill the reader's mind with visions of ancient nobility, or families of long-standing renown. In truth, the wearers of such lordly significations as "marquis," "count," or "viscount," held a patent that was very modern, and in the West would have been simply known as Mr. Ito, Mr. Okuma, and so on, through the list of brilliant patriots that arose out of the mysticism of the past and laid on the brow of the empire a crown of more modern pattern. Yet these gallant men gave no discredit to their titles, but won for their country a place among the nations of the earth, and names for themselves greater than the mere title of an inherited peerage.

For nearly a quarter of a century Japan was agitated by the constant movement of three branches of advanced thought, all new to the working-forces of the country, viz.: the press, the lecture, and the yet greater means of agitation, public debate. Finally the emperor yielded to the growing demand to fulfil his obligation made in 1868, and on the 12th of October, 1881, he issued his famous proclamation declaring that the parliament long promised should be established, and that in 1890 a constitutional form of government should be organised.

A representative man, in a line that led him far away from the legislative halls, who was famous at this period, was the artist, Kyosai, whose entire life was completely absorbed by his divine genius. At the early age of three he was drawing faithful pictures of the frogs that hopped in the pools near his home; at seven he was haunting the lowest quarters of

the city, that he might catch a glimpse of some unusual and distinctive feature of life among the lowly ; two years later he was studying in secret at home the head of a man, which he had caught from the river as it rushed on with its ghastly burden, that he might convey to paper its image. The intensity with which he worked over a picture is described by an incident of a fire at which he was present when a young man. Among the property taken from a shop was a large number of cages of



JAPANESE JUNK IN TADOTSU BAY.

birds, which had been on sale. Finding, at last, that he could not save his birds, the owner humanely opened their prison doors and let them seek their freedom. The frightened creatures arose in a perfect cloud, but, instead of seeking safety, flew straight toward the raging flames. The red tongues of the conflagration, the dark borders of smoke, and the bright and gorgeous plumage of the birds, made a magnificent spectacle ; but to Kyosai the many-hued birds made the prettiest part of the uncommon sight. In a moment his pencil was flying rapidly over a sheet of paper,

and unmindful of the sparks falling about him, of the increasing heat of the fire, and the peril he was incurring, the youthful artist sketched on, until his friends rescued him at the very moment when he must have perished but for their timely succour.

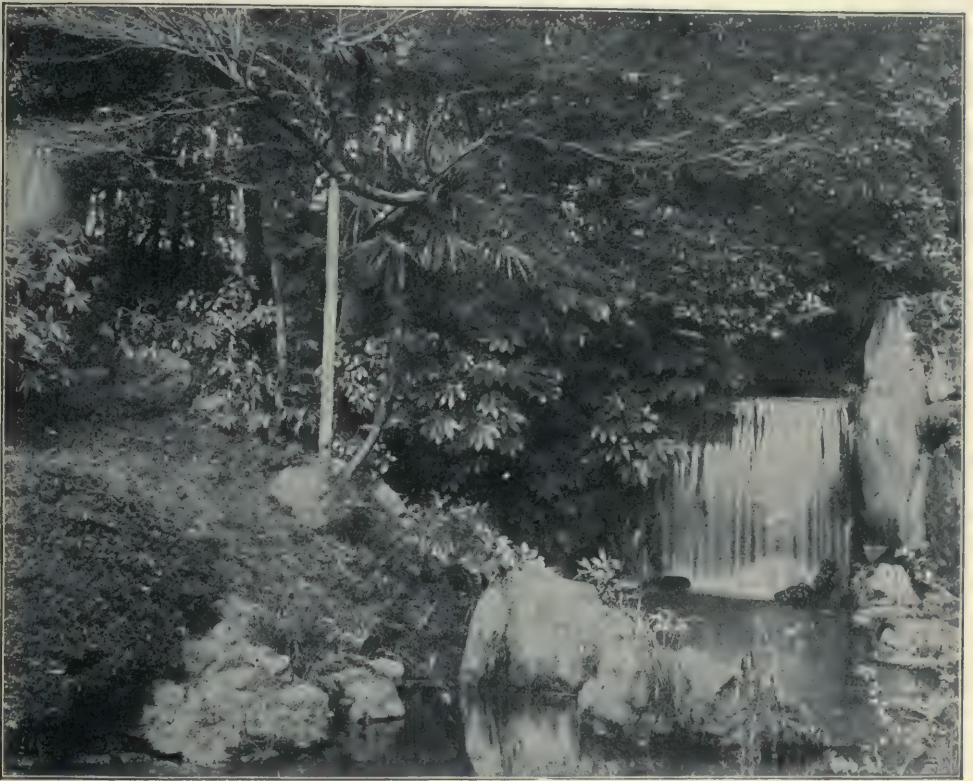
It was the leading trait of a Japanese artist not to paint many pictures, as the commonness of one's work tended to detract from its value. Kyosai was true to this instinct, and his gems of art are not as numerous as his



HAKONE WATERFALL.

admirers would like. It was very seldom that any one could obtain one of his drawings, and it is related that advantage of the artist's weakness in another direction used to be improved to get a sketch from him. This would be done by inviting him to dinner, and over the wine that followed, —the artist delighted to humour his taste in this direction,—his host would declare that he felt like exhibiting his artistic ability. The material would then be ordered. Spreading the huge sheet of white paper on the floor, and arranging his brushes and India ink, the impromptu artist would

begin his work. It being nothing unusual for one to do this, Kyosai did not seem to realise the net being prepared for him. Thus, as he watched the rude efforts of his host, who appeared to be absorbed in his pleasant task, he would grow nervous and his usual good nature would receive a severe shock. Finally, unable to witness such slight upon his noble calling longer in silence, he would exclaim, "Stop such bungling! I will teach you what it means to draw." Seizing the brush from the other's



MITO PARK.

not unwilling hand, he would quickly produce a sketch that his crafty entertainer would retain as a valuable memento.

Sometimes the desire to paint would amount to a frenzy, when he would seize upon an opportunity to convey to paper some scene of startling character, and under circumstances most unfavourable. A lady of high rank was once greatly offended by being followed by him, whom she did not recognise, into her chamber. Calling for help, she demanded that he be punished for his offence. When Kyosai suddenly became aware of the

awkward situation he was in, he explained that he had followed her simply that he might sketch her obi, which was of a most novel and fantastic pattern, while she was running away from him. She was only too happy to pay him an enormous amount for his sketch.

Though he received large sums for his work, he gave it nearly all to the poor. He could bear to see no one suffer while he had a crumb to give. At one time he was stopping at one of those pretty little wayside inns so common in Japan, and called there tea-houses, which was kept by a poor widow. On that day she was feeling especially unhappy, having just been ordered to give up the house for an old debt. No sooner had she told this than the artist began to cover the stainless paper walls with grotesque figures and strange images. Alarmed at the disfiguration of her house, the frightened woman begged him to stop, and finding her protestations useless, she called upon others to take the madman away. But her entire demeanour changed at the whispered utterance of the name "Kyosai," and her joy knew no bounds as she saw him cover with his matchless brush not only walls but ceiling. She realised enough from the sale of those walls to pay all her debts and leave her a comfortable sum besides.

These are but a few of the many stories told of this gifted artist, who died recently, rich in his immortality. His art remained his ruling passion until the very last. When he was so wasted with disease that he could no longer stand alone, he amused himself, as he lay on his couch, by drawing the shadow of his thin, emaciated figure on the spotless wall. Finishing this, he bade farewell to his wife in a husky voice, gave direction to his picture-mounter in regard to mounting his last picture, and then fell asleep with the brush in his hand.



KARAHASHI BIWA LAKE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WAR WITH CHINA.

THOUGH the long career of Japan had been but a succession of wars, she had really never shown to the outside powers anything like a proof of her prowess, until the struggle with China at last won for her honourable distinction among the nations of the world. The bone of contention was Corea. At least the condition of affairs in the peninsula led to the crisis. The safety of Japanese in this country called for some decided action by the island empire, and feeling that the time had come for it to assert its rights in that direction, Japan prepared for the inevitable. But Japan was not unmindful of the treaty existing between herself and China, so that the latter country was invited to join in some scheme which would redound to the good of all concerned. The Middle Kingdom readily agreed to this, and furthermore not to send armed troops into Corea without notifying the emperor of such action. In spite of this pledge, in fact while she was making it, China raised armed men to send to the peninsula. Aware of the desire of the Chinese to outdo them in Corea, and to bring the Hermit Nation under their allegiance, the ministry at Tokyo informed the other that any further action of this kind would be considered unfriendly, and a sufficient cause for declaring war.

China continued to display her stupidity or wilfulness by ignoring the well-meant caution. Nor did she stop here, but one of her men-of-war attempted to destroy a Japanese trading-vessel, thus firing the first shot of the war. At this time China was sending troops to Corea on a ship bearing British colours, and commanded by an Englishman. In an engagement which followed the opening of hostilities, the Japanese vessel *Naniwa* poured upon this suspicious transport such a galling fire that the captain ran up the flag of distress. The Chinese on board would not heed the offer to surrender, and returning the shots of the enemy, tried to escape. But the Japanese were too clever for them, and the Chinese were obliged to jump into the sea and swim for their lives, while the English gave them-

selves up to the mercy of the victors. Fortunately all of them were saved by the Japanese, though it looked as though serious complications might arise out of the affair. Japan, however, promptly compensated the sufferers, and did all that could be done to atone for a matter in which they were really not to blame.

There is no doubt but China, or at least a portion of the empire strong enough to foment a quarrel, thrust this war upon Japan. China was not



MISSISSIPPI BAY, YOKOHAMA.

united under one absolute power, but viceroys at Peking, who hovered around the imperial figure, had sufficient influence to inaugurate this move. One of these, Li Hung Chang, ambitious to develop the resources of his country and thus outstrip Western aggression, favoured this end. On the other hand, if China threw the gauntlet at the feet of Japan, the latter very readily picked it up. She felt that she had plenty of cause to take up the quarrel. She had torn down the barrier concealing the Hermit Nation from the world, and had ample reason to look after its interest, as that interest was identical with her own. Again, she had more selfish

motives. Her politicians and statesmen had increased in number and power at such a rate that there was need of some foreign attraction like a war to draw the attention of the masses away from the danger at home. In the second instance, her population had increased so rapidly that foreign colonisation in the near future seemed imperative. And still again, as has been hinted, Japan was not unwilling to show to the world that she had not lost her warlike qualities during the quarter of a century of peace. Knowing her own strength, and confident in it, the time seemed auspicious for putting it to proof.

Underlying this surface talk and feeling lay the unalienable right of a people to change its manner of civilisation. That was really what the alternative meant, offered by Japan to China on the 12th of June, 1894. If China understood this, she blinded herself to the fact. On the battlefield at home Japan had suffered this contest of the Old and the New. Now this struggle must be repeated on foreign soil.

China succeeded in landing about three thousand soldiers at the port of A-San, a strongly fortified camp situated on a peninsula formed by two rivers, and about forty miles from Seoul, the capital of Corea. Large bodies of armed men were marched into Corea from the north by China. Japan also was not idle, but sent troops by ship to the coast. The rival forces met in a skirmish at A-San, which resulted in the complete rout of the Chinese.

The remnant of this shattered body of soldiery managed by a difficult march to join the "flower of the army of China" at Ping-Yang just before the middle of September, and in season to mingle in the disastrous battle of the 15th, when the pride of the Middle Kingdom was scattered by the masterly manoeuvres of Marshal Yamagata and his gallant troops, like leaves wind-driven after an autumn frost. Ping-Yang was historic ground, it having been the scene of a victory by a Ming and Tartar host over Konishi, the Japanese leader, three centuries before. This time history repeated itself by reversing the order of victory, and gave the triumph to the soldiers of Dai Nippon.

Many deeds of personal valour are told of this battle, but that which won highest place is the heroism of the young trumpeter who was ordered to sound the charge at the very moment when a stray shot from the enemy gave him his mortal wound. Aware that he had but a few

moments to live, the brave boy did not falter, but performed his last duty. Without hesitation or a false note he sounded the summons to battle, and continued his patriotic song until death sealed his last note. The news of his heroism reaching his home, his body was received with proud acclaim, and the funeral rites were those of a festival, in which his parents out-



MUKOJIMA CHERRY BANK, TOKYO.

vied all others in their rejoicing over the glory of a son they had reared for their country.

Following their disaster at Ping-Yang the Chinese retreated across the Yalu River into Manchuria to meet the Tartar hordes coming over the mountains. Marshal Yamagata pursued them at his leisure, and thus the army of China, of which so much had been expected, melted away like snow before the fire of the intrepid Japanese, and Corea knew no more of the armed forces of the great Middle Kingdom.

The victory of the Japanese at Ping-Yang was quickly followed by their first glory won on the sea in a battle with a foreign power. This naval

battle took place near the mouth of the Yalu, between Admiral Ito and Admiral Ting. The force of the first consisted of sixteen vessels, all told, while the Chinese had twenty, though of a slightly inferior tonnage to the other. This was more than outweighed by the greater speed of the ships of Admiral Ting, and the fact that some of the vessels of Admiral Ito had been damaged during the sea voyage just completed.

Confident of victory, Admiral Ting moved boldly against the Japanese, with ten ships abreast, two ironclads forming the centre, and four smaller armoured cruisers making the wings of this stern array. Behind this followed the other ships and torpedo boats. Expecting to carry everything before him by storm, the Chinese commander was disconcerted by a manœuvre on the part of his enemy wholly unlooked for. Instead of locking horns with him in a direct battle, Admiral Ito sent a portion of his fleet forward in what seemed at first a rash clutch at the throat of his antagonist. As soon as it had got within range, the foremost of these vessels dashed furiously along the front line of the Chinese wall, sending broadside after broadside into their solid front. Sweeping around in a semicircle as they performed this daring feat, the Chinese had not recovered from the shock of the surprise before they were dealt another blow quite as unexpected and more disastrous. While their attention had been fixed in front, other ships of Admiral Ito's squadron had got around so as to pour a shower of hot shot and shell upon the rear of the Chinese line. Unprepared for this attack on his rear, before Admiral Ting could bring his guns to bear on his audacious enemies, they had made a complete circuit of his warships. Admiral Ito now opening fire from his heavy ships, which he had held in reserve, Admiral Ting was glad to beat a retreat. Owing to the condition of some of his vessels, the Japanese commander was obliged to abandon pursuit, so that the Chinese escaped. The action had lasted over five hours, and was hotly waged from the opening to the finish. Thus within fifty hours, between September 15th and 17th, 1894, the Japanese won two victories at the very outset of the war which practically settled its results.

The King of Corea soon after renounced any claim of vassalage to China, and Japan had its own way. It was the most propitious day the Hermit Nation had ever known. New order has reigned ever since. There have been no disturbances within its territory that, with the assistance

of Japan, it has been unable to quickly quiet. Some of the uncivilised tribes in the South have tried to resist the king, but have been speedily brought under control.

Marshal Yamagata, after penetrating, by laborious marches, into a country noted for its long and sanguinary encounters in the past, receiving intelligence that the Chinese were to be reinforced in overwhelming numbers with troops from the valley of the Amur, called a halt, and



A VIEW IN MIYAJIMA.

began to strengthen his position for a great battle with the foe. Something of his task in hand may be imagined, when it is known that he had over eighty miles of frontier to protect, running from Chiu-lien-cheng to the walled pass in the mountains of Hai-chieng. All over the Far East the half-wild trooper of the Amur had been pictured as an invincible warrior. Springing to the back of his untamed steed, flying hither and thither over the broad steppes of his native country, his flight was compared to that of the eagle, — swift, certain, and laden with death and destruction. This reputation was proved an illusion by the Japanese in

a furious fight at Chiu-lien-cheng, when they scattered to the four winds of the country the wild marksmen of Manchu. Another victory was won at Old Newchang.

Newchang was a treaty port, and the merchants were immediately assured by Marshal Yamagata that they had nothing to fear from his invasion. In fact, they gained an assurance of safety which had long been taken from them. At this important period in the campaign the health of the Japanese commander failed him, so he was obliged to return to his home. He was succeeded by Lieutenant-General Nodzu, afterward raised to general, who found that the brunt of the battle had been fought by his predecessor. Eventually Marshal Yamagata entered the emperor's Cabinet as Minister of War.

Aware of the importance of Port Arthur as a strategical and commercial position, Japan next concentrated its naval force to attempt its capture. Count Oyama, then Minister of War, was given command of the undertaking, and knowing the strength of the place he was about to assail, he set about his work with caution and good judgment. China had been nearly a quarter of a century in building the fortress here, and it had drained her treasury of more than two million dollars. Count Oyama was allowed twenty-four thousand men, and he set about transporting them to the coast of the mainland with as much rapidity and secrecy as was possible. At dawn, on the 21st of November, the attack was opened on Port Arthur, and inside of ten hours the Chinese had capitulated. Nearly fifty modern cannon were among the prizes, and this victory was the most important won in the war. At Port Arthur the Chinese lacked only the determination to unite and make a good fight to have held their works. They were sufficient in numbers, and it was found that the fortifications were in excellent shape. The mines in the harbour were all mapped out with a clearness which made it easy for the victors to raise the death-dealing instruments without trouble.

For some reason, which has never been explained, Admiral Ting had not come to Port Arthur, but remained inactive at Wei-hai-Wei. This officer had been trained under British discipline, and much had been expected of him at the outset. Somehow he proved, perhaps through no fault of his own, a dismal failure. The Third Army Corps of Japan was now despatched to capture him, and after a series of brilliant manœuvres,

on the 31st of January, 1895, the Chinese at Wei-hai-Wei surrendered. The two great sea-gates of the enemy were now in the hands of the Japanese, and the work of completing their conquest was comparatively easy. An expedition to Formosa resulted in the submission of the enemy in that quarter, and the flag of Japan now floated over the waters of the Asiatic coast. The prowess of Japan was heralded abroad to the nations of the earth. Again modern methods had triumphed over ancient. It is



MIYAJIMA.

a striking record, too, which shows that from the opening skirmish to the closing battle the Japanese were always victorious. She had employed 340,000 men, and lost less than a thousand. Another thing which should be remarked to her credit is the fact that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, she pursued a course in keeping with civilised conditions of warfare. The Chinese prisoners of war who had been maimed were sent home when they had got well, with cork legs and artificial arms and hands.



THE MORNING BATH.

Two pretended proffers of peace had already been made by China, and rejected by Japan. In March Li Hung Chang, the aged viceroy of Peking, was sent to make such terms of peace as he could with the representatives of the Emperor of Japan. This conference was held at Shimonoseki, where Count Ito Hirobumi and Viscount Mutsu, Prime Minister of Foreign Affairs, were empowered to speak and act for the island empire. In the midst of this conference an affair occurred which cast a stain on the



TEA-HOUSE, TOKYO.

fame of Japan, and for the time threatened a renewal of the war. This was an attempted assassination of the venerable ambassador from China. Fortunately no more serious personal harm was effected than a bullet-wound in the cheek, and the authorities acted with promptness and decision. It was speedily shown that the would-be murderer was a person of doubtful reputation, and not a representative citizen. The anxiety displayed by the emperor and empress did much to allay the ill-feeling awakened, so that the peace commission resumed its work. The 8th of

May, 1895, a date memorable in Japanese history,¹ witnessed the ratification of the treaty of Shimonoseki at Chifu, China.

This treaty settled upon Japan the cession of Formosa and a cash indemnity for the cost of the war; determined the independence of Corea, and opened the ports of China to the commerce of the world. An adjustment of the dispute over the Manchurian country was effected, so as to avert a war with Russia,—surely no little victory. Of paramount impor-



COUNTRY BRIDGE, FUJIKAWA RIVER.

tance to all this was the prestige it gave Japan among the other nations. Her triumph had come like a flash of light from the morning sun springing suddenly from a bed of storm-clouds. August 26th a treaty was secured with Great Britain, which recognised Japan as her equal. On November 22d a new treaty with the United States of America was ratified, under which the wrongs of the past could not be repeated.

¹ It is a noteworthy fact that Commodore Perry's squadron anchored off Yokohama on this date in May, 1854; and in 1858 Townsend Harris paved the way to Japan's modern greatness by negotiating with the shogun at Yedo for the introduction of Western civilisation through the admittance of teachers, physicians, scientists, missionaries, statesmen, and agents of commerce to the country.

With the military and commercial importance Japan had earned by her victory over China, had come responsibilities which it scarcely seemed possible she was capable of bearing. Formosa, her newly acquired territory, was peopled by a numerous race of savages, who had no regard for a civilising government; who even had no appreciation for the favour shown in rescuing them from the oppression of China. The natives, assisted by a large number of Chinese, rebelled. Stationing themselves amid the dense jungles of the lowlands, within the almost impenetrable forests, or lurking behind the strong fortifications of the walled towns, they waged a relentless contest against the Japanese for over four months, — a campaign that cost Japan more hard fighting than her recent war with China. Over 130,000 men were engaged in the struggle. Since its close, the condition of the inhabitants has materially improved, and the day is not far distant when Formosa will cease to be a den of wild savages, and its waters the rendezvous of pirates who have too long been a scourge of that region. In obtaining dominion over Formosa, Japan gained only what rightfully belonged to her, and what was for the common good of all concerned. With its possession the island empire is situated so as to make a stand against European or Asiatic aggression.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SHRINE OF MAMMON.

WE have already visited several cities that, from time to time, in turn were famous as being Japan's seat of power. But the island empire has yet another capital, which is greater in its power than any of these others,—than ancient Kyoto, with its religious dreaminess; than modern Tokyo, its military camp, resonant still with the measured tread of marching armies and with battle-cries; than the storied memory of Kamakura; than the queenly glory of Nara,—its commercial capital, the capital that to-day rules the destiny of a nation. This is Osaka, with a population in the vicinity of half a million, and a history that teems with the fortunes of unnumbered millions. It is situated less than thirty miles from Kyoto, on the shore of the Inland Sea, and were its harbour as good as that of Yokohama, it would have been to-day the most populous city in the Far East. As it is, Osaka, variously styled the Venice, Glasgow, Chicago, and Manchester, of Japan, has reason to be proud of its past and hopeful for its future.

It was once the military capital, and possesses yet many spots hallowed with the memories of Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu. Much history has been made here, and let the fluent tongue of our native guide restore the flesh to the framework of the past, and we find ourselves fairly captured by the bewildering wraiths of the days of yore. The shoguns considered this an important stronghold, and the last act of this military body was played here. The castle of the warlike period still stands as a marked example of the style of architecture that prevailed in those days.

Until the close of the fifteenth century it was called *Naniwa*, derived from *Nami-haya*, a name bestowed upon the site by Jimmu Tenno, when he found the sea so rough that he could not embark here on his trip to the island 660 years B. C. This name is now applied to it in poetry. A place of interest to the visitor is the Tennoji Temple, the temple of the heavenly kings, and the Temple of Hong-wanji is another relic of other



LOTUS.

days. But respect for monuments of bygone scenes does not have the strong hold here that it has in Kyoto. A ruined fortress of the days of feudalism is the site of the city's water-reservoir, while high above the towers of regents, the temples of religious martyrs, pillars of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, rises the shrine of Mammon.

Osaka is in every sense a busy metropolis. Everywhere it bears the stamp of this; in its rapid growth, in its extension of streets and build-



MISSISSIPPI BAY, NEAR YOKOHAMA.

ings. Here, as nowhere else in the Orient, we find indication of the feverish unrest of the Occident. This reminds us that the former term does not strictly apply to Japan since the restoration of 1868. Neither should it be used for any period previously with an intention of disparagement. The writer believes that it in no wise should be associated with paganism, as that term is commonly accepted. Japan was not an uncivilised nation. Mind, that to the Japanese a Christian was a "barbarian;" could not this statement be reversed with equal fitness? Certainly there is good reason for saying that her civilisation compares

favourably with many so-called Christian countries. If trained in centuries of war, Japan showed herself capable of shaking off the old garment and donning the new without resorting to warlike methods.

What strikes the stranger at first glance is the large number of factory chimneys, which proclaim its great manufacturing interests. Hundreds of these smoke-begrimed tops look down upon him, until he begins to

think the building of factory chimneys is the one occupation of people. With these we look for the start in progressive history. Besides being the centre of a large cotton-spinning industry, it has extensive ship-building yards, and is noted for its big iron mills. The great silk shops display the costliest fabrics hand and loom can produce. As well as being filled with the fire of modern industry, and the lingering



ROCK HARUNA, HOKOGATAKE.

spirit of ancient glory, Osaka is the gayest city in all Japan. Here are to be seen people of ample means and artistic taste. Nowhere is the geisha so noted for her beauty, wit, and skill in playing the three-stringed banjo. "The daughters of Kyoto do excellent; those of Tokyo do most excellent; those of Osaka excel them all." No passport is required to visit Osaka, nor that little mountain village, Arima, sixteen miles inland from this city, and famous for its bamboo baskets and health-giving springs.

A place of especial interest and importance is the Mint, located in the northern part of the city, where all the coin for the empire is minted, and where, also, Corea sends her gold for coinage.

While the situation of Osaka, with reference to Japan, closely resembles that of New York to the United States, or Liverpool to England, or Glasgow to Scotland, its harbour is too shallow to admit large steamers, which have to lie off the bar at the mouth of the Yodo. For this reason much of the foreign commerce that would have come to this city has gone to Kobé, twenty-five miles westward. In this modern period the railway has largely taken the place of the small ships that used to swarm in its waters. Near the centre of the city is the Corean bridge, Coraibashi, from which all distances in this vicinity are considered, as the Nihonbashi bridge at Tokyo is the starting-point for all routes in the east.

In the great number of the spindles of Osaka, which are increasing from year to year, we see proof and prophecy of the coming importance of the manufacture of cotton goods in Japan. Besides Osaka there are fifteen other places where cotton-spinning is carried on successfully. China has become the best market for the products of these looms, and here the island empire has an advantage over other countries. The monetary system of both empires is based on silver, and wages are paid in silver at the rate of from fifty cents to one dollar a day. Coal is correspondingly cheap; in fact, everything is in favour of this Manchester of the Far East, with her thirty-odd cotton-spinning companies, outrivalling her competitors of the Far West.

Another important enterprise of Osaka is the weaving and knitting of garments, which are not only sent all over the empire, but find their way abroad. Here are made half of the boots and clothing of the empire, while glass-making is carried on with profit. No doubt the difficulty with China will check the output of goods for a time, as did the war with that power in 1894, but Japan will rally from this. Her exports and imports are about equal at this time. Of the exports the United States and France rank about equal seconds, China receiving the largest amount, and Great Britain coming third. The last two send in about the same amounts, while the United States sends more. The exports and imports alike are not far from sixty million dollars annually.

We have had occasion to mention the growing industry of silk manu-

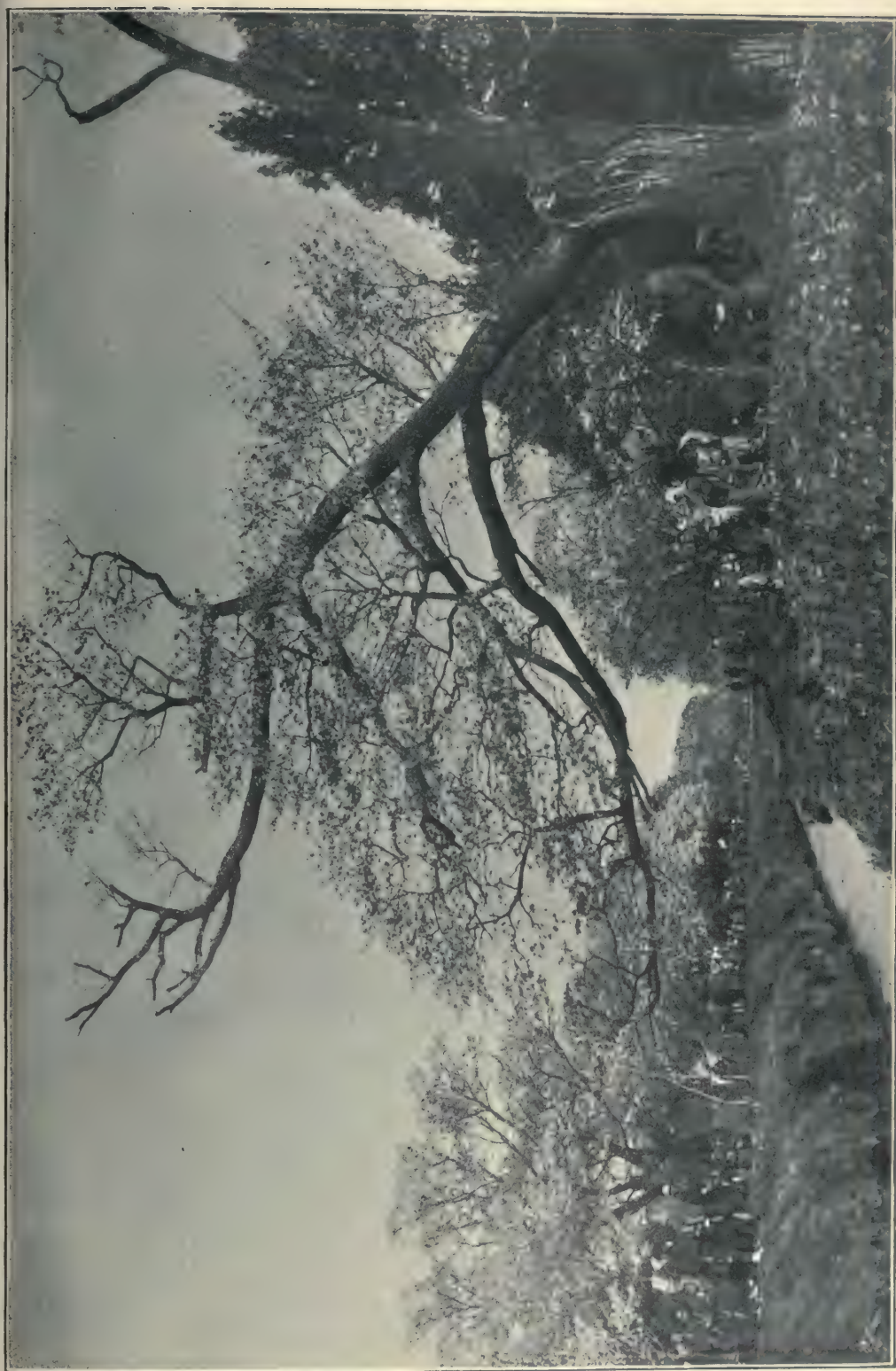
facture, and this bids fair to become more and more the staple export of the country. Nearly every section of Japan, except Hokkaido, is favourable to the growth of the mulberry, and with the further introduction of modern machinery the profit in its raising will be materially increased. But even now, with the imperfections that some districts offer, the white silks of Shinano are unrivalled for their purity and brilliancy. Something like three thousand tons of raw silk are reeled every year, with a likeli-



MOAT AT TOKYO.

hood that it will soon be doubled in amount. Japan exports raw silk and cocoons to the value of nearly twenty million dollars annually. At the same time she is sending abroad silk textiles to the value of over five millions. Of course it is expected that a large amount of tea is gathered year by year, and this assumption is borne out by the figures, which stand near seventy million pounds; of this article of commerce more than one-half is sent to the United States. The leading import of Japan is sugar.

In connection with its commerce, it is interesting to note that not less than five hundred Japanese steamships are registered at the ports opened



THE CHERRY BANK AT KOGANEL.

to trade, while there are a slightly larger number of sailing vessels. According to the treaty of 1898, foreign trade and intercourse is now unrestricted.

Japan has already commenced to show its colonising intentions, in the manner which it has begun to open up Yezo, or Tokkaido, as has been described. The climate of this island is well adapted to raising any crop that grows in the temperate zone, which is destined to add vastly to the



PICKING TEA NEAR KYOTO.

storehouses of the empire. With Formosa, Japan has secured not only one of the strongest strategical points on the Asiatic coast, but an island extremely fertile in its natural state. The cultivation of tea here is rapidly increasing, and already the sunny slopes of the Banka district are terraced with the valuable shrub. Coffee can be grown here successfully, while maize, wheat, and barley can be raised with profit. It is also a country capable of raising the sugar-beet, while hemp, jute, and millet are already articles of export. Coal-fields have been mined for years by the

Chinese, which, under the management of their new owners, are likely to show far greater outputs.

The native inhabitants, probably of Malay origin, are somewhat taller and heavier than the Japanese, with broad chests and muscular limbs. They have been head-hunters for centuries, but are not savages beyond the reach of civilisation. The island has become a good market for cotton goods, which the native women of Formosa wear. In the interior roam deer, wild goats, bears, boars, panthers, wildcats, and numerous monkeys. Along the banks of the streams are seen in great numbers wild ducks, geese, snipe, and pheasants. Not a bad country for the sportsman.

In passing it is interesting to note that Japan not only prohibits the use of opium among her own people, but denies the Chinese resident this drug. The relation between these two empires that have been neighbours so long is not understood by the rest of the world. There is no disputing that Japan owes much to China in her literature, and it is equally true that the Middle Kingdom is her debtor for much good. Previous to 675 the Chinese were pleased to call Japan by the designation of *Wo*, which ideograph meant yielding or subdued. This was distasteful to the Japs, and the term was dropped. After four centuries of intercourse with China, Japan is perfectly familiar with many incidents happening in Central China, and she possesses a very vivid account of the Chinese conquest of Manchuria.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that China is, and has ever been, jealous of Dai Nippon. But Japan is the best friend that China has ever known, despite the dark reflections which cannot other than rise in the memory regarding the wrongs of the past. Better than any other people does she understand the ancient empire, and if China ever rises from her despair, it must be the strong arm of Japan that lifts her up. By right of ancestral endowments the two should be sisters, knowing each other's tongue, reading each other's thoughts, and understanding each other's heart as no other race does. One motive above all others will tend to unite the couple, and for mutual good if not from love, cause them to stand together when the final battle shall come for the supremacy of the Far East. Both stand in fear of the White Empire, and rather than suffer the encroachments of Russia too far, will unite in a common resistance.

If ever Japan had any serious intentions of extending her power over the Philippines, which is very doubtful, that opportunity slipped away

with the steaming out of the waters of Yokohama of the war-steamers making up the fleet of Commodore George Dewey, on January 3d, 1898. But with his defeat of the Spanish at Manila, he brought to the very door of Japan that nation to which she owes more than all others her ability to become a colonising power. A glance backward over the pages of history shows that at the time the Japanese were sending back to Luzon from the banks of the Yodo the adventurous pioneers of Spanish colonisation, a hardy band of settlers were founding, in the wilderness of the Western



OLD PINE - TREE IN VILLA GARDEN.

world, a nation destined eventually to crush Spanish rule in the Far East, and awaken Japan from its long sleep. To-day Japan has a navy of over fifty men-of-war, three of which are large battle-ships, and over thirty torpedo boats. The fleet of Nippon Yusen Kaisha numbers eighty steamers. Its armed force consists of 260,000 men, and the wealth of the empire is estimated to be not less than 10,000,000,000 yen.

Here in Osaka we see more of the cosmopolitan appearance of the Occident than elsewhere in Japan, but even here a farmer is readily known as a tiller of the soil by his dress; there is no more mistaking

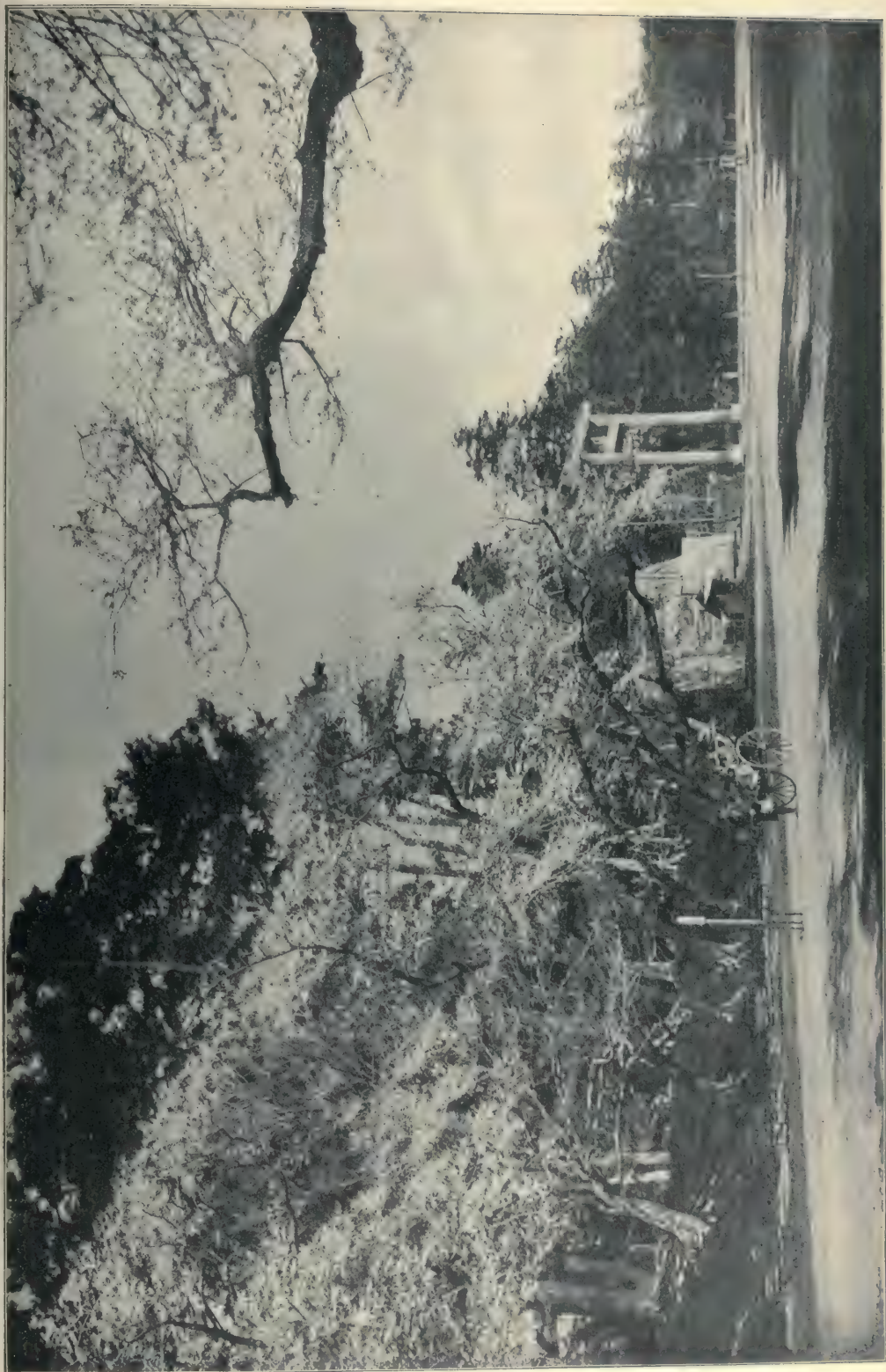
the calling of the carpenter than that of the coal-burner. This idea of individuality is even carried into personal appearance as regards age. The old never don the dress of the young, nor is it often that one attempts to conceal the evidence of his or her age, as Father Time makes his encroachments upon the aging victim. Occasionally an attempt is made to retain the colour of the hair, but this is done simply from the fear that it might be thought one had passed one's years of usefulness, as Isanemoro, nine



A PICTURESQUE LAKE VIEW, TOKYO.

hundred years ago, blacked his hair for fear the young men would no longer deign to cross swords with him. No man or woman of to-day dyes the hair who is not willing to own to every year that time has dropped upon his or her shoulders.

The painful weakness of physique peculiar to the Japanese is shown by the large number of students who die before they have completed their course of studies. It is the rule that forty per cent. drop out on account of death before they graduate, and not over one in twenty takes his degree at the University of Tokyo.



VIEW, UYENO.

Among the dread diseases that exist in Japan is that of leprosy. More so, perhaps, than in any other country is it looked upon as a disgrace or curse put upon the victim for some misdeed. For this reason, as in other countries, it has not been treated as it should have been. In its early stages the disease is not given much attention, but, as it advances, the unfortunate becomes an object to be avoided, and the consequence is, when he is in sore need of care and medical aid, he is left to linger by himself, alone with his terrible destroyer. The first person to think of looking to the welfare of the sufferer from this malady was the Empress Komiyo Kojo, who founded a hospital for the hapless victims. She has been described as a very beautiful woman, but no personal fear deterred her from going among the afflicted ones, washing their sores and caring for them. A fire,

however, destroyed her hospital, and there was no one to rebuild it for centuries, though many realised the great good it had accomplished.

In 1885 the French missionary, Father Testevuide, from a small beginning, founded another hospital for lepers at the pretty little village of Gotemba, overlooked by the sunny heights of Fuji San. The suggestion for this humane work is said to have been the finding of a poor blind



PRAYER.

woman, unclothed, and destitute of means as well as friends. The kind-hearted missionary took her into his own house and cared for her. Thinking to get her into better hands, he tried to have her taken to a hospital, only to be refused on every hand. There was no institution with a benevolence equal to caring for the blind beggar dying of an incurable disease. Father Testevuide continued to care for this patient himself, and while making her sufferings lighter and showing her the way to a higher life, he planned his humane institution. With slight encouragement and inadequate means at his command, he persevered, and to-day his hospital is one of the places that many have reason to bless. It is not claimed that a cure can be effected here, but many do leave the hospital after a course of treatment, so much improved that they resume an active place in life, expecting that some time they may have to return to the secluded home of the stricken ones at Gotemba. Here those who are able help till the land belonging to the institution, while those who are unable to aid are tenderly cared for until the spirit of the sufferer finds flight under the teachings of those who point to a higher and better life. It will be readily seen that Father Testevuide is looked upon with all the love and veneration that was bestowed upon Father Damien of Hawaii. In connection with this pathetic situation are many stories of sacrifice and unselfish devotion to the cause of suffering humanity. Among those who help care for the invalids is a man who voluntarily left a pleasant home and a happy family to devote the remainder of his life to the work, the only stipulation he asked being that his loved ones should be cared for in case they came to want.

It should be said that leprosy, *elephantiasis*, is mostly confined to a certain district in western Nihon. The lack of proper clothing, the deficiency of nourishment in the common diet of the people, the crude method of caring for the sick, all tend to weaken the race. Since the introduction of the jinrikisha, heart disease has appeared among the coolies to an alarming extent. Previously these people were among the most hardy. It will be seen that the physical condition of the race is not the most hopeful. How the change of the mode of living to the manner of the Western world is going to affect the situation it is still too early to tell. That it must result in good finally seems almost certain.



VILLAGE SCENE.

CHAPTER XL.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

IF the revolution of 1868 restored the rule of Japan to the imperial line, and dealt the death-blow to the shogunate, it immediately began to build a new power behind the throne. This modern shogun does not come armed with a two-edged sword, but wields the tongue and pen quite as effectively for his purpose, and he has it to his credit that he sheds red ink in the place of blood. This august person is the politician. Before we consider the power and perils he offers, it will be necessary to speak of that modern regent, the financier. In fact, we cannot weigh up the result of a country's achievements, or measure its possibilities for the future, without knowing its financial situation. This may be summed up and a fair view of the condition of Japan be obtained

The monetary system of the empire, as has been observed, is based upon silver, which has already depreciated to a considerable extent, and is likely to go lower. The yen, which at par value corresponds to our dollar, is divided into one hundred sen, and this last into

be seen that it takes one thousand rins to make one yen, or a dollar of our money, and when it is taken into consideration that this small coin plays an important part in the values of articles produced, the slowness with which people using so small a unit of exchange get rich, according to our ideas, will be quickly understood. This rin, for convenience in handling, has a hole in the middle, so it can be placed on a string with others. Gold and copper, as well as silver, are used in the coinage. The *satsu*, or bank-note, as being more convenient than coin, is largely in circulation, and of different denominations. It is a singular fact that the only foreign coin which is current in Japan is the Mexican dollar, which passes here at its face value.

Though Japan had no mine which was worked at that time, coins have been in circulation, to a limited extent, since an early age. Tradition gravely asserts that among the spoils brought back from an expedition to Corea by the followers of Empress Jingo were silver coins which were shaped like birds. Having less apparent use for coin than for idols, the gold and silver taken from Corea and China from time to time, and from the expeditions to the Philippines, were utilised in making new gods, or in affording ornaments for persons, and the decorations for religious objects. It will thus be seen that these rare metals were esteemed chiefly for their beauty, and that their value as a medium of exchange was thought of least and last. The fine embroidery of the best costumes was made richer by showers of gold and silver, the weapons of war were embellished and the armour was brightened by inlays of the same precious metals.

Coinage was not attempted with any marked success until the beginning of the eighth century, and then copper was used almost entirely. Previously the people had been accustomed to resort entirely to barter and exchange of materials, so that the government met with long and persistent opposition to the new medium. It became necessary to overcome the dislike of the people by offering prizes to those who would accumulate the most copper coins. One imperial edict called forth is notable for offering official rank to the farmer who could show possession of six *cash*; another commanded travellers to be supplied with coins in goods with which to defray their expenses; a third provided that should be paid in coin instead of produce; still another made the transfer in payment of barter rather than money liable to



be seen that it takes one thousand
our money, and when it is
plays an important
with

Tea Pickers



confiscation. In the light of such intelligence it is not surprising to find the government, at the end of a century, enacting regulations in the opposite direction, — the hoarding of coins prohibited as far as possible, and the farmer reminded that in case of the failure of the crops copper coins could not be cooked and eaten. Any person who concealed his coins was liable to have the whole lot seized and confiscated by the government, one-fifth of the amount being allowed the informer.

Japan had already — at the beginning of the eighth century — formed a



A TRAVELLERS' RESTING-HOUSE.

ministry of finance, which was supposed to regulate, not only the amount of coin in circulation, but the values between exchanges, and to establish weights and measures. The ability of this ministry was taxed to its utmost to do all this consistently and satisfactorily. In reality, the people — the common masses — had little need of money as a medium of exchange. The leading requirement for the metals was that of answering the demands of the religious leaders for new idols and newer and greater offerings to the gods, especially in the frequent cases of war.

The gold and silver used for purposes of exchange were not cast into any particular form, but were cut from bars into pieces of the desired size.

During the long interval of the five hundred years' war, or from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, the coinage of metals was so checked that it became the custom to send the bars of gold and silver to China, obtaining in exchange tokens of copper, which was the most called for. During the Nara era, and also that of the Heian, so many new temples were raised, and so many idols made, that the supply of copper became insufficient to meet the demand. In this emergency the ministry hit upon the scheme of debasement of the coinage, and the unit of copper



CASTLE OF OSAKA.

went down one-half. Another resort was to place a value on a coin in excess of its denomination. In this way great confusion and vexation was encountered. Some refused to accept this depreciated currency. Then, too, the mints were in such a crude state that many of the coins were poorly made. These were often objected to, or accepted at reduced value. This practice, however, was stopped by Emperor Saga, 820, by inaugurating a system of flogging all who refused to allow face value for coins offered, no matter in what condition. This stand was taken on the ground that the person who offered one of these coins was not responsible for any defect of mintage or absence of value.

Government having set its own seal upon dishonesty, it is not to be wondered at that the people eventually followed the trend of an example of this kind. The coins of China, at this period finding their way into Japan, were known to be of greater commercial value, and thus the inhabitants of Dai Nippon came to accept them at four times the consideration of the products of the home mint. This incensed the government so far that they attempted to stop the practice. Edicts were put out condemning those who dared to discriminate against the government, ordering them to be branded upon the cheek with hot irons, placed under heavy fines, or exposed to the scoffs of passers-by in some public place for three days. Still the classes aimed at — the farmer and the merchant — defied the officials and resolutely held to their determination, many of them to their sorrow and disgrace in the eyes of the nobility, until, after centuries of oppression of this kind, during the dynasty of the Tokugawa shoguns the people conquered. The coins of China were received at four times the valuation of those of Japan. Little wonder if, under such a teacher, the commercial sensibilities of the Japanese trader became blunted to the sense of actual honesty in his dealings. His government had set its seal on dishonesty and tried to make him follow its course.

In fixing the standard of value, rice has always been used as the unit of value. We have mentioned that taxes were commonly paid in this cereal, and from time immemorial to the present day, rice has been more to the Orient than bread to the Occident. It was both bread and meat to the Japanese wherever and whenever he could get it. The official measure of Japan is the *koku*, which equals 5.113 bushels, and is divided into *to-sho*, and *go*. A *go* was relatively one-thousandth of a *koku*, and thus the usual price of a *go* being one cash or *mon*, that of a *koku* was one thousand cash. This was what might be considered the common price, though sometimes rice sold for double the value indicated. This calculation was not definitely disturbed until recently. It will be seen that the purchasing power of coin, based on this estimation, which was official, was very great. Accepting the usual estimate of five *go* of rice, equal to a pint and a half of our measure, as the allowance for the day's food of a labourer, we find him living at the nominal expense of five cash, or five mills in our money.

When the fiefs were taken from the nobles and restored to the imperial

line by the revolution of 1868, the feudal lords and samurai were recompensed for their losses either by sums set in commutation or by public bonds bearing interest as an annual income. In doing this, Japan established a national debt of 191,500,000 yen, the amount settled upon the nobles by bonds. To this we have to add 21,500,000 yen, resulting from the acceptance of the indebtedness of the fiefs, — a balance of 10,000,000 yen having been paid in ready money; a loan of some 15,000,000



CONICAL HILLOCK SHAPED TO REPRESENT FUJI SAN.

yen incurred by the Satsuma rebellion of 1877, two foreign loans of 16,500,000 yen, a loan for public improvements of 33,000,000 yen, and yet one more for naval construction of 13,000,000, and another of 14,500,000 yen arising from the establishment of a fiat currency, and we have the whole amount of Japan's financial liabilities during the first twenty years of the existence of the new government, which equalled 305,000,000 yen.

The expense arising in connection with the war with China amounted to a little more than 240,000,000 yen, of which 105,000,000 was paid

out of the accumulated money in the treasury, and 135,000,000 added to the national debt. Japan received from China as indemnity for the war, 300,000,000 yen, and by increasing her naval and army forces, improving her coast defences and dockyards, etc., incurred an expense of 325,000,000 yen; to this she added 120,000,000 yen for railways, telegraphs, and telephones; 20,000,000 yen for dredging and widening her rivers; 20,000,000 yen for industrial and agricultural banks and other improvements. These sums for improvements were met by domestic loans, which it was considered possible to meet inside of ten years. As a result, we find,

at the beginning of 1900, Japan's indebtedness to be a trifle less than 500,000,000 yen, or dollars in our money.

If this sum seems large at first sight, it becomes more appalling when we come to examine the assets and income with which it must be met. We find that with her political and industrial progression, Japan has gone backward in her liabilities. The question does not arise, can she keep her head above water, but, how long can she do it. Let us look into her prospects.



AN ARCHER.

Upon the decline of feudalism and the establishment of the new government in 1871, the emperor lifted the tenant farmer up from the condition of a dependent, to the ownership of 11,000,000 acres of land, on the stipulation that he pay a land tax of three and a half yen, equalling in the depreciated currency \$1.75 per acre. This is about one-seventh what he had to pay under the old system. The direct tax received by the government amounts annually to 93,000,000 yen, to which should be added the income from posts, state railway, telegraphs, etc., reaching the sum at present of 34,500,000 yen. This then, gives the government 128,000,000 yen with which to support an army of toward half a million soldiers and a navy of over seventy ships, and to carry a debt of 500,000,000 yen. In answering the question asked, it should be considered that no Western nation can support its armies and carry on its improvements so cheaply. In the second place, the income from the enterprises owned and controlled by the government is steadily increasing; in the third instance, as has been hinted, the people are very well able to bear a heavier burden of taxation. Japan has no reason to feel anxious about its future in this respect.

Japan has greater reason for fear in another direction. The men who carried forward the restoration and sustained the Meeji era, as the first quarter of a century following the reinstating of the imperial line has been called, were the ablest that had come to the front for a long period. These included those clans most dreaded in the past, Satsuma and Choshiu. Unfortunately the highest offices in the state are hereditary. Those in power were soon opposed by a party that demanded greater liberty in the government. This party became known as the Liberals. It started in 1878, under the leadership of Count Itagaki. Seven years later, this body of men being content to ask and wait, a second party arose on the same grounds as the other, except that it sought for immediate change. It had been organised by a former member of the imperial Cabinet, Count Okuma, who was opposed to Count Itagaki, and thus the leaders of the two parties, standing practically on the same platform, became bitter enemies. The name of the new party was Progressists. These two great political bodies are, as far as general principles are concerned, identical, but in Japan it is not principles which count in its politics, but persons. The leaders of the imperial party held the reins of government for nearly a

quarter of a century, when they began to give way to others, and the decline of the party began. Men prominent in the two political bodies mentioned came to the front, but Count Itagaka, who has been styled "the Rousseau of Japan," and Count Okuma, "the Robert Peel," towered head and shoulders above all others. The demand for a Constitution,



A TEMPLE ENTRANCE.

accompanied by the threat of breaking down the old walls, had to be met by the Constitution of 1890, and the Diet a year later.

With the Constitution written by Marquis Ito, the emperor volunteered certain concessions and granted privileges which in no other country have been gained without war and bloodshed. It fixed the minimum age of parliamentary candidates and holders of franchise at twenty-five, and made the qualification for each, an annual payment of fifteen yen in taxes. By this qualification only 460,000, out of a population of 16,000,000 male persons of the required age, were allowed to vote or hold office. A House of Representatives was provided for, consisting of

three hundred members, and a House of Peers, elected by the people, but nominated by the sovereign from the hereditary lines. Thus, with only the preliminary preparation of meeting by provincial assemblies, Japan assumed the responsibilities of parliamentary institutions. By this action the progress of the empire seemed to be placed in imminent danger. It was no slight matter to take the power from the hands of old and tried statesmen, and place it in the control of new and untried men, who must of necessity be ignorant of the underlying principles of a good govern-



DRESSING FISH.

ment. In this peculiar situation the peril was largely removed by the fact that the emperor still held the power to control the Cabinet, which was dependent upon him for its life. This was intended by the astute framer of the Constitution, that the lawmakers should be compelled to come to the imperial master as their source of power.

When the Constitution was given, according to understanding, the rival elements in politics had the privilege to contest for the removal of those high in power who yet represented feudalism in a modernised form. But it was only by speech they moved; they dared not raise a hand against



NOGEYAMA, YOKOHAMA.

the emperor. The people would not submit to it, — not yet, — and they knew it. In this peculiar embarrassment they stood between the throne and the people. It was in vain that the very men who had thrown down the old yoke of tyranny, and given Japan its new régime of power, made their appeals. These men were now looked upon by those who had profited by them, through their courage and wisdom, as usurpers and revolutionary politicians. But these were still wise and sanguine enough to wait, declaring that their triumph was only a matter of time. It is proving so. Not far distant is the day when Cabinets that shall represent the people, and an administration which shall administrate the will of the commonwealth, will be assured. Her statesmen can afford to wait. They have already won a good measure of glory.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

IN Kyoto there is a temple known as the Kyomizu, which has a traditional origin. According to ancient accounts, the Goddess Kwannon, in the guise of an old man, appeared to an humble fisherman and commanded him to build a *dera* (temple), and place therein an image of herself as the Goddess of Mercy. This she ordered him to carve from a log lying at his feet. In obedience to this command, though a novice at such work, this old man, whose name was Enchin, set himself at once about the task. He laboured steadily for a score of years without being discovered at his work. Then, just as he was nearing its completion, a noted warrior discovered him. He was so filled with admiration for the gray-headed novice's zeal and skill, that, upon hearing his story, he gave him his own house to be taken to this beautiful spot beside a cascade and raised above his graven goddess. In this way was built this temple and deity, which have remained many centuries as a reminder of the faith and industry of a faithful follower of Buddha. The sacred place is reached by a road bearing its name, and the visitor beholds an odd, antique structure lifted high into the air upon piles. Once inside its walls, the rare paintings of old Japanese masters are to be seen. The image which cost so many years of patient toil is but a little over five feet in height, and is kept in a shrine, which is opened only three times during a century. But the temple is lighted by a lamp that is never allowed to burn out.

Between this ancient place of divine worship and Dai Nippon many suggestive comparisons have been made. The many isles upon which the empire has been built are not unlike so many piers rising from the bed of the ocean. Like the origin of the temple, its birth is veiled in mystery and obscurity, an old man and a young woman figuring prominently in both. The sacred retreat is one of great beauty, amid waterfalls, flowers, and birds. Japan is embosomed in these. Here the Goddess of Mercy chose her abiding-place, and nowhere has this spirit ruled with a more

apparent presence than in the Sunrise Land. The figure of the graven image exactly represents the stature of an average Japanese. But the comparison that delights most is drawn from the fact that the light of the temple has never expired. As through the changes of masters, in all the vicissitudes of religious life, the divine lamp has kept bright, so



STONE LANTERNS, TOKYO.

has the spark of liberty never dimmed in the hearts of the people, let whatever rule come to the surface that might.

Three Japans are pictured to the tourist, who does not stop to look below the surface,—the empire of pleasure, the empire of beauty, and the empire of mystery. The historian finds three in his catalogue,—the empire of tradition, the empire of feudalism, and the empire of progression. Again, the student finds another three,—the real, the unreal, and the ideal Japans. For the benefit of the general reader, that he may the easier carry the more important events in his mind, we divide, or separate, the history of Japan into eight sections or parts, viz., Days of the Gods,

ending with the seventh century B. C.; the Viking Age, from the beginning of the sixth century B. C. to the Christian era; Twilight of Tradition, from the year 1 to the close of the seventh century; the reign of Fujiwara, from 645 to the close of the ninth century; the era of the Five Hundred Years' War, 888 to 1336; the Dark Age, from 1336 to 1573; Middle Age, 1574 to 1615; Golden Era, between 1616 and 1868; Meeji, or Great Peace, the quarter of a century between the Golden Era and the war with China in 1894; the Progressive Period, the present time.

It is both interesting and instructive to compare the dates of the setting of the mile-stones of Japan's historic journey along the pathway of time with the checkered condition of other countries of the world during the different stages of life. While the descendants of Jimmu Tennô were founding with the sword Yamato Damashii, the Soul of Old Japan, under the inspiration of the heroism which made the island empire the home of a race of warriors, that first great student of nature, Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, was awakening the followers of Philip of Macedon with his wisdom of speech and writing. Alexandria, the birthplace of science and literature, was built. During that era the first great school of the world was established, where the renowned scholars and wise men of Egypt gathered, and where thousands of young men came to learn the wondrous truth which they taught. If the children of Dai Nippon claimed to be the offspring of the sun, here it was first taught that the sun was the centre of the universe around which the earth and the other planets revolved. If these sages taught more than they could prove, it showed them none the less acute of discernment.

According to the traditions of that age, at the time Jimmu Tennô was founding his Empire of the Rising Sun, Romulus was building on the banks of the Tiber that Empire of the West which was destined to dazzle the world with its power and splendour. Rome was mightiest while Dai Nippon played in childlike simplicity on the banks of the Yodo, the Tiber of the Far East. The sun of Roman glory was beginning to dip toward the west as Empress Jingu set out on her conquest of Corea, and as the king of light set on Rome it rose on Japan.

The barbarians of the North, laying in ruins the civilisation that had been the upbuilding of six centuries, plundered Rome in 410, and Europe entered upon the Dark Ages, which lasted for nearly eight hundred years.

During this long period Japan sounded the praises of Fujiwara, saw this proud line of imperialism rise and fall, fought the brunt of her five hundred years' battles, and folded about her the black mantle of her own age of darkness. Singularly enough, while all of Europe was in the midst of wars and wild disorder, the sun of civilisation seeming to be lost for ever behind the impenetrable clouds of stubborn warfare, and the flash of the two-edged sword the only light that came from the East, the wild



GROUNDS SURROUNDING A SHINTO SHRINE.

tribes of the deserts of the great central region of the Eastern continent, brought together and unified by the inspiring and far-reaching teachings of one man, Mahomet, became the leaders of enlightenment. The great schools of Tunis, Bagdad, Cordova, and Seville, founded by the Arabs of Asia and the Moors of Africa, were the fountains of art, science, literature, and religion. With them was vested the riches, power, and wisdom of the world, until the Crusades awoke Europe from her long, troubled sleep.

Europe might be said to have been in her Middle Age at nearly the same

time Japan was entering hers, while the Golden Era of Dai Nippon closely followed the Renaissance of Europe, which was the rekindling of the torch of ancient enlightenment, which has reached unwonted brightness in this age of science and literature.

An examination of the relative positions of the seats of power during the shifting drama of the rise of the Japanese empire shows that the leaders in the ancient days were natives of the district of Yamato, or in Kinai, which belonged to the five home provinces, of which Kyoto was the



A JUNK.

centre. In the Middle Ages the able men came from Kanto, the district of which Yedo was the capital. With the opening of more modern history the foremost men came from Mino, Owair, and Mikawa, of the Tokaido, or Eastern Sea route. In the period of the restoration the leaders rose from Kyushu and, farther south and west, from Choshu, Satsuma, Tosa, and Hizen.

One reason for the unity of the Japanese in their undertakings is the close relation of the people. For them there is but one language, one history, one system of tradition, one ideal, and one race. There may have been different branches at the outset of this family tree, but so long and

so closely have these been interwoven that they now compose a single body.

It seemed to be a part of the great plan of national redemption that Japan should emerge from out of the mists and mysticisms of the past into the light of the present at a time when those guiding forces, education, science, and Christianity, were most potent to surround her with the richest gifts of the Occidental world. The whistle of the American steamer in the harbour of Yokohama awoke the island empire from her



LANTERN AND WATER BASIN.

long sleep. It must not be understood that she would have slept on in her peaceful dreams had not our bluff Commodore Perry come upon the scene at that time, but the awakening would have been delayed many years, perhaps for a generation. Nor should it be considered that the revolution which speedily followed was the result of a sudden impulse. No great revolution, civic or military, is the product of a single day, but rather the culminating growth of years of fostering. Our own war for independence had been slumbering for a long time in the breasts of the patriots of '76, and burst forth only when the crust of the volcano had

become too thin to hold the fire longer. As far back as the ascendancy of the Fujiwara had begun, Japan laid the foundation for that platform upon which she was to rise so many years later into the proud consciousness of a full-fledged power.

It must indeed have been a vivid picture disclosed to this people when, on July 8, 1853, the inhabitants of Uraga discovered four armed cruisers lying off her port, and in answer to her signal rockets the anchors were dropped amid the rattling of chains and the voices of a strange people. The day and the scene have been so aptly described by one of Japan's historians that we cannot do better than to quote it here: "The day was ushered in with fog so thick that the land was hidden. Only at intervals could the rocky outlines of the coast be discerned. Gradually through the sun-rent curtains of mist the mountains became visible. At meridian Fuji's glorious form loomed into view, and by mid-afternoon the whole panorama of the landscape and blue waters greeted the eye. At sunset the peerless mountain wore a crown of glory. From midnight until four o'clock A. M. appeared from the southwest a meteoric sphere of light that moved toward the northeast, illuminating the whole atmosphere, finally falling toward the sea and vanishing. The next day was one of sunny splendour.

"So it has been with Japan, social and political. Foreigners in the morning of their life on the soil found themselves in a fog of ignorance. Everything Japanese seemed veiled in mystery. . . . Japan was then the Land of Darkness. Gradually the dawn broke, the fogs of mystery were risen, and the real Japan was discovered. Yet before the cloudless day was ushered in, the great meteoric movement from the southwest toward the northeast — the uprising of the great clans which made New Japan and seated the emperor in Tokyo — took place. Like the coming of the Sun Goddess out of her cave was the emergence of the mikado into the white light of public duty. The mystery play was over. To-day Japan is worthy of her name, — Sunrise. It is the 9th of July."¹

To the Portuguese belong the credit of first visiting Japan, and opening intercourse with them. They sent her the Jesuits to change her religion, and took from her some of her subjects to be made slaves in foreign lands. Neither action pleased Japan, and she forbade these people coming to her shores. The loss was Portugal's, the gain Japan's. Spain tried her hand

¹ Griffis.



ENTRANCE TO UYENO PARK, TOKIO.

at converting and colonising, at slave-trading and money-getting. She found the inhabitants of the island empire too alert and too summary in her dealing to keep her foothold on the islands. The Dutch came, with more caution and a deeper purpose. By appearing to let alone that matter dearest to the heart of the Japanese they were allowed to have a monopoly of the trade, — we have seen with what profit to Holland; and in return they gave Japan more than they have ever been given credit for. In



A COMMON TYPE OF CITY TEA - GARDEN.

return for the privilege they enjoyed they opened the door to the light of European science, medicine, and literature. The books and language given this hermit race by the Dutch were a wonderful revelation to them. The inspiration they afforded was the leaven at work upon the loaf of political progress. The gold that the merchantmen of Holland carried away year by year, century by century, was not all lost. The Dutch removed the bane and softened the deep-seated hatred the Japanese felt toward Christianity.

England, first through her Will Adams, whose grave is to-day an honoured spot on the bluff overlooking Yokohama bay, shed new light on the benighted hearts of the men of feudalism. Since, English scholars have penetrated deeper into the mysteries of the military court at Yedo, and, pulling aside the curtain of pomp and pageantry, have warned the true representative of power at Kyoto of the folly of his situation. Sir Harry Parkes, an English minister, first of all defied the shogun in de-



IN AN IRIS GARDEN.

manding that his credentials go to the actual sovereign, and thus forged another link in the chain of modern progress.

The Russians tried their hand at developing the country, and finding an opportunity to seize a huge slice, did so; and like hungry bears, have kept growling and harrying their shore ever since.

With all these and others to add their mite, to say nothing of China, who gave of her blood and sinew and divine love, it was left for America to complete the work of revelation and restoration. Commodore Perry, by his shrewd determination, rent the veil hanging over the empire, which Townsend Harris, five years later, completely tore aside by that treaty which opened the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. That

the United States has not lost by this is shown by the fact that from the fourth position among the nations in trade with the island empire she has risen to the first. It can be truly said that since the eventful day when Commodore Perry reached Yedo Bay, no other nation has treated Japan with greater fairness or has helped the empire farther along the broad maritime way of universal progress than ours. Japan knows this, and appreciates it. With American government over the Philippines,



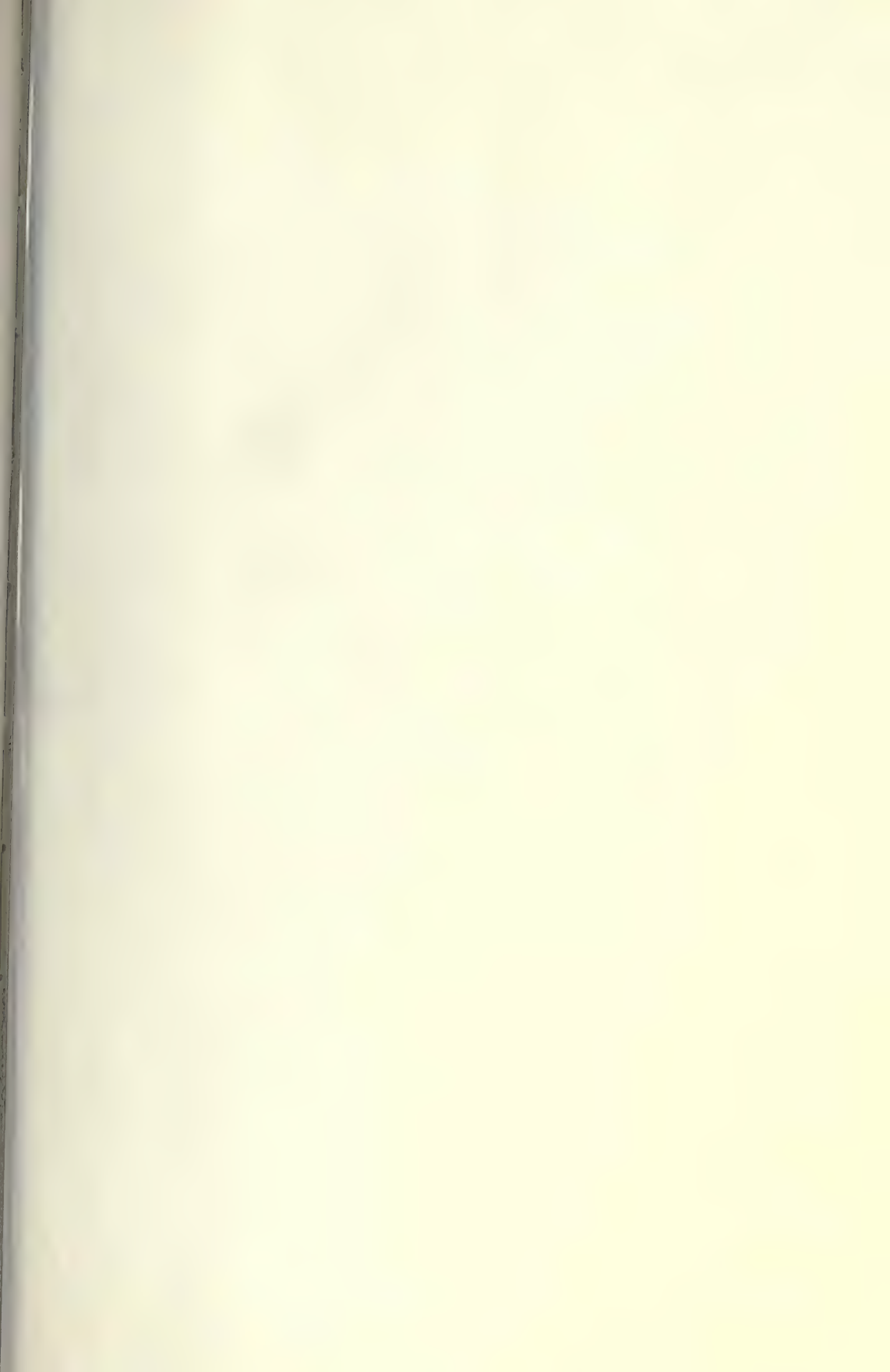
WEAVING HABUTAI SILK.

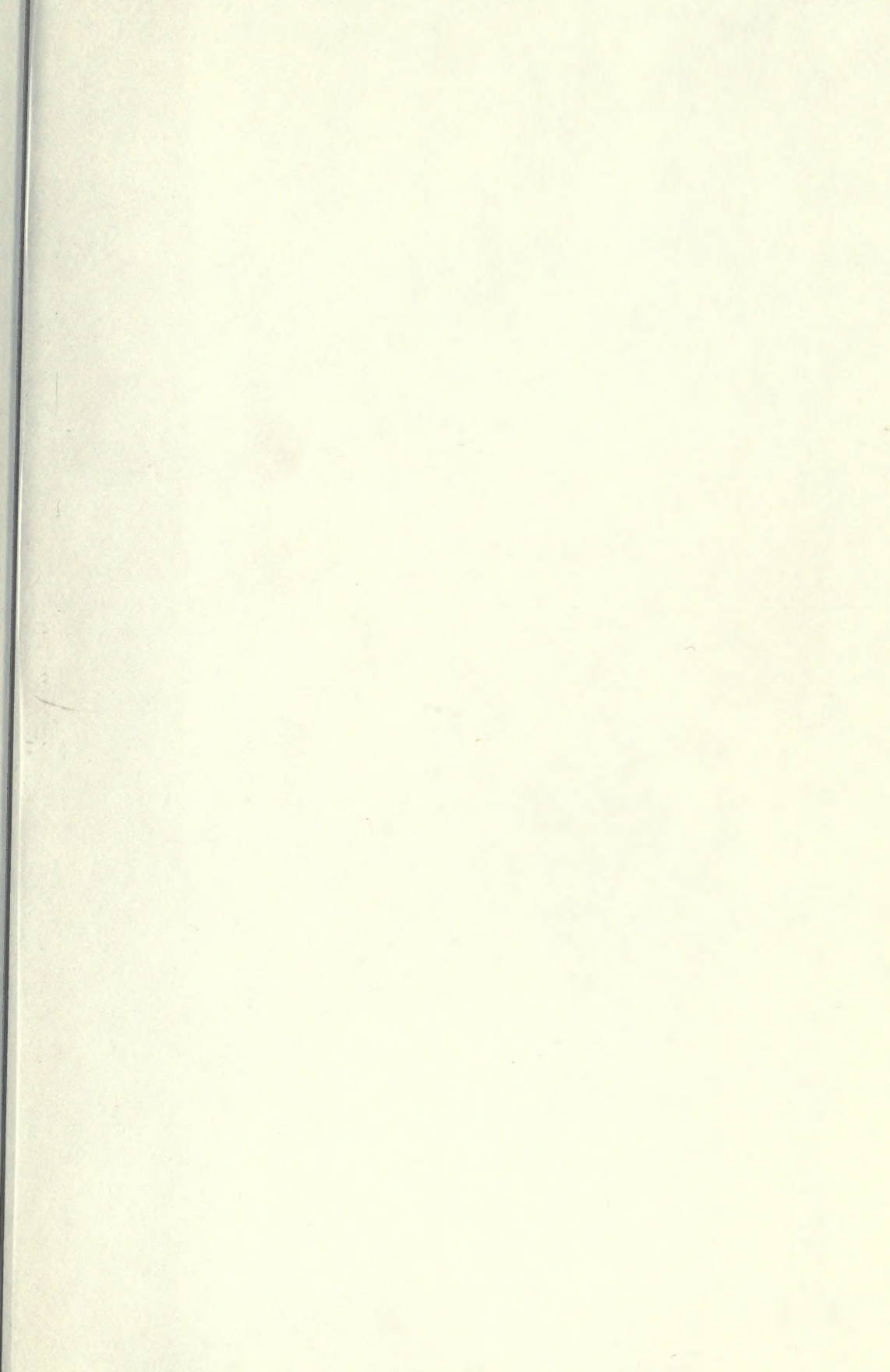
the great Republic of the West and the little Empire of the Far East are brought closely together.

The Japanese government has learned more of diplomacy from America than all she had acquired from other nations. The Washington policy has ever been peace, the advancement of industry, the progress of education, and the enlightenment of Christianity. The Americans have shown a patience found with none other. The treaty which placed Japan among the commercial nations was obtained only after a year

and a half of patient waiting and gentle expostulating, without a warship or a gun. But we need not multiply these examples.

The history of conquest is a remarkable record, each chapter more wonderful than the one before. Setting its conquering columns westward from the highlands of northern India, within three thousand years it has performed its stupendous achievement, leaving as monuments of its conquest the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Great Britain. Recruiting its ranks from the yeomanry of the last, it crossed the stormy Atlantic to found on the shores of the New World the great Republic of America. Still seeking new scenes of emprise it swept the breadth of a continent. Again confronted by an ocean, it unhesitatingly dared the dangers of the Pacific to awaken from their sleep of centuries a people eminently fitted to rear the sixth empire in this triumphant march of the ages. This power, toward which the gaze of the rest of the world is turned, is Japan. Another step, less gigantic than those already taken, and the circuit of the globe will have been completed. The new scene of action will be China, and as in the past, the preceding empire will be the one to raise it to the height of modern greatness. When this shall have been done, as it will be in the near future, most fully then will have been proved the truth of the saying, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." That Japan is equal to the task before her is certain. Another fact should be borne in mind in summing up the situation: Oriental and Occidental civilisations are based on different foundations. It is better so; it will be better for both if they remain distinctive for many generations to come.





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